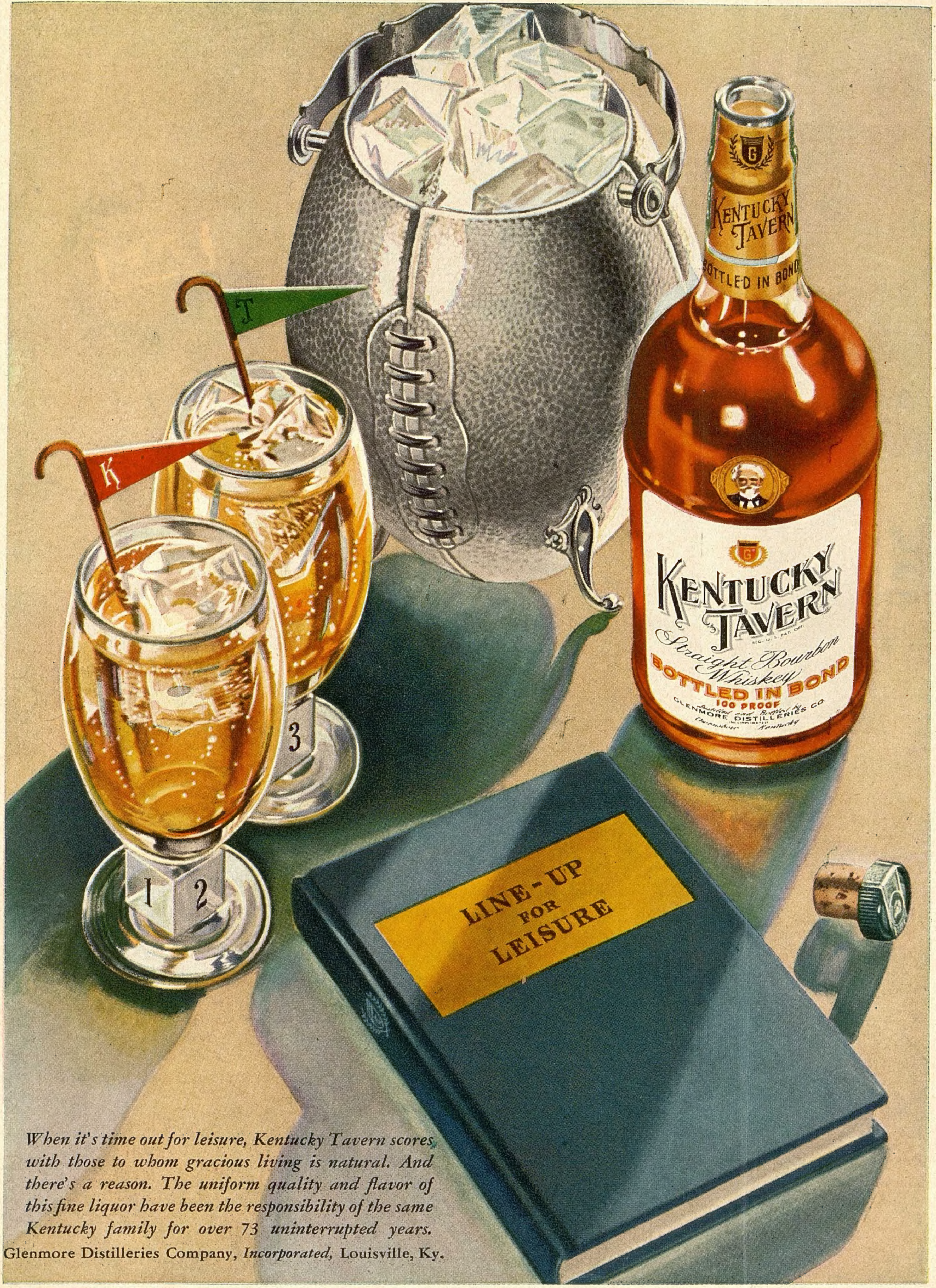
Liberty

NOV. 25, 1944 10c

Book: INVASION!
The "How" of Our Big Push

WATCH OUT FOR GERMAN WHITEWASH
by Sigrid Schultz

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS


K
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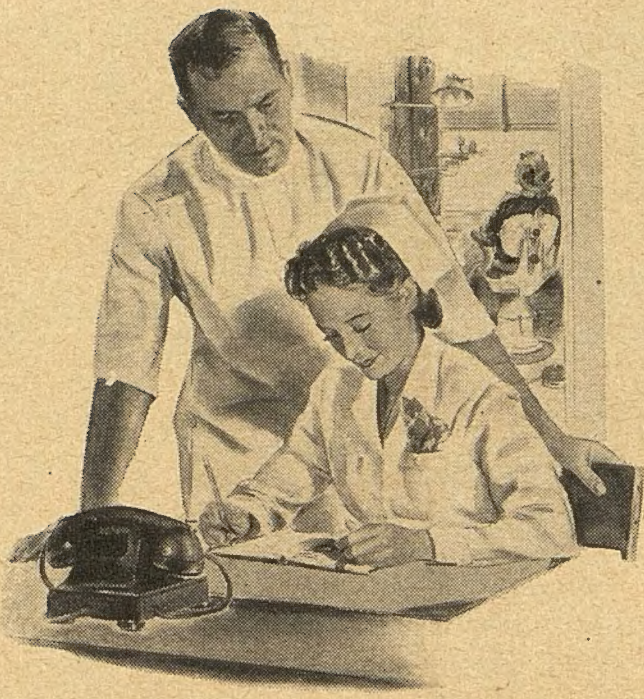
1
2
3
KENTUCKY TAVERN
BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY TAVERN
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Owensboro Kentucky
LINE-UP FOR LEISURE

When it's time out for leisure, Kentucky Tavern scores with those to whom gracious living is natural. And there's a reason. The uniform quality and flavor of this fine liquor have been the responsibility of the same Kentucky family for over 73 uninterrupted years.

Glenmore Distilleries Company, *Incorporated,* Louisville, Ky.

THERE'S ONLY ONE BETTER BUY IN BONDS . . . *WAR BONDS!*



Help your Dentist

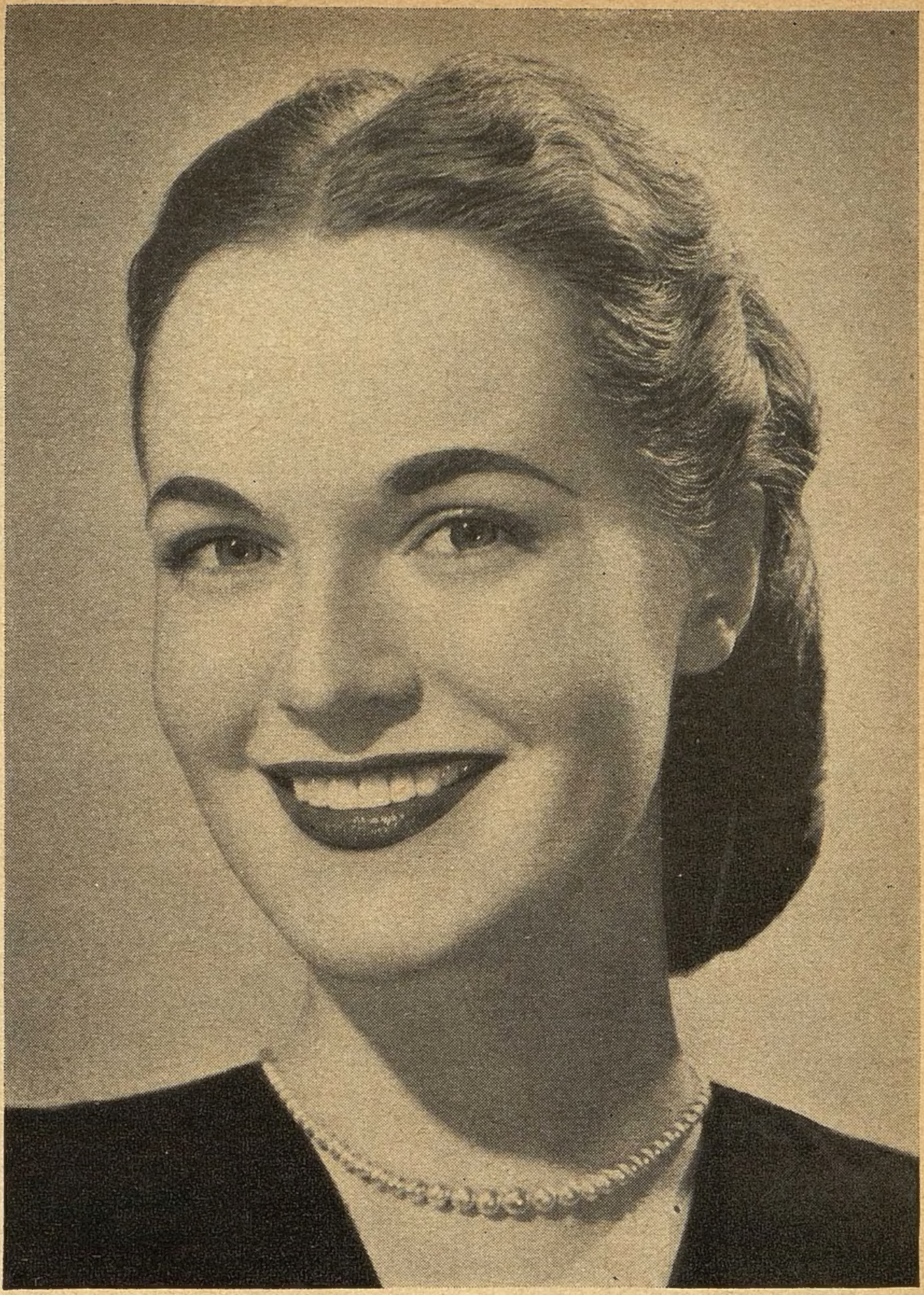
HE'S IN the thick of things, too. For thousands of his fellow-dentists have gone to war. And here on the home front, he is putting in longer, busier hours—taking care of more patients—to help keep America fit.

You can have a share in the great service he is rendering. Yes, you can help him save precious time in devoting his skill and dental knowledge to the job. Just follow these few simple rules for dental care:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If you *must* break an appointment—do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
MASSAGE

Product of Bristol-Myers



...and help your Smile!

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush." Let Ipana and Massage help you to firmer gums, a brighter smile.

TODAY and every day, proper home care of your teeth and gums is most important. So be extra careful in choosing your dentifrice. And consider Ipana—the modern tooth paste designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the health of the gums.

It's a good thing to remember that gums as well as teeth need regular care. The beauty of your smile—the bright gleam of your teeth—depend so much on firm, healthy gums.

If your tooth brush ever "shows pink," *see your dentist right away!* He may say your gums have become tender—denied sufficient exercise by today's soft foods. And, like so many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For massage with Ipana speeds up circulation within the gums—helping them to become firmer, healthier. So, each time you brush your teeth, remember to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums.

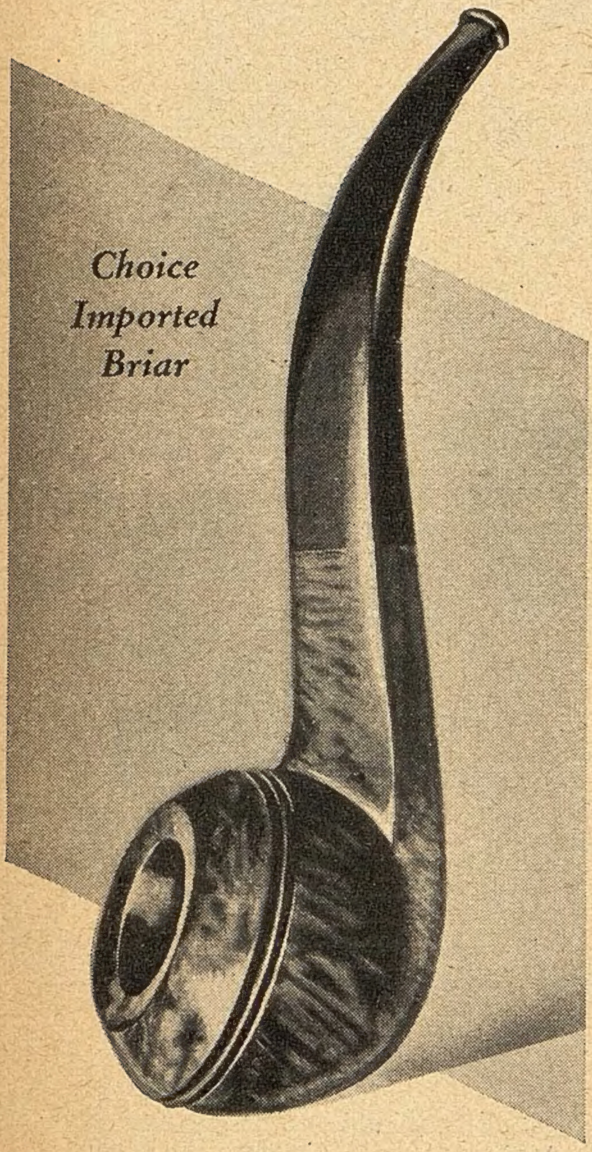
Start today to help your dentist help your smile. At home give your teeth and gums the modern care of Ipana and massage. Help yourself—between dental visits—toward firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

Start today with Ipana and Massage

EMPEROR
WORLD'S CHOICEST BRIAR

Emperor

the pipe that
grows more priceless



Today, after two and one half years of war, there still exists a rare vintage collection of imported briar from which to carve a limited number of Emperors.

Nature took centuries to perfect these treasured burls. Skilled craftsmen who sculpture each Emperor know this—striving to reveal all the unique beauty with which Nature endowed the costly briar.

For symmetry, for rugged strength, for beauty of grain, here is true perfection.

Shop for yours leisurely. Purchase it proudly. It will grow even more priceless down through the years.

$3.50 $5.00 $7.50

EMPEROR PIPES
Empire Briar Pipe Co., Inc.
Eighty York Street, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

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Painted by Jay Nourbel
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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

IF YOU "HATE EXERCISE" AND "LOVE TO EAT"—

Here's a New *Lazy-Way* to REDUCE *—Quickly and Safely*

10-Day Miracle Diet—Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days!—and Still Eat 3 Delicious, Satisfying Meals a Day; Not Do a Bit of Extra Exercise!

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs, No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting etc.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. "Galloping calories" that slim you faster.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises!

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. Reducing without hunger or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, stenographer, etc.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus.

Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Two-Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 fruits, 19 breads, cereals, 16 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things", 15 beverages.

Eat as Often as You Want. Exploding the no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing-but-coffee-for-breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G, D needed for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants, Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? How you can remedy it—at the dinner table!

Gray Hair, Baldness and the Diet. What science has learned about diet effects on hair.

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food, for healthy teeth.

Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

Anemia Wins No Love Prizes. Red-blooded "romance" minerals: how to get them.

THE New WAY TO
EAT and GET SLIM
MIRACLE DIET
Days
Cooley

YES, it's *true*—this new 10-Day MIRACLE DIET—thanks to latest discoveries in weight control! Now—WHETHER A MAN OR A WOMAN—you can lose 10 pounds in 10 days, 30 pounds or more within 3 months—comfortably, pleasantly, healthfully. WITHOUT strenuous, difficult exercises. WITHOUT dangerous pills or drugs. WITHOUT sweating in steam baths or spending money for massages. WITHOUT suffering the dizziness, nausea, and torture of self-imposed starvation!

You'll eat three delicious, fully-satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast. You'll be allowed to "snack" between meals. This new *scientific* lazy-way—described in the fascinating book, *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim,"* by Donald G. Cooley—brings you a slimmer, more attractive figure, and also greater health and beauty! Your skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . your eyes more sparkling. You have more energy, pep, get-up-and-go.

What Is This Amazing Secret?

The whole secret lies in your food—not just how *much*, but also *which kinds*. And it isn't (as you may have imagined) merely a matter of "calories." It's the *kind* of calories that makes the difference! Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. If you merely cut down the *amount* of food—without being sure to get more *energy*-calories than *fat*-calories—you don't lose weight at all. Your body simply "slows down"—and continues to store fat!

Many people think they know about calories. But *do* they? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY*-calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

What This Book Can Do For You

Mr. Cooley's book shows you, quickly and clearly, how to apply this simple principle of selecting *energy*-calories instead of *fat*-calories. It gives you a "10-Day Miracle Diet" by which you lose a pound a day for 10 days; a diet for losing 10 pounds in 30 days; a "tapering off" diet for losing 8½ pounds in 30 days; and a "Stay-Slim" diet, so that when you reach the right weight, you STAY there.

You don't have to adhere rigidly to these diets, either. The book's Substitution Table gives you dozens of meats, and other foods you may eat instead. The partial contents, on this page, suggests only a *few* of the ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance, and general disposition.

What This Book is Doing for Others

"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—**Wisconsin.**

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier."—**Michigan.**

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance."—**California**

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—**Massachusetts.**

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book."—**West Virginia.**

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness *now*. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R-912, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R-912,
354 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me—**in a plain wrapper—"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim"** for 5 days' FREE EXAMINATION. If I keep the book I will send you $2.00 plus actual postage. Otherwise I will return it without further obligation.

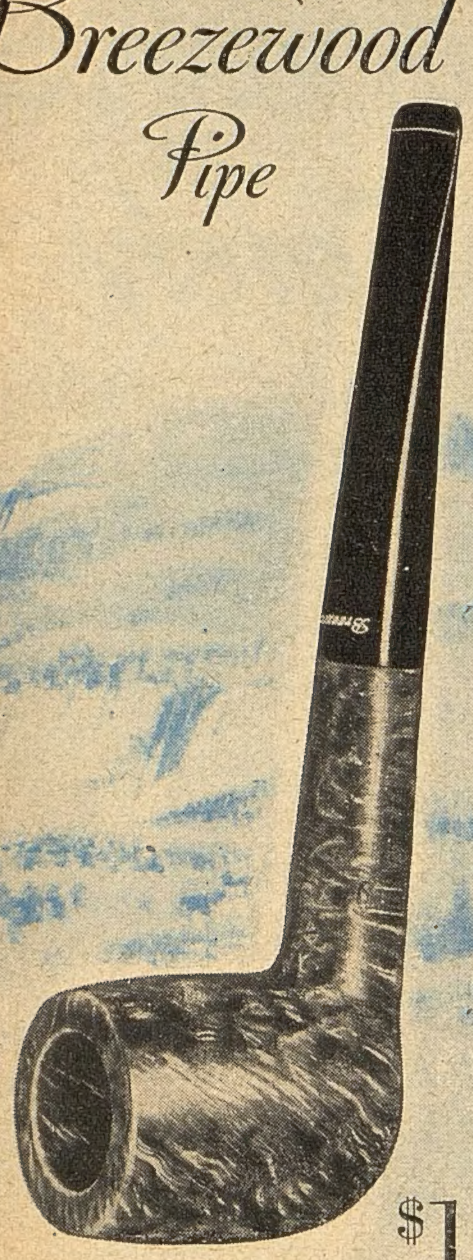
Name ....

Address ....

City...................... Zone No. (if any)......State.........

☐ Check here if enclosing $2.00 WITH this coupon, and WE will pay the postage. The same 5-day return privilege, for full refund, applies.

The new Breezewood Pipe



$1

America's hitherto untapped resources yield a pipe that is astoundingly light in weight!

Deep in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina a virgin forest of pipe burls has been discovered—pipe burls of astonishingly light weight. Pipes cut from this beautiful "Breezewood" weigh, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece. Discover America's great contribution to your pipe smoking comfort—Breezewood!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks
The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you whenever your hands are busy.

The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

"SOME DAY . . . WHEN I COME BACK"

Somewhere in New Guinea—The Milwaukee Road advertisement in the June 17 Liberty (page 63) is one of the best I have ever seen. As you know, most "war" advertising is sickening to those who have really been in it, but whoever drew up that plate of yours rates four stars with us. I've been away thirty months now, and I can tell you that the lads who have seen it could stand "plenty more" of that kind of advertising.—*Major E. E. (Dusty) Rhoades.*

This letter was forwarded to us by the Milwaukee Road. We thought other Liberty readers would be interested in seeing it.—Vox Pop Editor.

THE BRUSH-OFF

New Philadelphia, Ohio—I just read the letter by T/V Charles Dimond and T/V Joe Kendrick in which they say that 95 per cent of their outfit overseas have been ditched by the girls they left behind them. (October 7 Vox Pop.) I'll admit that a large percentage of our girls are going "civvy-wacky," and that a large percentage of eligibles over there received "brush-off" notifications, but that doesn't cover the entire female population. What about the girls who received brush-off notifications from men in the armed forces who decided that males were scarce, and decided to be independent? Are we supposed to say "good luck and happiness" when they marry some foreign lass?—*Dorothy Stauffer.*

PLEA FROM A P. O. W.

New York—I have a young relative who is a prisoner of war in Germany. He was taken in Italy, escaped, was loose for six weeks, and captured again.

He wrote that he and all the other war prisoners were starved for new books and, after that, news of the theater, movies, etc. I wrote back that I would collect and keep Liberty's book condensations so that he could catch up on the best books after the war without the great expense involved in buying the volumes. This news was received with such whoops of joy and envy on the part of his comrades that I am passing along this suggestion to other Liberty readers who don't already mail their Libertys overseas. Not only will the boys enjoy catching up with all the books they missed, but the condensed form will take a shorter time to read

In particular, it appears these men want to read what has been written of war experience in fields other than theirs. The condensation Army of Shadows, by Joseph Kessel (October 7) is, for instance, a book no prisoner of war would want to miss.—*Olga Rosmanith.*

HE'S GLAD THE GHOST TALKED!

Chicago, Ill.—I have read Liberty religiously ever since it came into being, and I'd like to tell you that many of the articles have been most valuable to me in my professional life. I go into homes constantly where Liberty is favorite entertainment in the family.

In particular, I want to take this opportunity to thank you for the condensation of Charles Michelson's book The Ghost Talks (September 30).

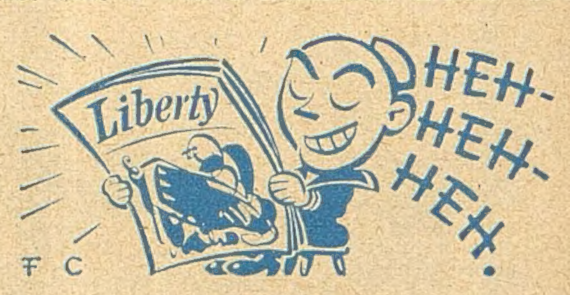
It is a remarkable book. And it set me right on a number of matters which I have read about in newspapers but not fully understood during the past twelve years.—*Rev. Walter S. Pond.*

BOOKSHELF

South Pacific—I would like to say that the story of Tarawa, by Robert Sherrod (June 17), is the best I have ever read. So give us more of his work. It takes people like him to wake up the people back home to the reality of war.—*Cpl. H. K. Dillard, U. S. M. C.*

'TAIN'T FUNNY, SAMMY!

% F. P. O., San Francisco, Calif.—I just finished reading What Postwar Problem? by Samuel W. Taylor (September 9). Well, I am so damn dumb I didn't catch on at first that it was a humorous article. You can tell that guy Samuel W. Taylor for me he is crazy to write an article like that—even though I did think it was funny after I got the slant of it.—*William Miller, CM 1/c.*



TEAMWORK

Corinth, Miss.—On several occasions I have written to Mr. Paul Hunter expressing my endorsement of his editorials. In the issue of October 14 he has again batted out 1,000. The next to last paragraph contains the real "meat in the coconut," and I feel like exclaiming, "You may say that again!"

(*Continued on page 10*)

[AN INVITATION FROM WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB]

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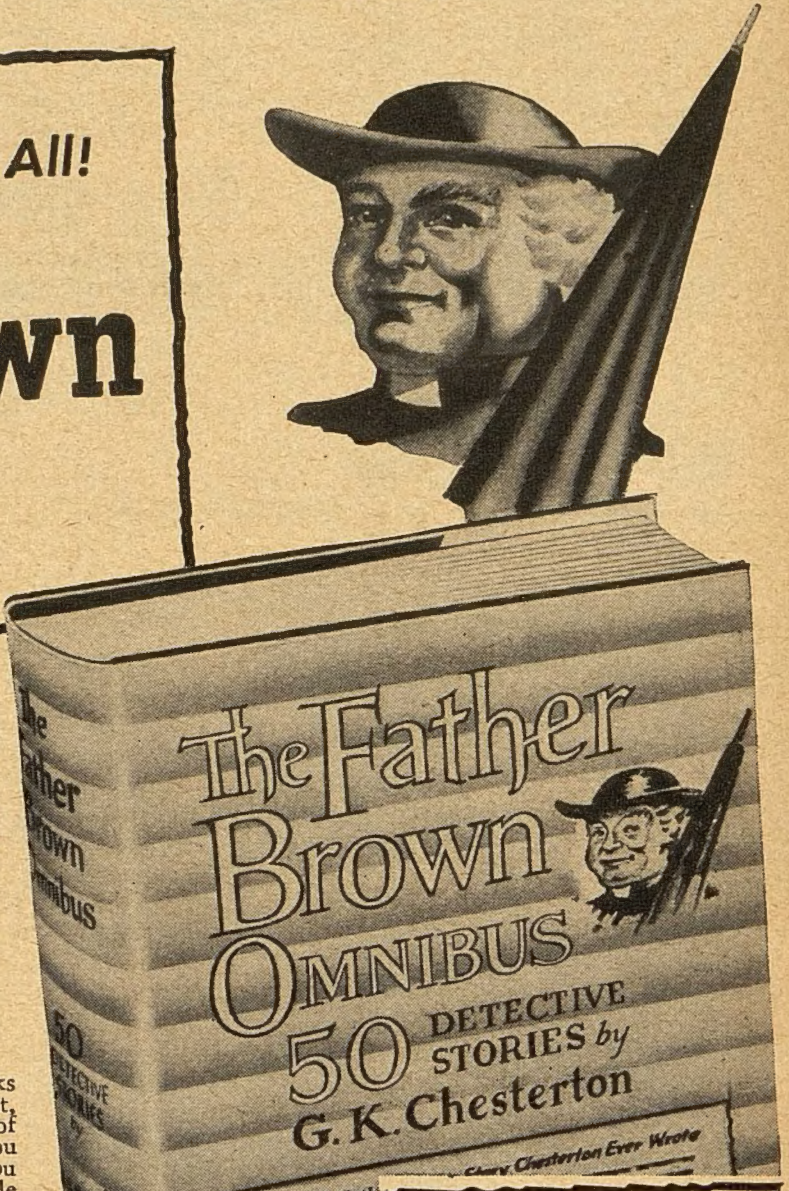
50 STORIES COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME!

The Best-Loved DETECTIVE of Them All!
NOW YOURS IN-

The Father Brown Omnibus


The Father Brown Omnibus
The Father Brown OMNIBUS
50 DETECTIVE STORIES by G. K. Chesterton
Every Father Brown Story Chesterton Ever Wrote
THE DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB

HAVE you ever met Father Brown? If so, there's nothing more we can say to tell you what a wonderful sleuth he is. But if you haven't yet been introduced to this innocent-looking, rotund figure in black, you're in for one of the grandest reading adventures of your life. He's razor-keen, genial, delightfully whimsical. He's a really *swell* individual!

A "Sheep" the Wolves Are Afraid Of!

You'll be enthralled watching Father Brown pit his ingenuity against some of the canniest culprits ever caught between the covers of a book—(or, in fact, *five* books, since this volume is actually five books put into one)! You'll be all the more fascinated because this mild-mannered little man seems to be so out of place in the wolfish, sordid world of crime; so pathetically "helpless" as he plunges into a maelstrom of vice. But don't waste your sympathy! He can track down "the perfect crime" more relentlessly than your most hard-boiled sleuth—and while he's doing it, he throws in plenty of heart-warming chuckles to boot!

Follow Father Brown's soft footsteps as he pokes his nose (and umbrella) into a world of intriguing people—noblemen and knaves, gamblers and ghosts, actors and admirals. Meet a poet who likes opium, a coin collector with a crooked nose, and a dog that helps the mild-mannered detective solve a murder. See if you can keep up with his deductions as he comes to deadly grips with an assortment of miscreants, mountebanks and murderers who will have your hair on end. Hold your breath as he gets in and out of tight spots—including his own coffin!

We would very much like to welcome you as a new member of The Detective Book Club. And as a new-member gift we will send you, FREE, a copy of THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS. It contains *every* Father Brown detective story that G. K. Chesterton ever wrote.

Here's What You Get

THE FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS—*five volumes in one* containing 1,000 pages—is brand new, just published. It is selling everywhere right now for $3.00. But we want to GIVE you a copy ABSOLUTELY FREE—to show you the kind of A-1, cream-of-the-crop mysteries you can get *every month* from the Detective Book Club.

Each month this Club offers to its members an attractive triple volume containing THREE modern detective books—for the usual price of only ONE! And EACH of the three is a complete, full-length novel.

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Do you realize that about 300 new detective books are published every year? You can't read them all. It's hard to find the best. But if a mystery is by an author like Erle Stanley Gardner, Frances and Richard Lockridge, Dorothy B. Hughes, William Irish, Frances Crane, Carter Dickson, or Anthony Abbot, it's sure to be good! All of these and many other famous writers have had their books selected by The Detective Book Club. Many are members of the Club themselves!

The selections of the Club are ALL books that sell everywhere for $2.00 each. Yet, as a member of the Club, you get three of them (a $6.00 value) for only $1.89! You do not have to take a volume a month—you may accept as few as four during the whole year and still save two-thirds the usual price on those you purchase.

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FATHER BROWN OMNIBUS FREE!

Walter J. Black, President
DETECTIVE BOOK CLUB WB
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Please enroll me as a member and send me FREE *The Father Brown Omnibus*. Also send me the current triple volume, containing three complete detective books.

This does not obligate me to take every monthly triple volume during the next 12 months. I may take as few as four during this period if I so wish.

It is also understood that I will receive an advance description of all forthcoming selections and that I may reject in advance any volume that I do not wish to own. I need send no money now, but for each volume I accept I will send only $1.89, plus a few cents postage, as complete payment, within one week after I receive my book.

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Last time you
had a cold,
Your Honor,

You decided
to give KOOLS
a Trial . . .

If they were
the Clue to
cooler smoking
then . . .
(*when your throat was raw*)

Wouldn't it be
a Crime
not to smoke 'em
all the time?

KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

UNION
MADE

Here's the verdict:

Switch from
"Hots" to
KOOLS
—for good!

BUY WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS

Liberty
Book: AMERICA
by Stephen Vincent Benét
OUR ARMED MIGHT
Bigger Factor in World Politics

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Liberty's Book Condensation

This powerful and poetic story of the making of America was written by one of the country's most beloved writers shortly before his death. It is more than just a current best seller. It is destined for a permanent place among our literary treasures.

✓ **DO WE KNOW OUR OWN STRENGTH?**

By Marquis W. Childs and Edward A. Harris

The greatest factor in world politics postwar will be America's armed might. To use it wisely we should know how great it is. Here's how others see us.

✓ **PARIS NOW**

By Erika Mann

Now that the flush of liberation has worn off, what goes on in Paris? A reporter finds that all is not sweetness in the City of Light.

✓ **TOMORROW'S NEW JOBS**

By Darrell Huff

There'll be new jobs in new fields after the war. The ground-floor opportunities will go to those with imagination and training. If you're planning a personal reconversion, here are some possibilities.

✓ **FOURTEEN-CARAT GLAMOR**

By Private Howard Sharpe

If Gene Tierney gets away with murder, it's because she's that rarest of Hollywood gold mines—a glamor girl, bred to wear well, who can also act!

✓ **GUINEA PIGS IN UNIFORM**

By Lowell Brentano

To save lives, they gamble their own, drinking infected water, moving in with mosquitoes, plunging into the ocean—these Navy medical researchers.

✓ **HELPING THE WOUNDED TO HELP THEMSELVES**

By Elizabeth Henney

Disabled men will not be doomed to lives of idleness and frustration. As soon as they enter an Army hospital, the process of restoring their activity and usefulness starts.

✓ **THE SHERIFF AND THE KID**

By Bill Gulick

Willie Jones saved the sheriff's life; but—being in love with the schoolteacher—it wasn't so easy for the sheriff to save Willie from the benefits of education!

A LONE WOLF WITH *Woman Trouble!*

His business is taming bad men . . but when two females . . one bad, one good . . lay siege to his heart . . he finds that pretty faces can be the more dangerous!

SALOON
RED ROCK
GOLD BAR

JOHN **WAYNE** · ELLA **RAINES**

in

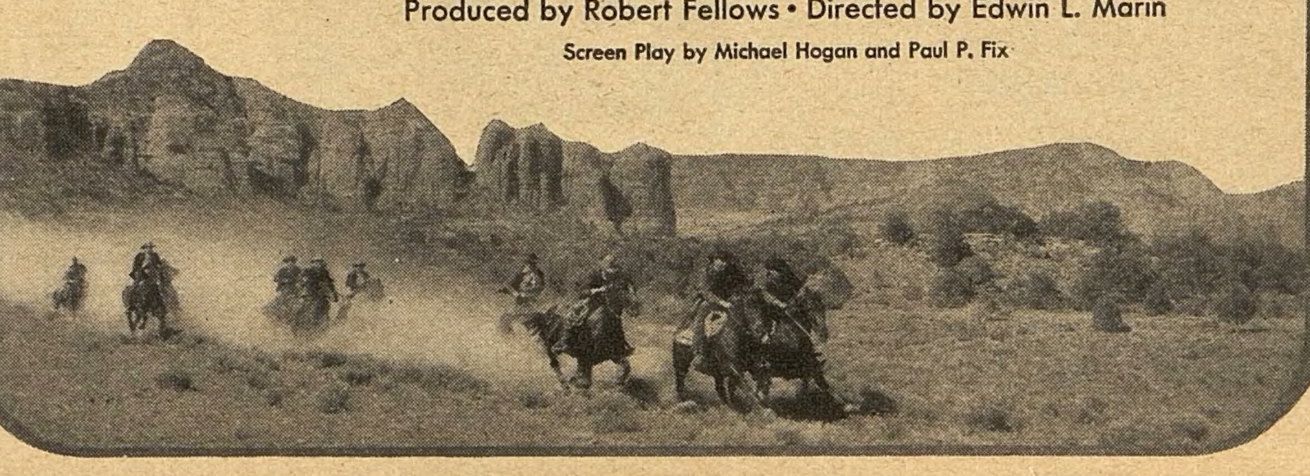
Tall in the Saddle

Based on Gordon Ray Young's rip-roaring Saturday Evening Post Serial

with WARD BOND · GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
AUDREY LONG · ELISABETH RISDON · DON DOUGLAS

Produced by Robert Fellows · Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Screen Play by Michael Hogan and Paul P. Fix



ANOTHER OF THE GREAT RKO RADIO PICTURES

Ace of the swinging trapeze gets his IRON every day

When iron-rich Bosco is added, children love their quota of milk

Active young boys and girls really go for plenty of milk when delicious chocolate flavored Bosco is added. They love its wonderful flavor and mothers approve the essential Iron and Vitamin D it adds to diets. Four teaspoonfuls of Bosco in milk supply the full minimum daily requirement of these important elements.

★ *War conditions may prevent your grocer giving you all the Bosco you want. When this happens, please ask for it again and be patient if he is temporarily out of stock.*

"BUT MOM, I'LL DRINK GALLONS OF MILK IF YOU'LL JUST ADD CHOCOLATE FLAVORED BOSCO!"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BOSCO
Milk Amplifier
A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE-MALT FLAVORED SYRUP
BOSCO COMPANY, Inc. · NEW YORK, N. Y.

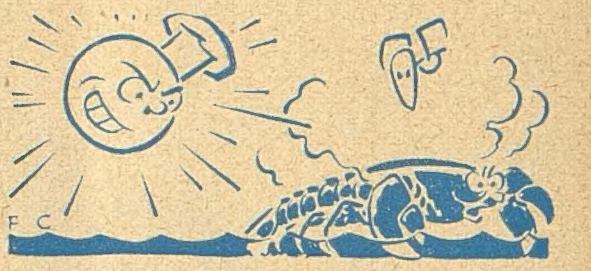
(*Continued from page 6*)

I'd also like to express my approval and admiration for the clever and apt illustrations of Stan MacGovern. This applies to every issue, but particularly to the one in the October 14 issue. More power to the firm of Hunter and MacGovern; they are an excellent team!—*W. Thomas Young.*

Speaking of our allies, Mr. Hunter remarked that some people, in all sincerity, are trying to create disunity among the United Nations at a time when unity is so necessary. He added that America should proceed on the sound American assumption that a friend is a friend until proven otherwise.—Vox Pop Editor.

LOBSTER A LA LIBERTY

Lancaster, Pa.—I've got a kick to make about the September 30 cover. If, as the seaweed at the top of the basket indicates, the artist intended to portray a "catch of ocean edibles" in his drawing, a *red* lobster wouldn't be included. They simply don't come out of the ocean that particular color.—*H. C. Thorbahn.*



Well, maybe the sun cooked it a beautiful bright red en route (it says here).—Vox Pop Editor.

MORE ON THE WASPS

Washington, D. C.—Congratulations to Paul Hunter and Liberty for publishing the first editorial (It's Not the Women Who Are Hysterical, September 23) which brings out the injustice of the legislation on the Wasp bill. And I might take the liberty of adding thanks from several thousand would-be Wasps all over the United States.

These Wasps have done the same work as the Army Air Forces pilots and deserve the same recognition. Further training should be left up to the discretion of the War Department, which should certainly know the need better than Congress.—*Jean B. Scalet.*

ON MEDALS AND COVERS

Pittsburgh, Pa.—I was delighted to see the picture of the Distinguished Service Cross on Liberty's September 23 cover. It's really very beautiful and a great deal of credit should go to whoever had such a grand idea. Please publish all the medals. I'm sure many people will be just as delighted as I.—*Mrs. Edward Hodgdon.*

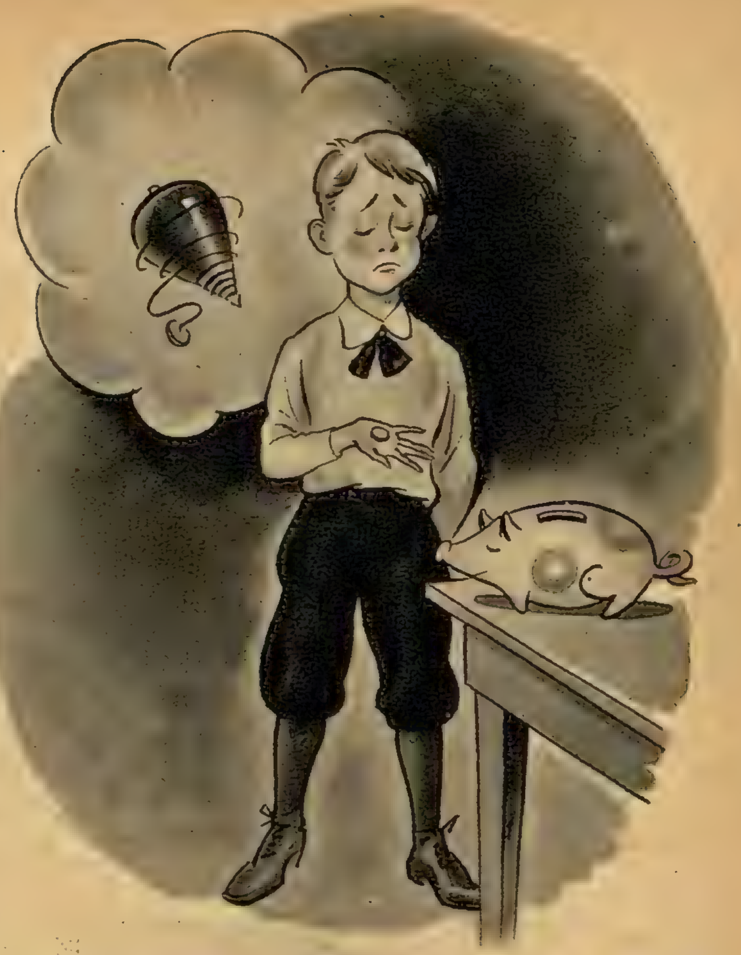
BIOGRAPHY

South Pacific—Bountiful bouquets for Allan R. Bosworth's Blow High, Blow Low (August 5). Most of us who have put considerable time in combat areas appreciate a good Navy story minus blood and battles, and such was his latest.

(*Continued on page 13*)

"When I was a boy...

The schoolbooks said you couldn't eat your cake and have it, too. If you wanted financial security, you had to scrape and save. You couldn't have much of a future, if you tried to enjoy life while young. That seemed awfully unfair.



"As I grew older . . .

I felt that a young man had every right to a pleasant life, and an equal right to security. But how could I get it—and still live well? I found the answer, and it ought to interest you.

I changed my thinking about insurance. Or rather, a Penn Mutual representative changed it for me. In those days, most folks had an idea that insurance was something you hand your heirs on a platter. We didn't think of it as an *immediate estate.* But that's what it is.

As the Penn Mutual Underwriter showed me, my first small premium gave my family the protection of an estate which would take me years to build in any other way. Yet, it didn't deprive us of our comfortable way of living. Its premiums were like installment buying.

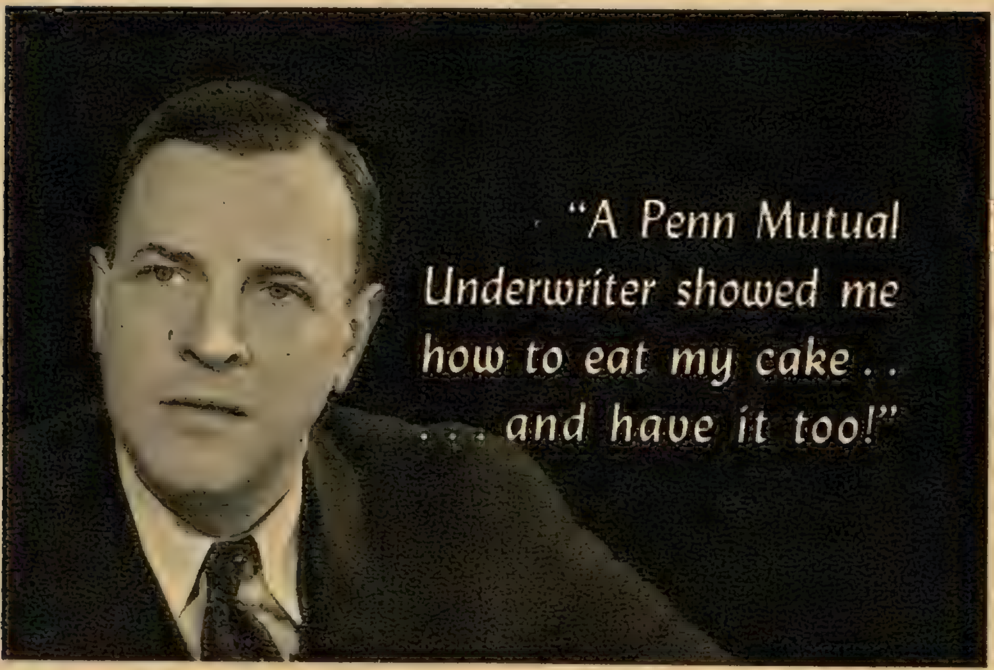
Nor is that all. The Penn Mutual Underwriter planned my insurance with an eye to future needs. If anything happens to me, there will be a life-long income for my wife . . . and money for the children's education. Furthermore, it is *flexible* insurance—adaptable to any new needs. That's *important* in today's fast-changing world!

"What about my tomorrow?

That's taken care of, too. When I reach 60, I can easily convert my Penn Mutual policies into retirement insurance . . . and have a lump sum of money, plus an income for life. So our present way of living is guaranteed us right through.

"The Penn Mutual Underwriter

didn't just sell me a policy. He surveyed my needs and developed a *plan* that is practical and workable because it's based on the facts of *our way* of living! He can do the same for you."



THE PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

YOUR LIFE PLAN DESERVES THE EXPERT GUIDANCE OF A PENN MUTUAL UNDERWRITER

*IMAGINATION
AND TEAMWORK

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

12,152 OTHER COMPANIES SHARE IN THE WAR WORK CHRYSLER DOES FOR YOU!

Imagination builds a factory as broad as America—to reach the places and the people best for each job.

Imagination is the spirit of teamwork between Chrysler and many supplying companies — it helps give special character to all Chrysler Corporation products.

People all over America work as a team with Chrysler Corporation to make things for you.

Farmers, miners, ranchers, railroaders, truckers — thousands of manufacturers — supply materials, parts or services for Chrysler-built war products, and for the cars and trucks we make in peacetime.

Such teamwork distributes wages and work to people in cities, villages and on farms. It uses the skills and facilities of thousands of small companies and many large ones. And it helps to get big war jobs done quickly.

12,152 businesses, in 41 states, furnished parts, materials or services for Chrysler war production. 56 cents of every dollar we received on war contracts, we paid to them.

The use of imagination and teamwork — now applied to our quantity production of war weapons — again will produce quality cars and trucks for you after the war.

*** IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH
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DE SOTO
CHRYSLER

AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

(Continued from page 10)

Twenty years ago Mr. Bosworth—who is now a lieutenant commander in the Reserve on very active duty—and I were hospital corpsmen together on the U. S. S. Maryland. His many friends both in and out of the service eagerly look forward to more of his fine stories. I assure you they will help Liberty to become shipmates with the Navy.—*George F. Beardslee, C. Ph. M., U. S. N. R.*

SEABEES' SWEETHEART SPEAKS UP!

ROCKFORD, ILL.—Congratulations on your article The String-and-Spit Boys (September 9). Let's have more said about the "unsung heroes of the war," the Seabees. They're doing a tough job and doing it well. Who else could repair anything from a watch to a bulldozer?

Ingenuity—you said it! Let's hear more about the Navy's "builders and fighters." —*"Sweetheart of the 92d."*

ALL CHOKED UP!

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I want to thank you for Ray Nafziger's story, Home for a Soldier (October 7). Being a "half orphan" since I was three years old, I loved the tale. I'm glad, however, there was no one around when I read it, because I just plain bawled —even though my brother and I had a grand home with our aunt.—*M. E. W.*

BREMERTON, WASH.—MY NOMINATION FOR THE BEST SHORT STORY OF THE YEAR IS HOME FOR A SOLDIER IN THE OCT. 7 ISSUE.—*Thomas H. Underwood.*

SCOUTMASTER TURNS SOLDIER

NEW CALEDONIA—Your article The Boy Scouts Get Tough, by Keith Monroe (May 20), was of great interest to me.

I have been in Scouting for fifteen years and was a Scoutmaster for twelve years. I introduced a lot of hard training in the program and the Scouts liked it. Being fond of guns, I believed that the boys would be interested in knowing how to handle them in the proper way. I believe that a boy of Scout age should know these things for his own sake. A gun in the hands of an inexperienced boy is a most dangerous thing.

I can certainly say that my Scout training was a very big help to me when I took basic training in the Army.—*Pfc. Robert E. Dunbar.*

HOME-FRONT MENACE

NEW GUINEA—Congratulations to Russell Whelan and Thomas M. Johnson for their splendid exposé of America's home-front menace—the Fascist "Mothers." (The Menace of the "Mothers," July 29.)

I have been overseas two and a half years, doing my bit against the enemies of democracy. By publishing such articles as this, you are carrying on the fight at home.—*H. W.*

The burden she *needlessly* carries

Like so many women, she suffers from "visual isolation" because of subnormal vision. On her face you can see the strain of eyes that are constantly trying to pierce the haze that seems to cloud the world around her.

Such is the burden on health and beauty thousands of women needlessly carry. If your eyes need help, visit a professional man who has spent years in the study and practice of eye-care. You can be confident he will prescribe the means for better vision . . . *Better Vision means Better Living.*

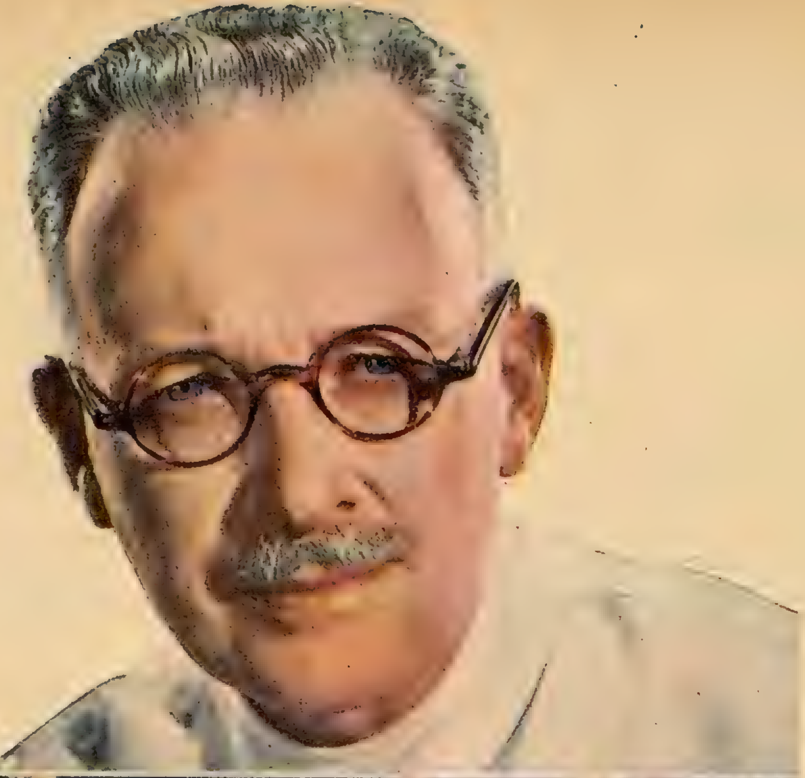
Smartest Thing in Eyewear

Pictured here is an ultra smart *Shurset Ful-Vue* mounting by Shuron. It has glamour. And it holds professionally prescribed lenses in positive alignment with maximum security — a feature that has won favor with millions. When glasses are prescribed ask for Shurset by name.

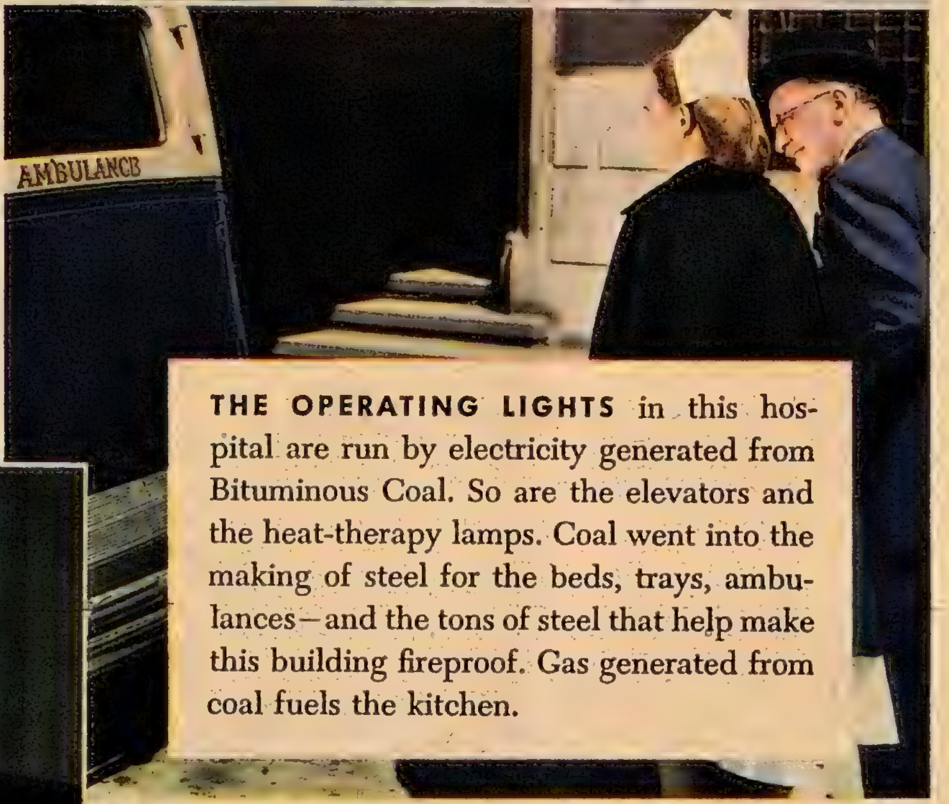
Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

"COAL HELPS A DOCTOR? How?"



COAL SALUTES YOU, DOCTOR, for your magnificent achievements on the home front and on the battle front . . . and serves you, too! Dozens of medicines in your black bag are made from coal-tar derivatives: laxatives, sedatives, aspirin, and vitamins, to name a few. Bituminous Coal helps provide anesthetics, antiseptics—even surgical instruments!



THE OPERATING LIGHTS in this hospital are run by electricity generated from Bituminous Coal. So are the elevators and the heat-therapy lamps. Coal went into the making of steel for the beds, trays, ambulances—and the tons of steel that help make this building fireproof. Gas generated from coal fuels the kitchen.

BITUMINOUS COAL SUPPLIES RELIABLE, STEADY HEAT for the sickroom. If the patient needs one of the many life-saving sulfa compounds, thank Bituminous Coal chemistry for helping to supply it. More than 200,000 useful products now come from coal; and *thousands* of them are used by modern medicine. Yes . . . *Bituminous Coal serves every life—every day!*

"MEDICINE NEEDS BITUMINOUS COAL!"

Last year, to supply the needs of medicine, farming, railroads, home, and factory, the coal industry produced a record total of 589 million tons! This year the industry has scheduled an output of over 600 million tons . . . more coal than has ever been mined in any year in any country in history.

Surprising Facts About Bituminous Coal

1. "A lump of coal is a chemical storehouse". . . serving doctors, pharmacists, and chemists with *thousands* of useful products.

2. Of the 34 million private dwellings in the U. S., 18½ million are heated by coal, or coke made from Bituminous Coal.

3. Mechanization of mines helps make the American coal miner the world's most productive. He produces about 5 tons a day—compared with 1½ tons a day for the average British miner.

BITUMINOUS COAL INSTITUTE
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BITUMINOUS COAL*

SERVES EVERY LIFE—EVERY DAY!

Contract flying schools giving primary instruction to Air Force cadets have set a remarkable record, assuring safety in the postwar aviation age.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Safety in Learning to Fly

Not only is flying going to be much safer after the war; but learning to fly is going to be emphatically safer.

An indication of how much safer learning to fly in postwar civilian aviation will be is shown by the strides made in pilot-training safety during the present war.

The number of fatal accidents per hours of training flight in this war has been only one fourth of those in World War I. And this ratio of safety is being steadily improved as pilot training continues.

Those who insist that anyone who can learn to drive an auto can learn to fly a plane generally predicate the statement on use of foolproof planes, but there is decisive new evidence that flight instruction given in conventional primary trainers is growing vastly more safe even under pressure of war conditions. It is the experience gained in teaching our military fliers that is making the difference.

These are a few of the conclusions drawn from a survey of the safety factor in flight training made by the Aeronautical Training Society.

Since midsummer of 1939 all primary flight training for the Army Air Forces has been done by contract flying schools. As liaison agency for these schools, plus those which have taught British, French, Dutch, Brazilians, Mexicans, and Chinese to fly, (plus Wasps and artillery observation officers), the A. T. S. has charted the safety factor in terms of hours flown against fatal accidents.

Just how safety has increased is shown by some comparisons. In training during World War I, there was an average of one fatality for each 1,146 hours of flight. By 1939 this was reduced to one fatality for each 16,000 hours. While safety records in World War I are not strictly comparable, due to changes in curriculum and reckoning phases of training, training then was more comparable with primary than any other type.

Some of America's aces-to-be in the previous war went into combat after thirty-five hours of flight training, while present-day Army cadets average around sixty-five hours in primary, which is about one third of the total course.

The A. T. S. index shows the safety factor still is rising. A little less than a year ago the A. A. F. reported there was only one fatal accident for every 43,478 hours of primary flight. With increasing volume the American team of Army supervision and civilian instruction has beaten even that mark. For the full year of 1943, roundly 80 per cent of primary schools made better safety records than that.

Top safety records of schools in Eastern, Central, and Western Flying Training Commands were: Embry-Riddle's Carlstrom Field, Arcadia, Florida, 192,224 hours with no fatal accident; Brayton Flying Service, Cuero, Texas, 135,082 hours with one fatal accident; and Eagle Field, Dos Palos, California, 156,128 hours with one fatal accident.

Five schools rated honors for no fatal accidents, although none of them equaled the hours flown by winners in their respective Training Commands. They were: Lodwick School of Aeronautics, Incorporated, Lakeland, Florida; Raymond-Richardson Aviation Company, Douglas, Georgia; Southern Airways, Incorporated, Decatur, Alabama; Twentynine Palms Air Academy, Twentynine Palms, California; and Anderson Air Activities, McBride, Missouri.

Sweepstakes honors for the school in any Command to fly longest without fatal accident are awarded to Carlstrom Field. The unmarred safety record of the school covered three years of teaching young men fresh from farm, factory, and campus to fly. That total of 399,576 hours, reckoned at 100 miles an hour, amounts to 39,957,600 miles—equivalent to flying safely around the equator about 1,600 times.

Totaling Navy, Marines, Army—A. T. S. schools and civilian-training outputs—it appears that this country will go into the postwar world with rather more than half a million Americans who know how to fly.

The mounting safety record indicates that even Aunt Susie will want to have her chance in the air, too. Come peace day, she'll have it.

Why put up with_
dirty, expensive window shades_
CLOPAY
LINTONE 15¢
WASHABLE 29¢
when beautiful new CLOPAYS*_

cost so little you can afford fresh, new ones every year?

***CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES** are made of magical cellulose fibre. Beautiful. Durable. Look like costly cloth. Refills attach to old rollers as easily as sealing a letter. Cost only 15c-29c. Millions in use in smart homes. Get Clopays at your 5 & 10, variety or hardware store.

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There's Always One!
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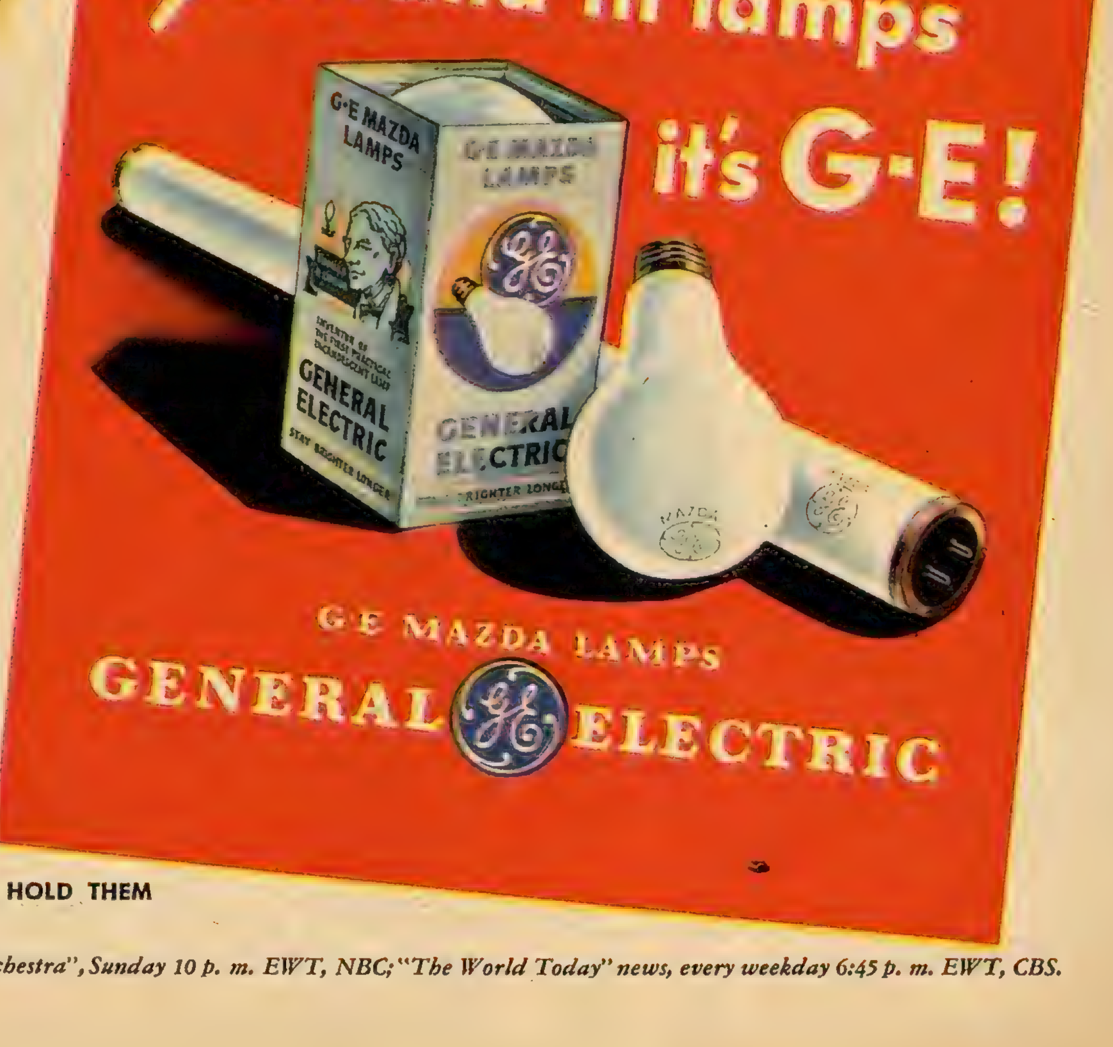
yes.. and in lamps
it's G-E!
G-E MAZDA LAMPS
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STAY BRIGHTER LONGER
G·E MAZDA LAMPS
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—480!

Now that you can buy
all the G-E lamps you need,
remember this: Over 480
checks and tests help guard
the quality of G-E Mazda lamps.
They reflect the constant aim
of G-E lamp research—
to make G-E lamps

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Longer!

BUY WAR BONDS AND HOLD THEM

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

These Germans—of all kinds and classes—saluting their Führer, are the people who underwrote the German plan for conquest.

WATCH OUT FOR GERMAN WHITEWASH

BY SIGRID SCHULTZ

IF we want to win the peace, as our men are winning the war, we must learn to distinguish sensible, constructive suggestions from slogans disseminated among us by the Germans and their dupes in our midst.

There is, for instance, that very popular slogan: "Finish the influence of the Junkers in Germany and you'll have peace in Europe." This slogan would have made sense after World War I, but since then the world has changed.

The truth is that if the Junkers were eliminated wholesale, 90 per cent of the forces of aggression in Germany still would be doing business at the same old stand. As a caste, the Junkers are comparatively unimportant in the Germany of today. Only their womenfolk and children remain. The Junker officers who did not die on the battlefields of World War I or II are being liquidated by Hitler's blood purge, which started on July 20. Only a small group of Junker officers are prisoners of war in our country and in Russia, and these survivors are not numerous enough to restore the power the Junkers held before the war. Confiscation or the breaking up of their estates will further reduce their importance.

It is true that after the first World War, professional Junker officers saved the old and prepared the new German Army, but they were not alone. The big-business tycoons of Germany, the Thyssens, the Mannesmanns, and what have you, provided the money, the factories, the machines, the weapons, the centers of espionage, and the agents in foreign lands which the Germans needed for the future war.

> We'll sow the seeds of another war if we let the Germans beg off from the consequences of their sins. Yet, soft-headed people already are going out of their way to find "explanations"

The schoolteachers and professors of Germany, even ministers and innumerable women, kept alive the warring instincts of the Germans and the teachings of the Pan-Germans, who believed that Germany had a right to vast new lands. Rabble-rousing Nazis in street and factory, Nazi intriguers in salon and school strengthened the conviction of the Germans that since they were superior to the rest of the world they could lick it with the greatest of ease.

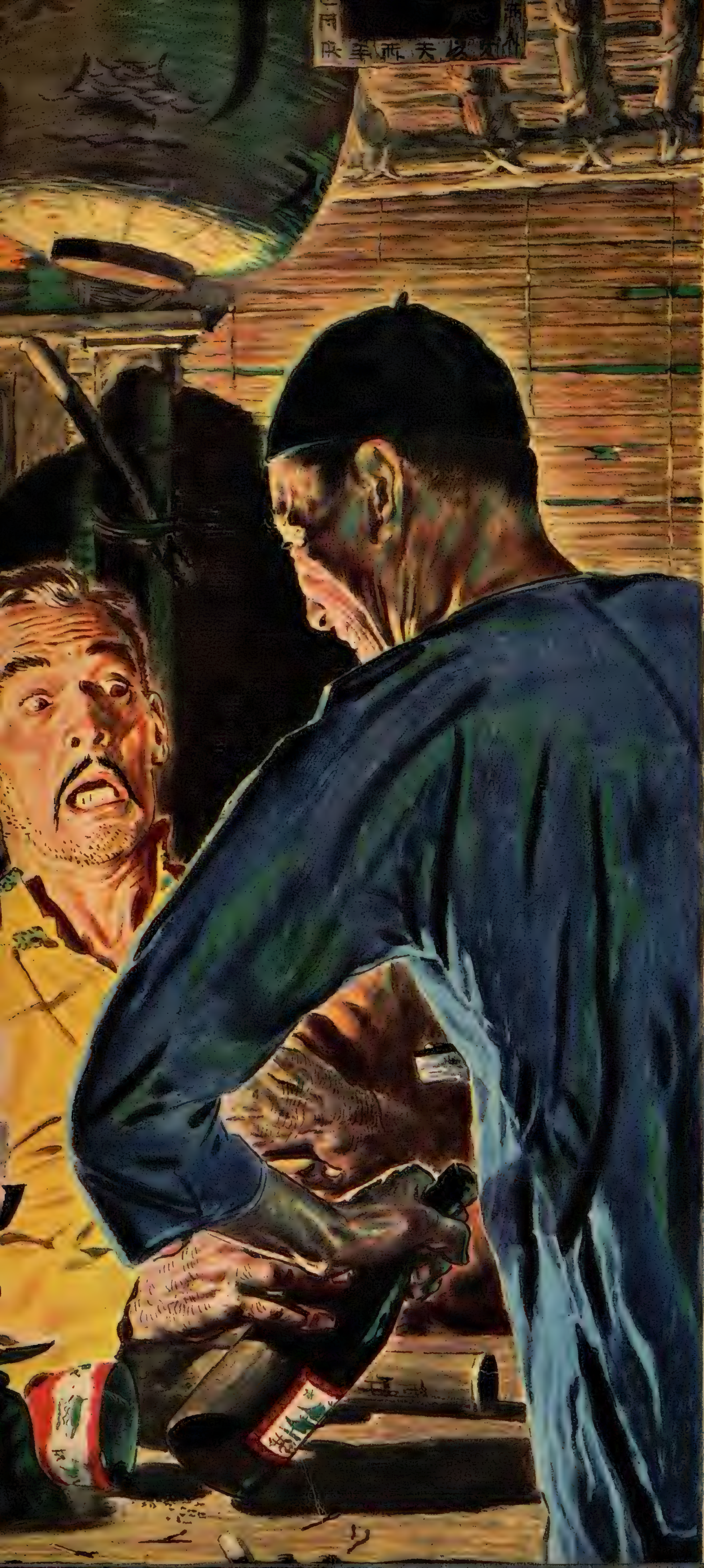
Germany accepted Nazi discipline, and condoned Nazi crimes in the belief that this new ruthlessness would make her strong enough to compel the world to accept German rule or dictation. Thus big business, universities and schools, nationalist elements in all camps have a share of war guilt that is, if anything, greater than the share of the Junkers. But to divert our attention from the main forces of aggression, Pan-Germans conspire to have us concentrate our suspicions on the Junkers.

You have heard innumerable times, too, that "if the influence of Prussia is curtailed in the future German set-up, we may hope for peace, since Prussia has always been the most aggressive element in Germany." How does this stack up with the *reality of today?*

The Nazi government of Austrian-born Adolf Hitler has been by far the most aggressive government Germany ever had. Look at it closely and you will find that the big Nazis are not Prussians.

Heinrich Himmler, the hangman of Europe, is a Bavarian. Hermann Göring, supposedly Hitler's heir, was born in Bavaria of what he himself describes as "Lower-Saxon stock." The one-time mighty Rudolf Hess was born in Egypt of Bavarian and Thuringian parents. Joseph Goebbels hails from Westphalia. The expert in geopolitics, Professor Karl Haushofer, is a Bavarian.

(*Continued on page 68*)



FAN-TAN DAN

He was a man without a country. But when the Japs forced him to masquerade as a brave American missionary, Fan-tan Dan found himself at last

HIS full name was Daniel Geary Demarest, but he was better known along the polyglot ports of the China Coast as Fan-tan Dan the American gambler.

In the course of his long Oriental career, Dan had played every game of chance known to white man or yellow. In the swankiest clubs of Shanghai and Singapore he had gambled with minted gold coins for chips. In Macao, sleepless City of Chance, he had won a historic nine-day gambling duel against the notorious General Tsang, emerging with a fortune in silver and the nickname Fan-tan Dan.

But the ancient Chinese city of Ho-Tai saw Fan-tan Dan's greatest gambling exploit—a game played against the loaded dice of an unseen adversary for a stake greater than life or death. This is the story of that game, and of the players.

It was an earlier adventurer, Julius Caesar, who invented the thumbnail biography, compressing the whole gaudy story of his life into three simple words: *Veni, vidi, vici.* A similar biography of Fan-tan Dan would be slightly longer. And the words would not be in scholarly Latin, but in vernacular Chinese.

Fan-kwei—fan-tan—fan-tee—yen-shee—fang-si—those are the five Chinese words that tell the story of Daniel Demarest.

Fan-kwei—the Chinese name for a white foreigner. That was the word to describe Dan Demarest on the day he walked down the gangplank of a P. & O. boat and set foot in Singapore.

He was then a man of fine figure, tall, square-shouldered, with jet-black hair and a profile as sharp as a head on a Roman coin.

Fan-tan—the popular Chinese gambling game. It was in Macao that Dan learned about fan-tan and struck the long run of luck that sent his Wheel of Fortune spinning high, wide, and handsome.

Up and down the Coast he swaggered, living in all the fabled luxury of a white-button mandarin. Bangkok the Golden knew him, and Saigon, the "Little Paris of the East." Then came Hong Kong on its rocky little isle, and Canton, one foot on land and one on sea. Nanking saw him, and Peking's Forbidden City, and Kalgan.

But it was in Shanghai that Fan-tan Dan's luck ran out at last—in the cardroom of an exclusive club on Bubbling Well Road. In the very midst of the play a clenched fist banged down and a heavy-set red-faced man in evening clothes lurched to his feet.

"Cheat!" He flung the word straight into Dan's face.

Fan-tan Dan's smile was cold. "Sit down!" he said, evenly. "Tomorrow, sir, when you are sober, you will apologize."

"Stop! No more drink!" Chum Sook ordered in a sharp, hissing voice.

COMES HOME

BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL. SCHMIDT

"Apologize!" the ruddy-faced man roared. "I'm not too drunk, Demarest, to've seen you switch cards!" He snatched at the sleeve of Dan's dinner jacket.

Furious, Dan caught up a whisky decanter and swung it at his accuser's head. The blow was heavier than he intended, and the red-faced man dropped in a boneless sprawl, a deep gash across his forehead.

For a stunned moment the room was silent as a Ming tomb, then hostile hands reached for Dan. Panic-stricken, he broke away and fled into the starlit night.

The stricken man never recovered consciousness, and Dan, hiding outside the Settlement in a Chapei teahouse, cursed long and bitterly when he heard the news. For the dead man was a high consular official, and Dan knew the relentless hue and cry that would follow.

He was now a fugitive from justice, with every port closed to him; every hotel, every train, every ship a baited trap. The white world of China was henceforth forbidden territory.

THAT night Dan slipped stealthily from Chapei. Crawling into the back of a peasant's cart on the Woosung Road, he came to the Yangtze, and there hired a small fishing sampan for the upriver passage.

Hiding morosely in the shadows of the sampan's mat-roofed cabin, Dan watched the gaunt-ribbed boatman pull up the mooring poles and hoist a slatted bamboo sail that rattled like dry bones as the Yangtze waters slid past, black as the years of aimless exile that lay ahead.

Fan-tee—the Chinese equivalent for "gone native." A word spoken with utter contempt by both white man and yellow, and Dan Demarest fully earned both the name and the contempt in the years of renegade wandering that followed.

As Fan-tee Dan, he became a familiar figure on the roads and waterways of the Middle Provinces.

Gradually his white man's clothing gave way to Chinese garb—to a cheap cotton *shaam,* straw slippers, and coolie hat. In time he began to look like a native.

Dan, however, still managed to ply his gambler's profession. In the courtyards of crossroad teahouses, in the red glow of coolie fires at water-front godowns, he still matched wits and skill against a ring of slant-eyed opponents for a handful of *sapeks.*

The Chinese are wrong when they declare there is nothing worse than "loss of face." There is the ultimate disaster that can be called "loss of race." Fan-tan Dan could have told them what it was like. There was now only one thing that made life possible for Dan—

Yen-shee—a Chinese liquor made from opium ash. A numbing, stupefying drink, perfect for a renegade like Fan-tan Dan.

For the *yen-shee* drinker lives in a different world—a timeless, two-dimensional world where there are only vague gray shadows; where time is solely daylight or darkness, summer heat or winter cold. Dan lived in that *yen-shee* world.

There came, for instance, an excited whispering among the Sons of Han—rumors of bloody fighting in the north. The brown men of Nippon had launched a sudden attack outside Peking, at the famous Marco Polo Bridge. The date—July 7, 1937.

But Fan-tan Dan merely shrugged at the rumors. There was always a war in China. The Japanese had made attacks before, and nothing much had come of it.

And presently there was another unregarded date in the saga of Fan-tan Dan—December 7, 1941. Pearl Harbor, however, was three thousand miles away—America itself, six thousand. To Dan, these vague reports were as unreal as a tale of another planet, the name America no more than a half-remembered dream of long ago.

Then one day Dan heard a droning sound from the distant sky. Moving black dots appeared, growing larger as the droning changed to angry buzzing, then to terrifying roars, as Japanese planes swooped down on the defenseless city.

Fan-tan Dan was swept along by the terror-stricken crowds pouring from the doomed city.

That night there was no darkness, only a hellish twilight from a horizon ringed by the flaming glow of burning villages.

Sickened by the sights around him, Fantan Dan turned from the ever-lengthening line of refugees into quiet country lanes that ran past sod-roofed farmhouses, past checkered fields and groves of fruit trees.

And so Fan-tan Dan came to ancient Ho-Tai, completely unaware of the strange rendezvous that was even then being prepared for him by the Lords of Destiny.

Dan liked Ho-Tai; life seemed to move there with the peaceful, drowsy hush of a Buddhist shrine. There were quiet teahouses where he could always find a game of fan-tan or pi gow, and a certain wineshop that sold *yen-shee.* True, Ho-Tai was ringed around in all four directions by Japanese forces, but the small town had escaped direct occupation.

The slant-eyed men of Ho-Tai told Dan of their one brief taste of war—how Japanese bombers had destroyed the American mission that stood in the hills along the Wei-ho River. Only the high stone walls of the mission compound still stood intact—the rambling buildings inside had been bombed into rubble.

"Two-and-twenty small Sons of Han make dead when schoolroom roof fall in," they told Dan. "Also make dead the three *Mei-kuo* persons who lived at mission."

Grieving parents had carried away the dead children for burial in their ancestral mounds. The three Americans had been buried in the mission compound, *Mei-kuo* style, with wooden markers bearing their names: the Rev. Andrew Markley, head of the mission; Dr. Craig, of the mission hospital; and a Miss Gilray, who ran the mission school.

Later the Japanese had sent a special armed detail to Ho-Tai to verify the results of the bombing. They had taken photographs of the demolished mission and of the three American graves.

But even quiet Ho-Tai was not entirely immune from the sights and sounds of war. Soon again Dan heard the droning of motors in the sky, but Ho-Tai's reaction came as a pleasant surprise. Instead of running for shelter, the people crowded into the streets, shouting and shaking hands in exultation.

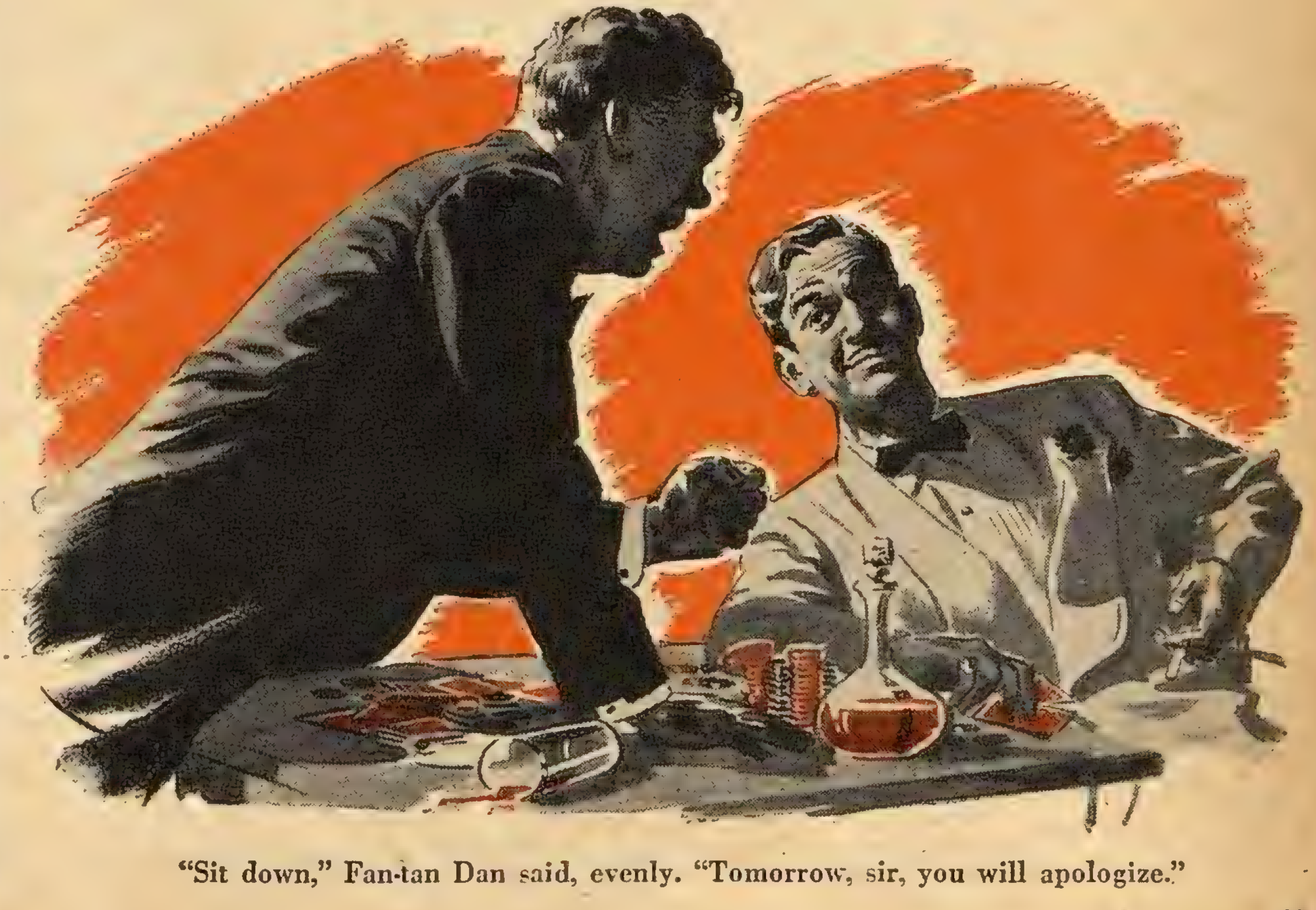
"Mei-kou sky dragons!" they cried. *"Hai! Hai!"*

Like shining metal birds against the flawless blue of the sky, an echelon of shark-nosed P-40s—planes of the Fourteenth United States Air Force—was passing overhead, seeking sky battle with the Japs. These were a rare sight at first, but gradually the echelons became flights, then squadrons—and one glorious day great Liberator bombers thundered past.

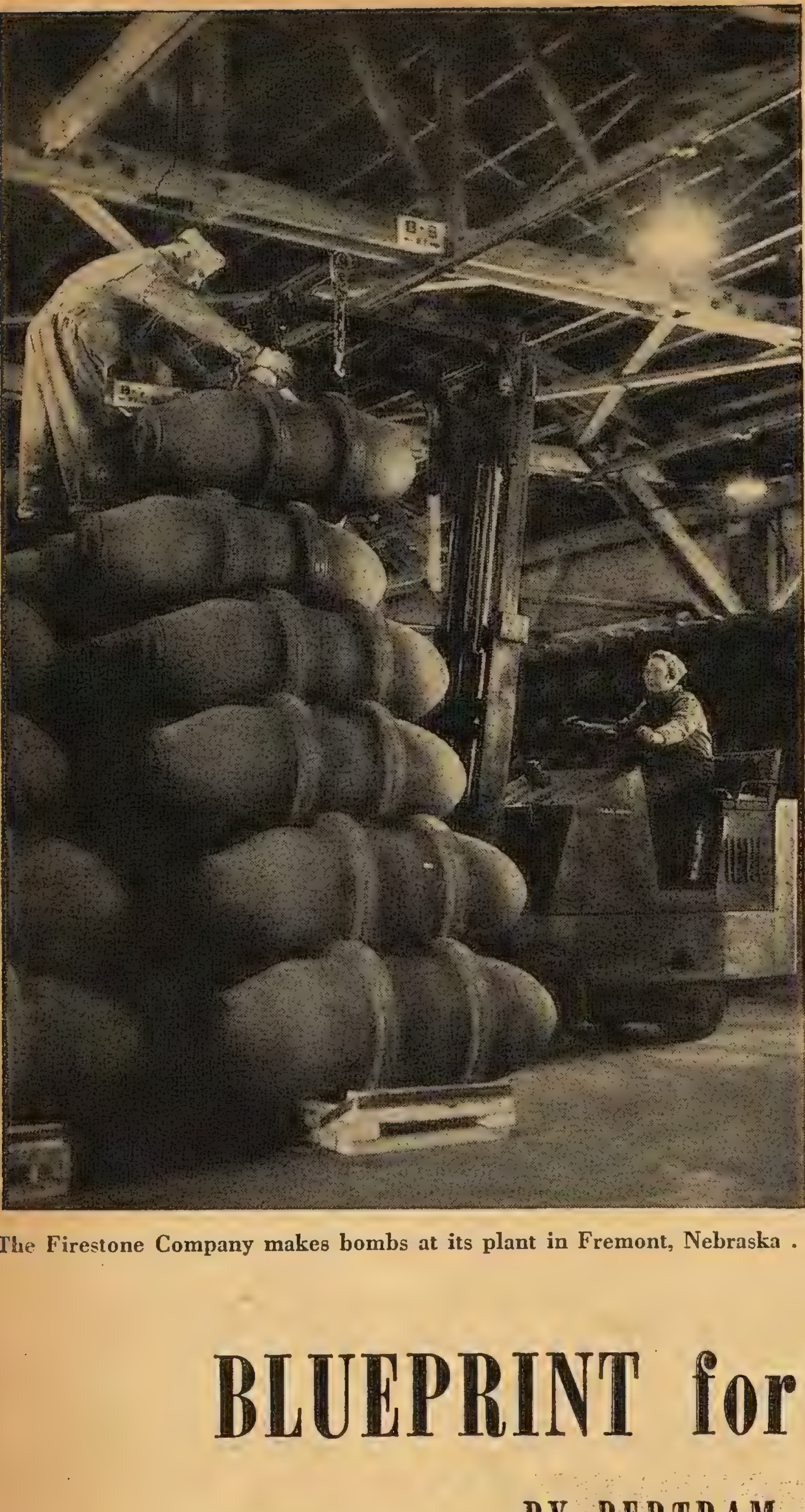
That was a Number One day of rejoicing in Ho-Tai. And the wineshop man who sold *yen-shee* finally confided to Dan that Ho-Tai had a secret interest in those *Mei-kuo* skymen who went roaring overhead—a closely-guarded secret connected with the ruined mission in the hills.

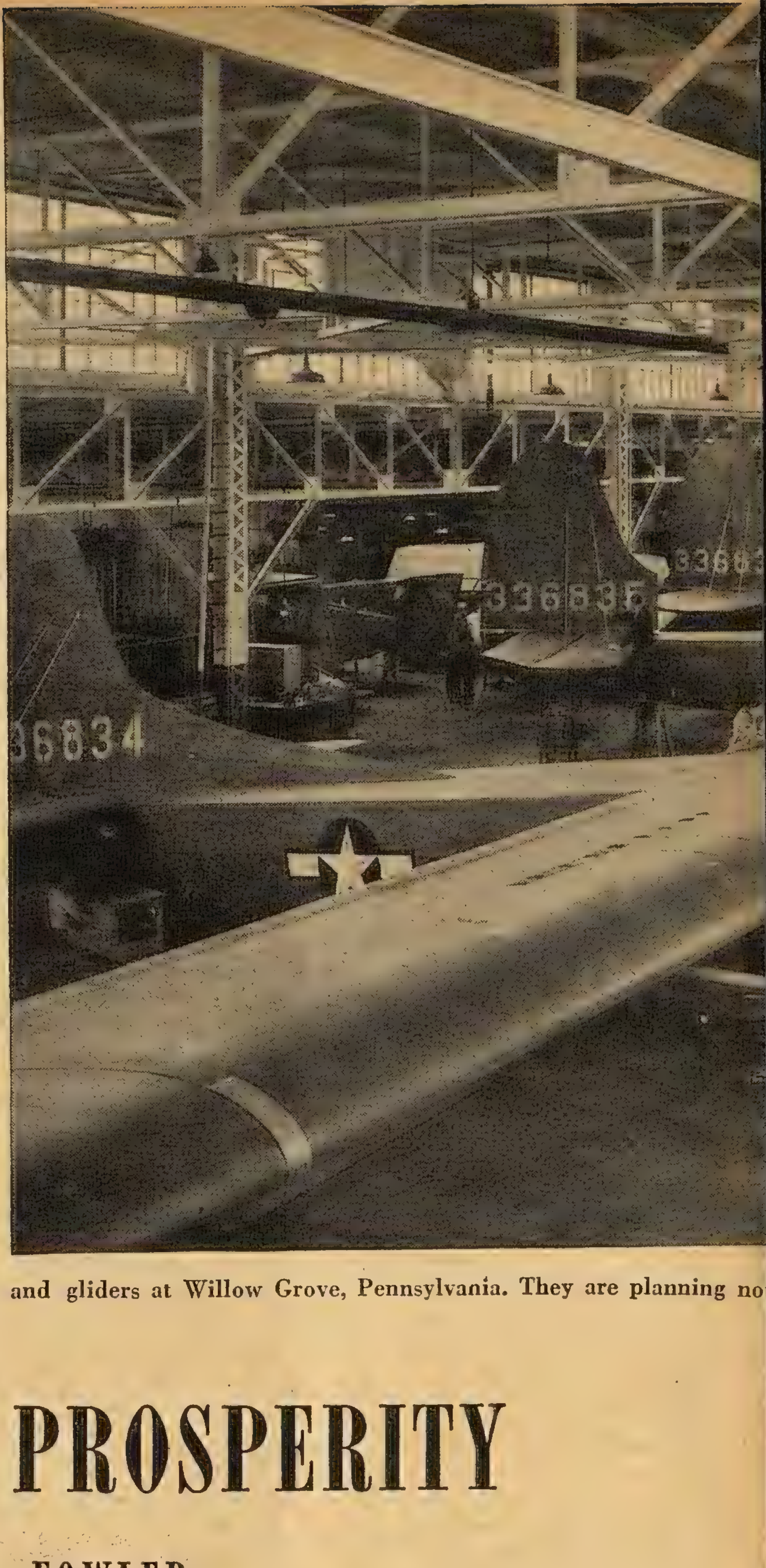
When the mission had been bombed, the wineshop man whispered, the Rev. Andrew Markley had not been killed, but only wounded. The Chinese had hidden him in a woodcutter's hut, digging and marking a third American grave to deceive the Japanese, Markley, recovered from his wounds, was still living in the ruined mission, now one of the most important stations of the China underground.

(*Continued on page 72*)



"Sit down," Fan-tan Dan said, evenly. "Tomorrow, sir, you will apologize."





The Firestone Company makes bombs at its plant in Fremont, Nebraska . . . and gliders at Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. They are planning no

BLUEPRINT for PROSPERITY

BY BERTRAM B. FOWLER

HAVE you been wondering about that job of yours after the war? Certainly a few million workers in war plants and a few million members of the armed forces have been devoting some heavy thinking to the subject. But most important is the thinking that is being done by industries up to their ears in war work and faced with the tremendous job of reconverting to peacetime industry.

Such thinking is profitable when it is followed up by intelligent and active planning to meet a known and inevitable crisis. Industry did no such thinking, much less planning, during World War I. So the end of the war caught industry sitting on its hands until the crash of 1929, when it was too late to do anything but wave them frantically.

But this time industry seems to be pretty well aware of the fact that if it sits on its hands now it probably will be tearing its hair with those hands when the war contracts are canceled and it becomes a case of reconversion or sudden death.

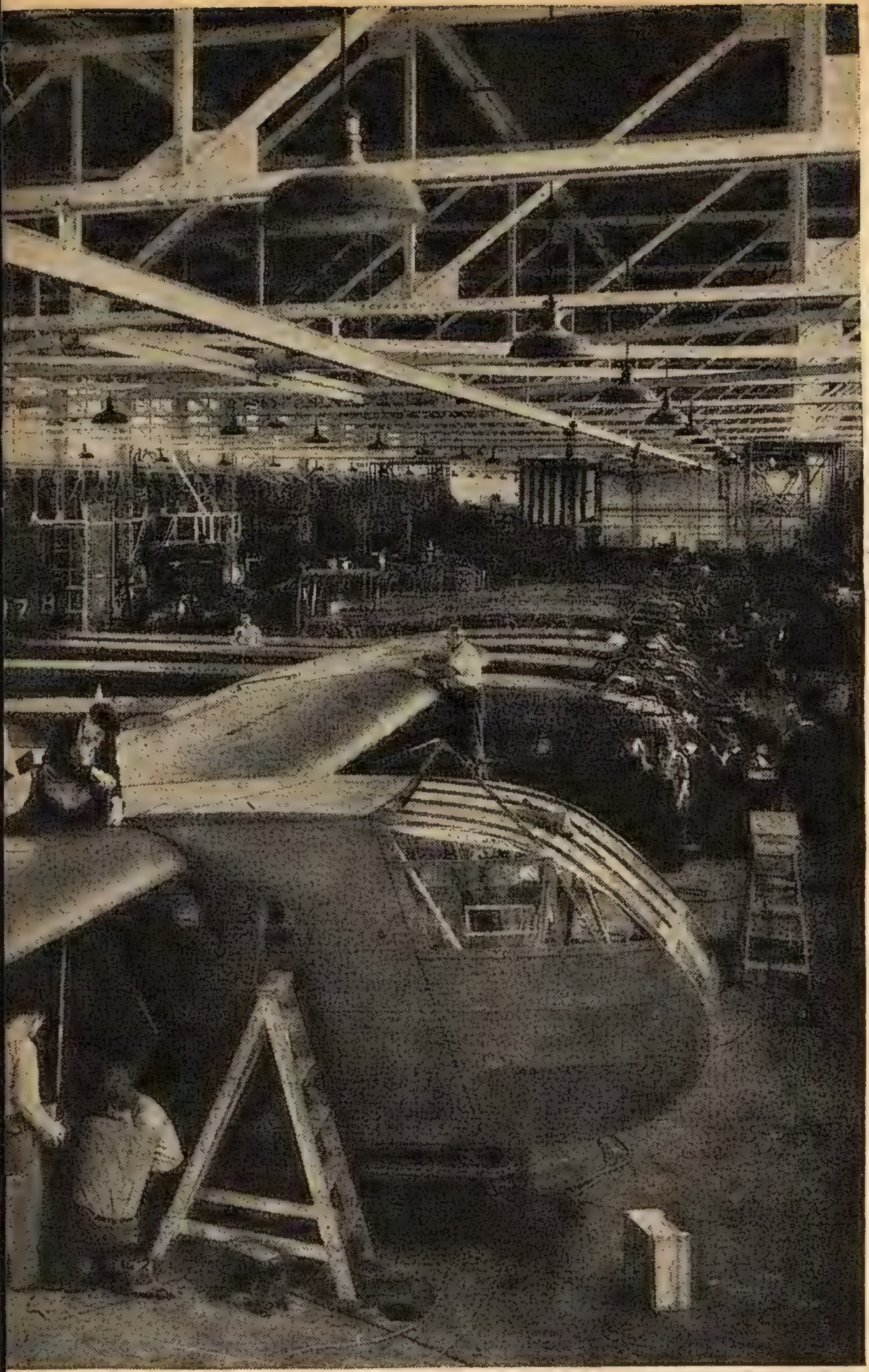
The farsighted ones are those industries that started planning long before the end of the war was in sight. They are the ones which realized that reconversion this time, due to the colossal demands of a mechanized war upon industry, is going to multiply the postwar problems of World War I many times.

Among the more farsighted is Firestone Tire & Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio. John W. Thomas, chairman and chief executive of Firestone, saw the handwriting on the wall two years ago and proceeded to launch a postwar planning campaign that could be used as a model by almost any industry; for Firestone's problem is the problem of all industry.

Before the war Firestone employed, in nineteen plants scattered throughout the country, 26,000 workers. Today it employs about 72,500, many of them making such products as Bofors guns, wing assemblies for airplanes, tracks for tanks, and a variety of other things that will be required no longer when the war ends.

What, Thomas wanted to know, would become of those workers and those plants turning out war materials? What should Firestone plan on producing in order to keep those workers and plants going after the war? What could it sell to keep its income nearer the $545,000,000 of 1943 than the $187,000,000 of 1940? On the answers to these questions rested the future of Firestone and its army of employees.

To learn the answers to some of these questions, Thomas called in T. G. MacGowan, manager of Firestone's Marketing Research. Since there was no clear pattern in the whole industrial field, one had



how to turn these factories and workers to peacetime production.

Tires present no reconversion problem; they're always needed.

We've heard a lot about over-all plans for postwar jobs. Now here's a specific case—what one company is doing and planning to keep production rolling

to be developed. So MacGowan's first job was to plan how to plan.

The result of his study was the formation of Firestone's Postwar Planning Committee and Postwar Planning Division, the latter a full-time organization geared to get action. On the committee were representatives of the different departments of finance, production, personnel, new products development, and marketing.

Special emphasis was placed on marketing. It was all very well, MacGowan reasoned, to plan on new products and improved products. But until it was pretty accurately known *where* those products were to be sold and *how* they were to be sold, the whole program was likely to bog down.

Furthermore, everyone, from Thomas down, knew that the one way not to plan was the old way of figuring how to get more business away from competitors. The whole object of postwar planning was to figure out how to make new and better products more economically and thus develop new markets, with an accompanying rise in employment and real income.

Firestone was branching into new fields. Tires, of course, would continue to constitute the backbone of its business. Reconversion of tire plants presented no great problem. The market was there, growing day by day as tires wore out. It was also there in the potential demand for new cars the moment car manufacture could begin.

But in the meantime the company was working out a program of production in the fields of plastics and fabrics, in metal products and allied fields. The job was to perfect these products and ascertain just what volume of sales could be expected.

With the job of marketing research went a complete inventory of its plants and their potentialities. As the markets for new products were gauged, specific plants were earmarked for their particular postwar production jobs.

Employees were just as thoroughly canvassed, for, as Firestone saw the problem, prosperity could be maintained only by a high level of employment. There had to be a high level of employment to provide the national income necessary to absorb the new and better products. Maintaining this high level of employment is a job as wide as industry. But there was one segment of that job that belonged exclusively to Firestone.

The survey of plants showed that the company expected to absorb about 8,000 of its workers discharged from the armed services. It showed also that about the same number now employed probably would not want to continue to work after the war. Many women were working for purely patriotic reasons. Others, the wives of soldiers and sailors, would want to return to domestic duties when their husbands came back from the battlefields. Many older workers were beyond the retirement age and planned to quit when the war was won. Therefore the number of employees returning was offset by the number wishing to retire from industrial employment.

The problem, then, was to plan to continue to employ as near 70,000 as possible. Obviously no industry could guarantee that such a level could be maintained. But Firestone could estimate that it might, with proper planning, keep employment

(*Continued on page 80*)

A LESSON FOR THE WARDEN

Old Man Simpson had tricked the game wardens for thirty years and never been caught. But then Butch Cassidy got on his trail—and found out why

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE ducks was coming in, blowed by the north wind and drove by the frost. This Butch Cassidy come into Old Man Simpson's stamping grounds with the ducks, and his only purpose in coming was to catch the old tamarack cat and clap him behind bars.

It was quite a job; half the wardens on the conservation force, for thirty years back, had had a crack at it. The one before Butch, Johnny Bing, had trailed Old Man Simpson for a year and a half and was down at Tankotah taking the rest cure. But this Cassidy was as hard as a hickory nut and as slick as the oldest fox that ever left his paw prints in a brier patch.

He didn't prance in all tricked out in his warden's uniform; he was too smart for that. He swung off the Hiawatha, just like any other dude vacationer that can't get gas tickets, rented a cottage off Hank Duffield, and set hisself up in housekeeping. A couple of times he even went out on the lake and shot hisself a couple of bluebills. But most of the time he just hung around Duffield's store, where the rest of the duck hunters came and went, and waited. It was the third day after he come that he found what he was waiting for.

Old Man Simpson came shufflin' down the road, feet a-draggin' and walrus mustaches a-droopin'. Butch Cassidy looked sleepy-like at him as he passed, but knew better than to ask him if he had a shooting license and duck stamp—Johnny Bing had tried to catch him without a license. Then Old Man Simpson went into the store.

"I have here," Butch heard him say to Duffield, "a mushrat pelt."

"Yeah?"

"It was ketched," Old Man Simpson said, "by the Widder Green's boy. For it I want twenty-five ten-gauge duck shells. The mallards will be in tomorra, an' the Widder Green aims to salt down twenty against a hard winter. Her boy an' me will get them in the mornin'."

So Butch Cassidy had the lead he wanted. He had took the trouble to check on all ninety of Kaumas County's inhabitants before coming into it, and knew that the Widder Green's boy was just six years old. No six-year-old kid was going to shoot a ten-gauge shotgun, even if it was legal. It seemed clear that Old Man Simpson aimed to shoot twenty ducks hisself—ten over the limit.

BUTCH CASSIDY went back to his cottage, left the shades up so everybody could see him getting ready for bed, and turned the light out. But he didn't sleep. He knew that he had a good chanst of catching Old Man Simpson and wiping out all the insults the old wolf had piled on the Conservation Department for the past thirty years. To be sure, he was a mite bothered because Old Man Simpson was only going to shoot some ducks for a widder woman. But on the other hand, hadn't the old vi'lator broke enough laws so catching him for any cause at all would be justified?

It was four hours before dawn when Butch Cassidy opened the windows on the beach side of his cottage and lay looking out. Sure enough, about two hours before dawn he saw Old Man Simpson coming along with his big ten-gauge in one hand and a pair of oars over his shoulder. The Widder Green's boy wasn't even with him. Clearly outlined in the frosty moonlight, he unlocks his scow, slides it down into the lake, and pushes off.

Butch Cassidy smirked like a cat that has just took the best part of the cream. He gave Old Man Simpson an hour to get into his blind, then slipped through the window down to where the Sylph, the Department's motorboat, was anchored. Butch patted the old girl, sleek, trim, and with enough power in her inboards to catch anything on any lake. He had figured everything just right. There was still an hour of darkness, plenty of time for him to cross the lake and hide. The moon had gone down and the sky clouded over.

Butch rowed the Sylph across the lake, and rowing a ton of boat and motor made even him sweat. But he didn't want Old Man Simpson to hear the motors and know the Sylph was out. He made it, all right, ran the Sylph close in to shore, camouflaged her with hemlock boughs, and got ready to sit things out.

DAWN broke in a cloudy sky, and the first thing Butch Cassidy saw was a flock of about eighteen mallards beating their way down the lake. The old woods rat had been right—mallards were in—and ten seconds after he saw them, Butch heard the *Boom! Boom! Boom!* of Old Man Simpson's ten-gauge. And there, Butch thought, was three dead ducks, because when Old Man Simpson shot at anything, he hit it. Another flock of ducks goes down the lake, and that time Old Man Simpson's shotgun boomed four times. But Butch still sat tight, watching the heavy flight of mallards go by. Any hunter was legally entitled to ten ducks. It was not until Old Man Simpson had shot twenty-four times that Butch roared away from the bank.

He knew he had to be quick, or when Old Man Simpson heard the motor roaring he would toss away all but ten ducks, and Butch wouldn't have anything on him anyway. But he was quick, and from the shooting he had located Old Man Simpson's blind exactly. Three seconds later, the Sylph come to the mouth of a little bay, and there sat Old Man Simpson in his scow, so surprised that he still had both oars in his hands. Butch looked at the pile of dead ducks in the scow, and knew that never on any lake was a mere ten mallards piled that high.

He drove to within about fifty feet of Old Man Simpson's scow, throttled the Sylph down, and hollered:

"I want to see your ducks."

"What?" Old Man Simpson hollered back.

Butch got a little mad. He had a voice about as gentle as a bull's, and knew it. He knew also that Old Man Simpson had heard perfectly everything he said. Caught dead to rights, the old vi'lator was stalling for time and trying to think his way out of this one. But he was dealing with Butch Cassidy now.

"I want to see your ducks!" Butch bellows again.

"I can't hear you," Old Man Simpson hollers back.

"I'm coming over there!" Butch warns.

"Glub. Humph-humph-humph," Old Man Simpson hollers.

This time Butch got good and mad. He wheeled the Sylph, swung her about, and drove straight for Old Man Simpson's scow. The Sylph threw a lot of spray when she was under full speed, and the lake water was ice cold.

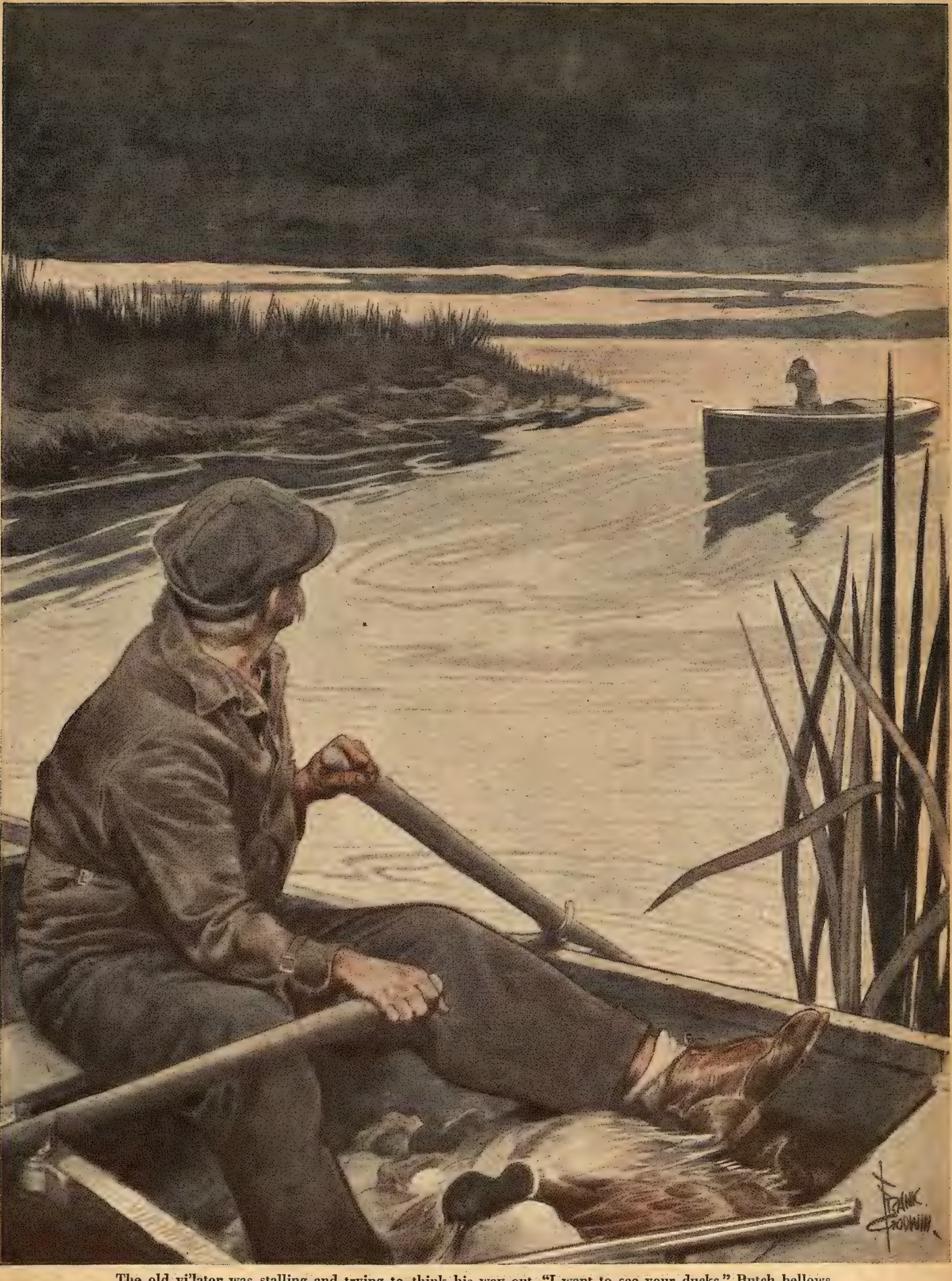
Maybe, if Butch drove right behind the scow, and the old wolf in it got a good drenching, it would teach him to hear the next time a warden hollered at him. When he was about forty feet away Butch swerved just enough so he wouldn't hit the scow.

All of a sudden the Sylph's prow climbed into the air, and her propeller churned as she stopped dead. Butch looked behind him, at the roilly water spreading on all sides of the boat and ahead, at the scow. Old Man Simpson was laying into his oars and the scow was scooting down the lake.

"Come back here!" Butch Cassidy howled.

"I can't hear a word you say, warden," Old Man Simpson calls back, "and I'm awful sorry you got stuck. I tried to tell ye that I was right over a sand bank that your boat wouldn't cross. But I guess you couldn't hear me either. I'll send back help when I get to Duffield's. G'by now."

THE END


FRANK GODWIN

The old vi'lator was stalling and trying to think his way out. "I want to see your ducks," Butch bellows.

THEY WERE READY WHEN WE LANDED

France surrendered, but millions of Frenchmen did not. The tale of this underground army, how it was created and armed, is one of the great human stories of all time

BY FRANCES V. BISHOP

The Allies dropped specially built machine guns for F. F. I. use.

"DON'T wait for arms to fall from the sky; manufacture them yourselves!" This was the exhortation which appeared in a Parisian newspaper the day before Paris was liberated.

For months before the armies of liberation struck, military equipment had been parachuted into France by the Allies. British planes dropped cargo at appointed spots indicated by candles, the brief flash of a torch, or by light from a door suddenly opened. Heavy tin boxes fell from the skies. They contained revolvers, tommy guns, dynamite, powder, bullets. The British also parachuted bicycles, tires, flashlights—even radio broadcasting sets. All of this material was quickly distributed to secret assembly spots, and it played an important part in the fighting which resulted in the restoration of France's freedom.

But it was the grit of the French themselves which played the major role in making French underground units the powerful striking force which so greatly assisted the Allied drive of liberation—and the story is one of the most dramatic of the war.

The pattern of the French fighting spirit is revealed in the appeal of the Parisian journal, L'Armée du Peuple. This small sheet was printed during the revolt in the building which the German newspaper, Pariser Zeitung, had just hastily vacated. It went to press while groups of franc-tireurs stood guard outside, while street battles still raged between Germans and patriots.

Don't wait for arms, the paper said; make your own explosives—Molotov cocktails. Fill a milk or wine bottle with a mixture of gasoline, kerosene, and sulphuric acid; wrap the bottle in paper sprinkled with chlorate. When the bottle breaks, the acid contacts the chlorate and the whole explodes in an immense flame. "German tanks will no longer prove invulnerable," the bulletin concluded.

The liberation of Paris was dramatic. A Frenchman in Washington remarked that the attitude of the Supreme Allied Headquarters, whose armies waited outside the metropolis to give the patriots a chance to free their beloved city themselves, was as chivalrous as an act of the knights of the Round Table. For four years the resistance movement had slowly built itself up within France, and the recapture of Paris was the answer to everything Frenchmen had prayed, worked, and bled for.

But Paris was only one of their victories. All through France, cities and hamlets were seized by the French Forces of the Interior. And as the Americans sped toward Germany, their way was cleared time and again by Frenchmen. Patriots seized post offices, rail centers, radio stations, and government bureaus. They acted as guides, pointed out mined roads and fields, signaled the location of German troops. They fought by the side of the Allied armies, and remained behind to wipe out pockets of German resistance.

To do these things the patriots had to have arms. Yet to be caught with weapons in Nazi-occupied France meant severe punishment and often death. How did they get them?

When France fell in 1940, each French soldier was required to turn in every weapon issued to him, and the Germans gave him a receipt. If a weapon had been lost, he made a declaration to that effect, and was held accountable for it.

The hope of resistance seemed very faint. The German blitz had wiped out a well-organized army. What chance was there that a rifle buried in one's back yard might one day get the better of the most highly-mechanized army of all time? Very little chance, but there were those among the French who staked their lives on it.

So French arms were hidden away at the outset. Men sawed the barrels off hunting rifles in order to conceal them beneath their jackets when the time came to use them. They hid antiquated French arms, carving knives, and sharp kitchen utensils.

During the early years of occupation, arms from the outside flowed in through the southern parts of France which were policed only by Vichy militia. The big problem was to transport them into the occupied zone and it called for the greatest ingenuity by the underground.

In one small town the village proper was in unoccupied territory, its cemetery in the occupied zone. The underground staged a fake funeral, with mourners, priests, and religious services, and obtained a permit to carry the coffin to the village cemetery. The coffin contained revolvers and ammunition. Two nights later the cemetery was raided and the arms were distributed among boys and women of the community, whose job it was to carry them to Maquis' hide-outs.

This trick worked for five or six months,

The F. F. I. fight from a Paris garret in the battle to free their capital.

then became too dangerous. Patriots carefully noted spots along the dividing line where sentinels were few and far between, and where they might pass with relative safety. In winter, when the snow lay heavy on the ground, they loaded pistols on sleds and covered them with branches. To each sled was attached a very long string. If a sentinel appeared the string was dropped in the snow. The distant sled, with its cover of branches, easily passed for just another clump of bushes on the landscape.

Even nuns helped keep the stream of arms flowing across the line. Elizabeth, a sister of charity about sixty years old, with fresh complexion and sharp blue eyes, became a liaison agent for the underground. One of her jobs was to carry pistols beneath her skirts to the occupied zone. Told she was risking death, she said, "I wear a uniform; in these times, it is a uniform for France."

Another plan was to ship revolvers in trunks from one zone to the other. To express a trunk, one needed a German permit and an official label. Counterfeit labels were printed in London and found their way back to the underground. Then the unwitting Germans took care of door-to-door delivery.

FREQUENTLY arms were rotated from one group of Maquis to another. Boys on bicycles carried them to points where they were needed. On June 4, 1944, an international cycle race was held in Limoges. About twenty-five miles away from the starting point, 100 armed men held up the racers, seized thirty-five bicycles, the nine accompanying automobiles, and all the racing equipment, including tires, goggles, and gasoline.

"The moment has come," said the leader, "to choose between the Maquis and the Vichy militia."

This story was told over Radio-Paris by Philippe Henriot, Vichy Minister of Information and Propaganda, as an example of Maquis banditry. It gave an unexpected boost to resistance morale.

Looting served a double purpose. The underground obtained equipment for itself while at the same time it depleted the Germans' supplies. In February of this year, for example, 40,000 liters of gasoline were stolen from a storage tank near Puy-de-Dôme and pumped into a fleet of underground gasoline trucks. Raiders also made away with hundreds of cans of grease and oil and all available tires. There were countless similar raids, all well-organized. German corruption helped, too. It was possible to buy almost anything from the Nazis, including war supplies—at exorbitant prices. Gasoline, for example, sold for approximately thirty-two dollars a gallon.

Hundreds of skirmishes took place between the Maquis and the Germans, and rarely did the underground fail to increase its store of arms. A sentinel killed meant a revolver gained. Great care was exercised by the men to keep revolvers and rifles scrupulously clean, and the penalty for losing a weapon was death.

Much of the equipment parachuted by the Allies was hidden away for use on D Day. Farmers buried weapons in the ground and planted lettuce over them, because it rooted quickly and was fast to sprout. The Germans soon discovered this trick and traveled from farm to farm, uprooting lettuce beds with pick and shovel.

True, much of the material thus buried was ruined by long months, even years, in the earth. Dampness caused a 50-per-cent loss in powder, and many of the weapons became rusty. Some of the parachuted supplies, too, fell into the hands of the Germans. But many times more of them didn't.

In one section of France a resistance leader managed to bury 2,000,000 grenades, 2,500 liters of gasoline, large quantities of ammunition and powder. In the same section two tanks and one mobile machine gun were hidden in caves in the woods, and the caves were sealed up with huge stones.

For those caught in such underground activities the penalty was death or, worse, torture. Witness the fate of Captain Scamaroni, who was awarded the Cross of Lorraine posthumously in October, 1943. His citation tells his story:

"Superlatively courageous officer. Joined the Fighting French Forces in June, 1940. Imprisoned at Dakar. When freed, he became a militant in the underground. Hunted by the Gestapo, he succeeded in reaching England in January, 1942. Volunteered again for an extremely dangerous mission in the occupied zone. After several months of work, he was arrested by the OVRA. He was cruelly tortured, but revealed nothing. To escape unbearable torture and the temptation to break down, he committed suicide with a thin wire found in his cell. His sacrifice permitted his comrades to continue their work for the liberation of France. *A bien mérité de la Patrie.*"

Armed groups of Frenchmen who helped the Allies in and out of France fall into three categories: the regular French Army, which was reorganized on African soil; the French Forces of the Interior, a clandestine army constituted on French soil under the noses of the oppressor; and the Maquis, roving guerrilla fighters, who eventually merged with the F. F. I.

THOUSANDS of young men escaped from France to join the Free French Army. On June 20, 1940, that army consisted of one man: General Charles de Gaulle. Hundreds of volunteers were to stream into the four-room apartment on the Thames in London where the Frenchman made his headquarters.

Two years later, French land forces totaled 100,000 men. In 1944 there were 300,000 men on the fronts, and 200,000 more in training. The Navy consisted of 50,000 men and 300,000 tons of shipping; the merchant marine, of more than 2,000 men and a fleet of 281 ships representing 603,000 tons.

French forces outside metropolitan France were almost completely re-equipped with American arms and materials. When General Jacques Leclerc de Hautecloque (his actual name) bobbed up in Paris with the most modern weapons of war, thanks were due to the tremendous productive power of the United States. It was to Leclerc that General Dietrich von Choltitz, commander of the German troops in

(Continued on page 71)

Bearing captured or parachuted weapons, the F. F. I. was a major factor in France's liberation.

THE PHASE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND DRIPS

BY ALWYN W. KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CHICKERING

BILL cleared his throat, and to George Lorton it was a very expensive sound. "Pop, how about a buck? Yuck-yuck-yuck."

"Nothing doing," George Lorton said, slumping lower behind his evening paper. "And I wish you'd quit that infernal yucking. Sounds like a sick duck."

"Just one stinky little buck?"

"Not even a stinky two-bit piece."

"George!"

That was Lillian. George maintained a discreet silence. *Example.* Without lowering his paper, he could visualize her sitting on the davenport working on a dress for Chug. He could see Bill, too. Bill would be standing in the middle of the living room, his big hands protruding like feet from the too short sleeves of his windbreaker. Bill's voice came again.

"Gee, please, pop! I need it for something special."

George laid the paper across his knees. "When I was your age," he said, "I earned my spending money."

"Sure, but why do it the hard way?" Bill's amazing gray eyes flashed *please,* and the bended knee was in his voice too, but experience had put calluses on the stoic in George, and he returned to the baseball news with an eloquent snort.

Bill shifted his attack. "Mom, pop gave Chug half a buck yesterday. I ask for one measly fish and get turned down cold. Fine family I've got."

George's eyes narrowed. "Your parents don't understand you, eh?"

Bill grinned apologetically and strode to the coat closet. "Heck, I was only jivin'!" he said hastily. He jammed a mashed felt hat on the beautiful spikes of his crew cut, and waved. The front door closed behind him and the familiar yuck-yuck-yuck faded into the distance.

Lillian bit a thread in two and said patiently, "It's only a phase, dear."

"The phase that launched a thousand drips," George punned weakly. He knew it wasn't very good when she didn't smile.

"It's hard to put your finger on," George went on, "but he's changed. Remember how polite he used to be?"

Lillian put down her sewing. "I'm worried about his attitude toward his sister. He's begun calling her the Drip, and he's so impatient with her."

George backed up to the problem from another angle: "I don't think he *means* to be impertinent. He's a good mixer, and I guess he picks a lot up from the other fellows."

Lillian nodded. "Since he joined the S. P. C. A. he—"

"S. P. A.," George corrected. He shook his head. "You know, some of his Brothers give me the impression that I'm being tolerated, and not for my money."

Lillian began emptying the ash trays and plumping up pillows, and George knew by the way she plumped them that she was upset.

George tossed his cigarette into the fireplace. "Know what I think? I think he likes us pretty well, but he thinks we're dead from the neck up."

Lillian looked distressed. "Oh, George!"

"Well, I don't know what to think," George temporized. "But I'm going to have words with that young man, and will *his* phase be red!"

"George darling," Lillian murmured, "I'm really concerned."

George raised his eyebrows. "Thought you said it was only a phase?"

"Well, it is. But there's something you ought to know."

"Insanity in the family?"

"Please don't be quizzical at a time like this. I think Bill is gambling!"

George looked at his wife unquizzically. "Oh, a little red dog with the Brothers, maybe."

"No, I'm serious. Haven't you noticed how broke he's been the past few weeks?"

"Nonsense, Lil!"

But George was worried too. Bill had been dunning a good bit. And hadn't he, himself, played pretty steep poker in college? A Lorton taint perhaps.

Lillian leaned back, thinning her lips purposefully, and George had a hunch what was coming.

"You'll simply *have* to have a heart-to-heart talk to iron things out."

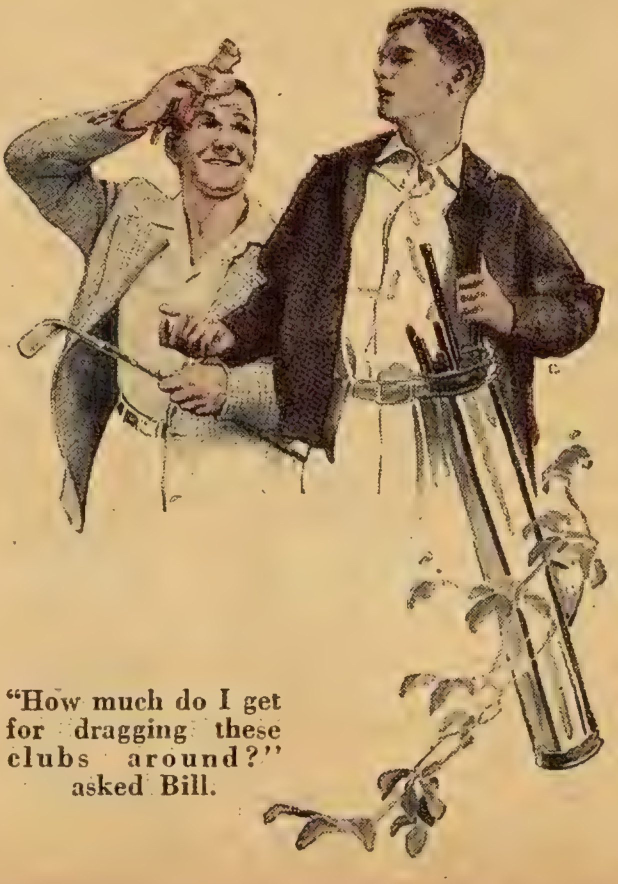
"Perhaps it would be best if you—" George began hopefully.

"Just you two men," Lillian interrupted. "A father-son chat."

George wasn't so sure how Bill would feel about that.

"And another thing—we've got to see to it that he has an opportunity to *earn* money. He could caddie for you at the club, or something. He—he needs our guidance and—and love, dear." Lillian's chin quivered, but she smiled bravely. "Bill stands at the crossroads."

"Tell him to sit, then," George said.



"How much do I get for dragging these clubs around?" asked Bill.

GEORGE played golf Saturday and Bill caddied for him—a command performance. Changing into slacks in the locker room, George reflected that Bill didn't look as though he were standing at any crossroads. He was getting good-looking—darned good-looking. And he met people easily (excepting members of the immediate family, of course).

Yes, talking things over with Bill was a good idea of his—and Lil's too, of course. Bill needed to develop initiative and learn how to handle money. The club was a man's world; out on the course he'd talk to Bill straight from the shoulder.

Walking to the first tee, George had a moment of doubt. There was that other heart-to-heart talk he'd had with Bill a couple of years ago. About the facts of life. It was a question whose eyes had been opened wider.

They waited on the tee while Chris Morrison and his wife drove off. George swaggered a bit and hoped they'd notice Bill. Then he glanced at Bill and hoped they hadn't. Bill was standing loosely, trying inanely to smile with a golf ball bulging each cheek. Catching George's eye, he popped the golf balls into his hand and whispered, "Who's the jerk?"

"The jerk," said George quietly, "is Mr. Chris Morrison, chairman of the board of governors of this club. He is also a friend of mine. I do not know any jerks."

"Gosh!" said Bill, impressed. And he proffered the golf bag. "Make with the driver, pop?"

George made. His swing was a nervous twitch on a large scale, but he got results. Ambling down the dog-leg fairway, George took the bull by the horns:

"Bill—"

Bill had put one of the golf balls back in his mouth. "Thith Morrithon gent—he keepth the joint jumpin'?"

"Eh?"

"You know—he runth the place?"

"Yes," George said weakly, and tried again: "Bill, I've been wanting to have a chat with you."

> The heart-warming story of young Bill, who discovered that parents have to be handled with care and understanding during the difficult period of adolescence

"Sure," Bill said absently, recovering the ball. "Give, pop."

"I don't want to sound like a parent," George said, sounding like one, "but you've got to learn the value of money."

"Yes, sir."

"Another thing—the language you use. It—well, it's not in good taste, Bill."

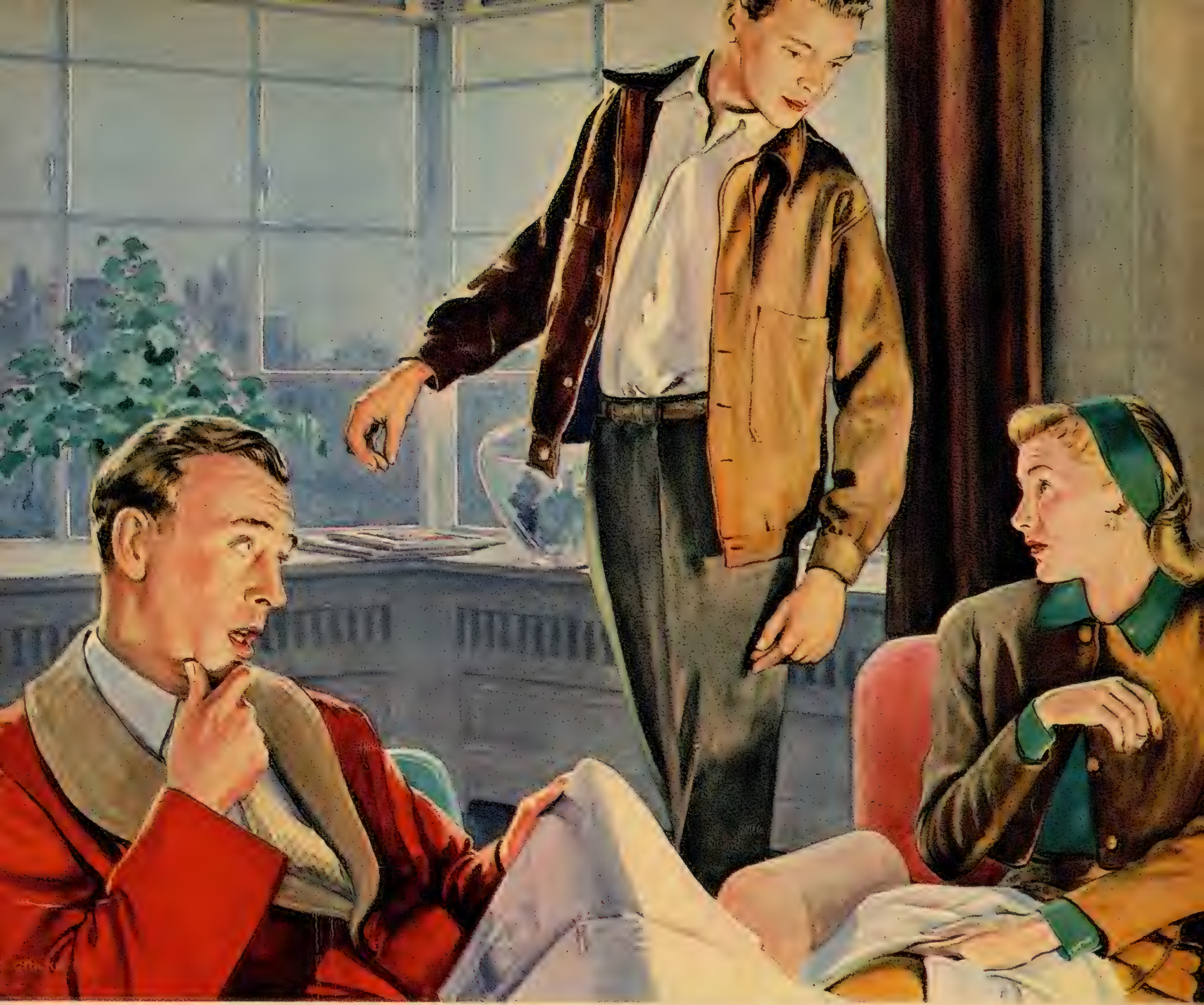
"Sure," replied Bill. "What about the money angle?" He struck a cinematic pose.

"Well, you've just got to learn to handle it." George hoped he didn't sound as desperate as he felt. "Lately you've been flat broke all the time. Your allowance is adequate. Like last night—why'd you want that dollar?"

"Special project, pop. No kiddin'."

"Well, in the future you can finance your projects with money you *earn.*"

"Sure, sure. When the brain fails, the



Bill looked at his parents in sudden comprehension. "What's the matter, you-all? Looks like a wake in here."

body works." Bill raised an eyebrow. "How much do I get for dragging these beat-up clubs around?"

"Buck and a half for eighteen holes," George said promptly. "I could stand new clubs," he conceded, "but it's the way you use 'em that counts."

"Well, thanks," Bill said hesitantly.

George's eyes twinkled. "I'll be glad to tip you," he said insultingly, "if you don't mind accepting a tip."

"Sure, that's O. K. . . . Pop, your ball's way back there; we passed it."

By the third hole George had recovered sufficiently to try again. He put a friendly arm about Bill's shoulders as they walked toward the sand trap, then removed the arm surreptitiously—Bill was so tall it made him feel like a walking casualty being helped to the rear.

"Another thing, Bill," he began, "you've got to get your marks up."

"Oh, I'll get by, pop. No stuff."

"It's not a question of just scraping through. Don't you see? Your marks in college will depend on the basic fundamentals you get in high school."

Bill laughed shortly. "College? I'm going to be a ski trooper." He handed George a niblick as if that settled that.

"Two in the trap and five out," George said in a few moments, breathing a little hard.

Bill looked amused. "You'd be a terror in a Victory garden," he said.

In the rough on the sixth, George took the same bull by the same horns. Lillian would expect a detailed report. He tried the expansive approach.

"You know, the only way to appreciate the value of money is to earn it."

"Yuck-yuck-yuck."

"*And* yuck!" said George with spirit. "Now take me," he continued. "*I* can't throw money around. There're things we all need that we can't afford in these days when war bonds come first. Your mother could do with a new winter coat. Chug needs—well, lots of things."

They approached the ninth tee in silence. George was looking forward to a cold glass of beer at the refreshment stand under the old elm. During their talk on the last two holes, Bill had displayed *some* interest in finance—which was something. *Oh, yes—the gambling.* George squared his shoulders. *Here's where good old dad came in.* He turned to Bill casually.

"Been losing with the cards, Bill?"

"Huh?"

"Your mother," George said, "thinks you've been gambling."

Bill's eyes rolled back in his head until he looked like a corpse. "Oh, me!"

"On account of always being broke."

Bill carelessly draped an arm around George's shoulders. George tried not to breathe, so Bill wouldn't think he was shrugging the arm off.

"Pop," said Bill earnestly, "why don't you stop beating the gums and working up a lather? Gosh, there's nothing wrong with me that time won't cure."

George gulped and sat down heavily on the bench. The Chris Morrisons were putting the par-three green up ahead. He looked around dazedly. The sun was shining brightly, and the chirping of birds was sweet and clear. It was a wonderful day, he thought happily. And Bill was O. K.

Bill took the brassie out of the bag. "What's that?" he asked, nodding at the refreshment stand, and George noticed for the first time that it was boarded up.

"Beer and sandwiches, but it's closed. Club's shorthanded, you know."

Bill frowned. "Must be tough to get way out here and not find anything to drink."

George said it certainly was, but Bill could get a lemonade later. His drive landed on the green and stuck there. When Bill said guardedly that it wasn't a half bad shot, he couldn't help swaggering.

George sunk his putt for a par three, giving him a forty-seven for the front nine. "Let's go," he said. "The old man is going to break a hundred—maybe."

"Say, pop"—Bill pressed one hand to

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WELCOME WAGON

The Welcome Wagon lady calls on newcomers, bringing gifts from local merchants and a knack for settling moving upsets.

WELCOME, STRANGER!

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

WELCOME WAGON may not ring as many bells as the postman does, but it usually gets there first! Last year, 1,200 hostesses in more than 600 cities and towns in the United States and Canada made approximately 300,000 calls on community newcomers, brides, and babies. For this nation-wide organization dispenses a unique service.

Just as the moving van drives away and you wonder whether you will ever be able to unscramble the mess, a trim lady with a flower-decked basket in hand rings the bell. You open the door cautiously.

"Good morning," she begins. "I'm Mrs. Thatcher, the Welcome Wagon hostess, and I've come to welcome you to town."

Involuntarily you open the door.

"I know you're too rushed to do any shopping," she explains, "so I've brought you some things you can use. No charge, of course—they're presents from our leading local merchants."

As she unpacks, she mingles deft comments about her sponsors with a wealth of information about your new home—the nearest church, the most convenient bus routes, who's who in the local clubs, a suitable school or playground for the children, a reliable furniture-repair man, a good restaurant, and the best shops. If many of the names she mentions happen to be company clients, that's only good business.

Meanwhile Mrs. Thatcher demonstrates her helpfulness in actions as well as words. She'll help you hang an awkward picture, rush to have the gas turned on or the phone installed, fix baby's formula or dish up a tasty sandwich. With such a good neighbor at your elbow, you unburden yourself. Virtually without prompting, you volunteer whether you are an owner or a renter, your husband's business, the names and ages of your children, your expectations on hiring a maid, and—more important—the first purchases contemplated for your new nest. Your visitor is all eyes and ears, and will sort out, classify, and pass on your haphazard comments to the proper parties.

This salesmanship is set off against a genuine civic and social background. Your hostess brings you letters of greeting from the Chamber of Commerce and the mayor, telling how happy they are that you have selected their town as your new home. She showers you with helpful booklets and maps—pamphlets about the history, industries, and beauties of the locality. In Hartford, Connecticut, for instance, you will receive a church directory and a copy of the Connecticut State Motor Laws.

As a side line, the hostess acts as an "assistant pastor." Invariably she asks the family the denomination to which they belong, and requests permission to invite the minister, priest, or rabbi to call. A New England hostess found her first job was to have a newborn child baptized. The parents were of different faiths and neither had been to church for years.

In many communities Welcome Wagon has become affiliated with the Visiting Nurses Association and refers you to them as an authoritative source of dental and medical information. In congested sections the hostesses keep a sharp eye open for contagious diseases and the need for vaccinations. They sell Victory Bonds, work with the Labor Board, solicit blood donors and volunteers for essential jobs. In New Jersey the entire hostess corps helps the Manpower Commission to enlist every family for either war work or war training courses. Now the government has asked the hostesses to recruit young women as student nurses.

Welcome Wagon is the lusty brain child of Thomas R. Briggs, a Southerner with a dazzling smile. Early in 1928, Briggs, who operated a newspaper syndicate and other enterprises in Memphis, Tennessee, toyed with the simple idea that merchants could stimulate business by calling on newcomers. He realized that families in transit break off their old buying habits and are compelled to form new ones. So he launched the new service immediately, naming it after the old wagons sent out from pioneer settlements with food and water to sustain the morale of covered-wagon trains moving west.

Public reaction was so favorable that Briggs could scarcely keep up with himself in establishing units everywhere—from villages of 8,000 population to cities such as Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Toronto. At the start he planned to have men in all the key posts and women in minor positions. Somehow this scheme refused to jell. Briggs shifted gears. Today Welcome Wagon employs two male executive assistants and 1,200 women!

The war has temporarily interfered with Briggs' plan to extend his own personal good-neighbor policy to Central and South America, but the countless war-worker and service families on the move have boomed business immeasurably—especially in defence cities such as Washington, D. C., Norfolk, Virginia, and Seattle, Washington. The president of the Hartford, Connecticut, Manufacturers Association recently cited Welcome Wagon "as essential in combating enemy No. 1—absenteeism."

On the wall of the New York office of Welcome Wagon a motto reads: "Be prepared! Anything can happen and probably will." The Briggs hostesses live up to this slogan. Nothing surprises them. But one hostess almost lost her poise when she arrived at a home in the restricted section of a fashionable suburban town. It had been rented by an apparently respectable couple who had told the real-estate agent they were childless. Confused by her visit, the man led her into the living room, where some forty gypsies were cooking their dinner on charcoal braziers. There was a long moment of silence. As the hostess retreated down the hall, she could hear the gypsies leaving by the windows.

Free gifts and help for a newcomer are the stock in trade of the Welcome Wagon lady, who makes you feel at home even before your furniture is off the truck

Then there was the young bride who moved into one of the uniformly-built bungalows of a model housing development—and stayed up all night to get everything in order. On her call the next morning, the hostess discovered the bride had moved into the wrong house. By fast and tactful talking she induced the rightful renters to swap bungalows, thereby saving the bride the price of another move.

Welcome Wagon's hostesses are chosen with extreme care after a check of commercial, social, and church references. Preferably they are long-time residents in the community. Briggs likes to think of each hostess as truly representative of her town. Ranging in age from twenty-five to forty, they must own and drive a car and be able to type—at least with one finger. Invariably they are married or widowed; they inspire more confidence when they have been "through the mill."

The successful applicants are given an intensive two-week training course in New York. Through demonstrations and dramatized lectures they are coached to meet various situations. Everyone covers the same fundamentals and then receives

(*Continued on page 65*)

At the home office (above) hostesses are taught how to make calls on newcomers, brides, and new mothers. And also how to interest tradesmen (below) in the Welcome Wagon scheme.

The Welcome Wagon lady doesn't have a line, but withal she is a pleasant and gracious saleswoman. Neighborhood shops gain your trade when she brings you their presents.

THE SUCCESSFUL MARINE

Linda Sue always had been rich—and proud. Now she was a successful movie actress to boot. And the boy who loved her? Well, Elmer was poor, modest, and working real hard to be a good marine

BY ALLAN R. BOSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

IT is recorded elsewhere that Sergeant Elmer Day, Marine Corps, killed twenty-three Japs in the foxholes of Guadalcanal and other contested islands, shooting them squarely between the eyes. To this commendable labor he had brought a special skill and considerable training, and an innate modesty led him to decry his achievement. It was, he explained, like shooting prairie dogs—except that you got more of the carcasses.

The Corps deemed otherwise, and a general pinned two medals on him. Elmer looked down at them and knew pride for the first time in his life, and mystified his buddies by blurting, "Maybe *that'll* learn her!"

He was tall and lean, with leg bones bowed to fit a horse and the high instep that comes of feet early in the stirrups. He had sandy hair, white brows, and bullet-blue eyes—both of which he kept open when looking down a rifle's sights. His mail consisted entirely of the Coyote Bend (Texas) Weekly Howl, a four-page paper devoted to publication of livestock prices, briefs such as "Nick Day was in town yesterday with twenty coyote scalps from the Door Key ranch," and an occasional prayer for rain promulgated by Brother Ransom McGill.

Nobody ever saw Elmer mooning over a photograph, but once he hiked ten miles to another outfit for a second showing of a horse opera set to guitar music. Another time, they remembered later, he was called upon to settle the eternal argument as to the respective merits of blondes, brunettes, and redheads.

"Well," Elmer drawled dreamily, "I'm kinda partial to a *rusbayo* myself."

"What's that?" asked a corporal.

Elmer hesitated. "I reckon you'd say it's a light dun, with a teeny little bit of gold throwed in. Had a mighty good cow horse that color once. . . ."

TWO days after a ship brought him States-side, Elmer swung off a bus in Hollywood, walked up a residential street in the manner of a marine about to take an objective, and pushed a doorbell. The ringing interrupted loud voices upstairs, and a window opened.

"Who down theah?"

Elmer stepped back to the dark lawn.

"Why, hidy, Aunt Alamo!" he said. "I come to see Linda Sue."

"Wheah you git that Aunt Alamo?" the voice bristled. "I's Marie—Miss Bagley's pussonal maid. She cain't see nobody."

"Personal maid!" Elmer derided. "You're Aunt Alamo San Jacinto Goliad Jones—and don't try to high-toney me. Open this here door!"

"Law sakes, you soun' lak somebody come fum Texas!" Aunt Alamo exclaimed delightedly. Then, regaining her dignity: "Miss Bagley mighty busy. You cain't see her nohow."

Elmer kicked the door. A man shouldered Aunt Alamo's bulk aside and leaned out the window. He wore glasses, and his view of Elmer was foreshortened.

"She's in conference, bud," he said. "But if you'll mail a post card to Wide West Pictures, she'll send you a personally autographed photo and tell you how to organize a Linda Sue Fan Corral."

"Yeah?" Elmer asked. "Who're you?"

"I'm Mr. Arthur Goldbaum. Public relations director for Wide West Pictures."

"What's that?"

Mr. Goldbaum sighed. "Right now it's something I wouldn't want should happen to my best enemy. She won't wear the kind of clothes the Cowgirl Queen of the Singing Screen should wear! She's marrying with Buck Mason, but—"

Elmer heard Linda Sue scream as he fell headlong into the compartment.

"Like hell she is!" interposed Elmer, who remembered that Buck Mason rode a white horse and fired as many as twelve shots from a six-shooter without reloading.

"But," continued Mr. Goldbaum sadly, "she wants to take out from it all the romance. She should be eloping to Yuma on horses. One horse at a time, like the old Phony Express. But will she?" His voice rose bitterly. "Not even if I get her Crosby's horses—"

"I won't!" Linda Sue announced from somewhere inside. "Arthur, I simply won't wear this!"

Mr. Goldbaum flung his hands to the stars. "See?" he cried.

"Linda Sue!" Elmer yelled.

She came to the window, a ten-gallon hat held distastefully in her hand. The light was behind her and her face was indistinct, but her hair was the same. It was a light dun flecked with gold. Mexicans called that color *rusbayo;* Hollywood called it the answer to a prayer played in Technicolor.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Me—Elmer."

"Go away," Linda Sue said promptly. "I told you four years ago I didn't ever want to see you again. What have you been doing?"

It was too dark for her to see his uniform, or to make out the double row of ribbons on his breast.

"Oh, I been places," he said. "Killin' varmints."

"Elmer Day," said Linda Sue, "you're just like your papa! Never will amount to a hill of beans. I told you so!"

"I come back to marry you," Elmer said.

"Ha!" said Linda Sue, and closed the window.

Elmer kicked the door, but it held. Linda Sue was harder to see than he had expected. He executed a strategic withdrawal to a drugstore and tried vainly to find her name in the telephone book. He ordered a double malted and picked up a newspaper that lay on the counter. Halfway through both, he saw a picture of Buck Mason and Linda Sue riding double—on a white horse. There was a story in an adjacent gossip column:

"Buck Mason and Linda Sue Bagley will soon be riding into the sunset in real life. Meanwhile they head the cast Wide West plans to take to Linda Sue's home town, Coyote Bend, Texas, for the world première of Rodeo Girl. It was at Coyote Bend that Linda Sue won rodeo honors and a beauty contest. Part of a new epic, to be called Queen of the Chisholm Trail, will be filmed on her father's ranch, Art Goldbaum told me."

Elmer didn't wait for his change. Seeing it in print somehow made Mr. Goldbaum's statement seem official. He hurried back up the street, but Linda Sue's house was dark, and nobody answered the doorbell. Elmer sat despondently on the curb until a cruising cab came by. "To the depot," he told the driver.

THERE was just time to get an upper berth as far as Plains City, where he would have to change trains, and to send a telegram to Mr. Nick Day, care of the Door Key ranch. He cramped himself into the upper and did some thinking.

Buck Mason probably made a lot of money. Certainly he had the edge on Elmer when it came to looks. And maybe Hollywood and fame had turned Linda Sue's head. She had always been proud and now she was a successful film actress. You never heard of a successful marine, except maybe the general.

Up to now, if anyone had asked Elmer what he was fighting for, he might have answered like any other Texan—to the effect that, hell, there's a war on, isn't there? But now it summed up. The pride he had felt when they gave him the medals, the thing he said as he looked at them. He was fighting to prove to Linda Sue that the son of Old Nick Day, who had never done anything more than trap varmints and kill prairie dogs on the Door Key range, could amount to something.

Basically, although he didn't know it, Elmer was fighting for the democratic, Horatio Alger right of the poor boy to marry the rich girl if they are in love. And nothing could be more American.

AT last he slept, and his Pullman—which had been named, in a burst of superlative enthusiasm, Aghmoogenegamook—rolled through the night. It is hardly to be expected that either Aghmoogenegamook or Elmer would be aware of the name of another Pullman called, simply, Wittequergaugaum. And so it was some twenty-odd hours later, when the wind was soft from the Texas mesquites, before Elmer learned that Linda Sue was aboard the same train.

He was in Aghmoogenegamook's smoking room when a sailor entered excitedly.

"Hey, sarge," the sailor exclaimed, "there's a whole flock of picture stars on this train! Linda Sue Bagley—"

Elmer leaped to his feet. "How many cars forward?"

"Three. Say, that Bagley is a dish! Hey—you can't go up there in pajamas and a bathrobe!"

"The hell I can't," Elmer retorted. "I'm gonna have it out with her."

The porter in the special car was planning to quit his job if ever he had to handle another group of movie people. He indicated Linda Sue's drawing room, and Elmer pounded the door.

"Linda Sue!" he called. "I come for my answer. Come out!"

"It's no!" she told him. "Go away!"

Elmer kicked the door, forgetting he wore carpet slippers. The pain fired his temper. He called Linda Sue a stuck-up little brat, and dared her to come out. She refused.

But Aunt Alamo darkened the aisle, and the noise alerted Mr. Goldbaum and several others, including Buck Mason. Mr. Mason wore tight frontier pants, absurdly short boots, and a shirt calculated to impinge upon eye and ear at a quarter mile. His Stetson had cost at least eighty dollars.

"Get away from that door!" Mason ordered.

"You keep out of this!" said Elmer.

Mason grabbed his bathrobe collar. Subsequent events were swift, and very surprising to Elmer, whose fighting talents ran to small arms and certain rough-and-tumble tactics. He threw one Sunday punch into Mason's eye, and then the air was supercharged with fists. Linda Sue opened her door just as one hooked Elmer's jaw. He heard her scream as he fell headlong into the compartment, and then his head struck the edge of her bed. . . .

Aunt Alamo was rubbing his temples with ice. The train whistled and slowed. It stopped, and the wind moaned over it and sand swished against the windows. Buck Mason stood in the doorway.

"Where's Linda Sue?" Elmer demanded.

Mason gestured toward the window. Elmer heard a brass band, and somebody yipped and fired off a pistol.

"Getting ready for the parade," Mason said. "You all right now? I didn't mean to hurt you. I used to box, you know."

"Yes, I know—now," said Elmer. "What parade?"

"The same old stuff. Home-town girl makes good." Mason looked out the window and shook his head. "It's tripe. Sand in your eyes, local yokels in your hair. If

(*Continued on page 61*)

BY FRANNY MURRAY
and RUSS DAVIS

SMART HEADWORK MAKES SMART FOOTWORK

Evashevski and Harmon—one hand washed the other.

Sure, we say, star ball carriers owe their headlines to the unsung blockers. But—signals over—here's a different idea, illustrated by some big-game high spots

SOME years ago a gifted man of letters set down a fiction story dealing with a college football star who turned professional. The star, so the story went, didn't run very far with the ball as a pro, until he realized that he needed his old college chum to block for him. The aforesaid chum then joined the pros and the two of them confounded their rivals happily ever after.

That was all very well—only there is a school of thought in football ranks that would disagree with the theme. The idea of pupils in this school is that it's the ball carrier who makes the blocker. They don't rule out blocking as unimportant by any means. But they insist a good ball carrier can make a blocker more effective, and also make him look a lot better out there on the field. They figure, too that blocking is paramount until the runner gets past the line of scrimmage, but then the runner makes the blocker.

There are a pair of good reasons for the theory. To point these up, they contrast Michigan's Tommy Harmon, for instance, with one Andy Hrushka of Any State U. The exploits of Harmon, running behind the scythelike blocking of Forrest Evashevski, are so recent as to need no retelling. There was a team—runner and blocker—of great skill.

But now consider the mythical Hrushka, an earnest, stolid buckethead who has made the varsity. Maybe he made it easier this year because coaches are more apt to issue uniforms in wartime to any athlete who can stand up. But, anyway, Andy is on the squad. He can run, but with no outstanding speed or deceptiveness. He tries hard and performs as he has been taught to the best of his ability. When he takes the ball and rams into the line behind his blockers, he expects to make his average of a couple of yards. But nobody on Any State U.'s bench expects to see Andy come out the other side running.

Andy lacks something. It's the extra brainwork that carries the good back into the clear and away because he can utilize the blockers ahead of him, shifting his tactics and pace as the openings present themselves. Andy prefers to bash straight ahead, surrendering finally only to superior weight. By doing that he robs himself—and his blockers—of superlatives in the sports pages the next day.

Let's delve a bit deeper into this business of good ball carriers making their blockers. Andy Hrushka is a tailback, and after the ball is snapped he finds himself through the line of scrimmage and into the opposing secondary. Andy avails himself of but two choices: he either (1) cuts to his right, or (2) cuts to his left and depends on the ability of any blockers who might be there to help. Andy is using about 30 per cent of his team on the play.

Now take a Red Grange, a George McAfee, Tuffy Leemans, or Harmon. What do they do in such a case? They, of course, have the first two choices, but they go further. They give themselves additional options: (3) they come to a complete halt to allow blockers to come up from the rear, or (4) they make a complete turn—call it a temporary retreat—to get more blockers up ahead. What happens? Blocks are thrown that might never have been. Everybody in the stands is on his feet and neighbor turns to neighbor (because they have been educated to watch the "forgotten" man in front of the ball carrier) and says, "Man, did you see that beautiful block?"

Co-author Franny Murray had an experience of Hrushka-like proportions while with the University of Pennsylvania in 1934 against Columbia. After Penn had taken an early lead in Philadelphia's Franklin Field, the Lions from New York ripped back with two touchdowns and a conversion to hold a 13-12 edge. Late in the game Sophomore Franny romped deep into Columbia territory, where he was finally worked to the side lines by Tommy Tomb, the Columbia safety.

Figuring à la Hrushka, Franny decided to try to go the rest of the way by himself, without waiting for blockers. So, putting his head down, he rammed straight ahead for only a few yards. Columbia held and Penn lost its chance to win.

"That's a touchdown you'll make in your junior and senior years," Alec Fox, then coaching the Penn line, told Franny after the game.

In that one sentence Fox underlined the theory that ball carriers make blockers. Had Franny made use of his third and fourth choices in the open field, blockers would have been on the way. Young Mister Tomb very possibly would have been deposited on the soil while a potential Penn touchdown became fact. There was a fine opportunity for blocks that never were—blocks that would have set neighbor raving to neighbor. But Franny Murray, lacking varsity polish at the time, had played Hrushka.

You've got to have co-operation on the field if you want your side to advance the ball. One of the greatest runner-blocker combinations that ever came along was fashioned by the Chicago Bears when they sent big rough Bronko Nagurski rambling out ahead of the slippery Beattie Feathers, the University of Tennessee graduate. The Big Nag from Minnesota never left his feet to block a man. Feathers was fast enough to swing back and forth behind the bulk that was the Bronk. Those shiftings set the would-be tackler up and Nagurski would throw him off stride with an elbow while he and the elusive Beattie continued on their chosen course.

That's an important part of the carrier making a blocker—setting a tackler up for the man ahead. Feathers, drifting either to left or right, apparently committed himself to direction. That meant the opponent had to make his bid to elude Nagurski and nail Beattie. Then Bronko lowered the boom, Beattie revealed his commitment was strictly in jest, and the pair went on toward other rivals.

Now, Bronko Nagurski was without question one of the all-time greats on the football scene. Not Beattie Feathers nor any other back could have made him a standout, because his talent was already proved. But Feathers played a great part in making the Bronko even *better* as a blocker. That's why Beattie in 1934 set up an all-time pro league ground-gaining record of 1,004 yards during a regular season!

Consider, too, the blockers in the line and how a good back can aid them. Entire systems of football can click or be Hrushka-ed by the manner in which the backs perform. Take the mighty Bears once more, and listen to one of the greatest who ever played with them, Bill Hewitt. Brawny Bill came out of the University of Michigan and went in at end for the Bears, where he soon became, to all opponents, Devilman No. 1.

The entire Bears' offense is built around a straight slant into the line, with the fullback and a halfback faking in the opposite direction. Among the Bears there is a saying that the linemen can tell when the backs are not faking. Why?

"Because," Hewitt says, "when the fake is not well executed or is done in a lazy manner, the defensive linemen are not pulled out of position and the Bear linemen find it much harder to open holes."

YOU can't take credit away from that mighty committee of seven that functions as the Chicago Bears' line, but you can see from Bill Hewitt's own experience how, once more, good carriers can aid in making their own blockers more effective. Norm Standlee, Bill Osmanski, McAfee, Grange, and Feathers are just a few who helped at one time or another to add to the prowess of those linemen.

Jack Hinkle was one of the crackajack backs in the National Professional League last fall and lost the loop ground-gaining title by only one yard to the Giants' rookie sensation, Bill Paschal. In a game at Philadelphia against the Green Bay Packers, the Steagle halfback broke into the clear on one play and had only one Green Bay player between himself and a touchdown. Hinkle is not a Hrushka. He saw his own left tackle, Bucko Kilroy, coming up fast after blocking in the line. Kilroy roared in, took the Packer player's feet from under him, and Hinkle wafted past for the score. He hadn't tried to plunge on alone. He had tread-milled a moment and given Kilroy a chance to mow down the last opponent in the way.

Hinkle avails himself of two other stratagems. To make it easier for his mates in their downfield blocking, he hugs the side lines when he finds himself there. That gives his own men coming across field an opportunity to chop defense men off before he makes his cutback to midfield. In other words, he claims, it gives offensive blockers an opportunity to get angles on defense men, making their task of clearing the way easier.

The other device was a simple word signal he used to guide Steagle fullback Ben Kish when the latter ran interference for him. If a defensive end floated wide, they would try to keep him outside, and Kish would literally run him out of bounds. Hinkle would direct Kish to take the end inside or outside simply by calling "In!" or "Out!" as he desired. That was teamwork. Andy Hrushka wouldn't figure that far ahead. With his teeth clenched, Andy would silently give his all, there would be no key word to the blocker, and the end would have a better chance of stopping the play for no gain.

Ray Morrison, president of the American Football Coaches Association, and mentor at Temple University in Philadelphia, has had Hrushkas on his squads complain that blockers worked better for other backs than for themselves.

"Many ball carriers blame the blockers because they don't advance," Morrison reports. "I tell them it is because they don't fully utilize their blockers, and I've been trying to drill that into my backs for years. Two of the slowest tailbacks I ever had were good ground gainers because they had mastered the technique of really using their interference."

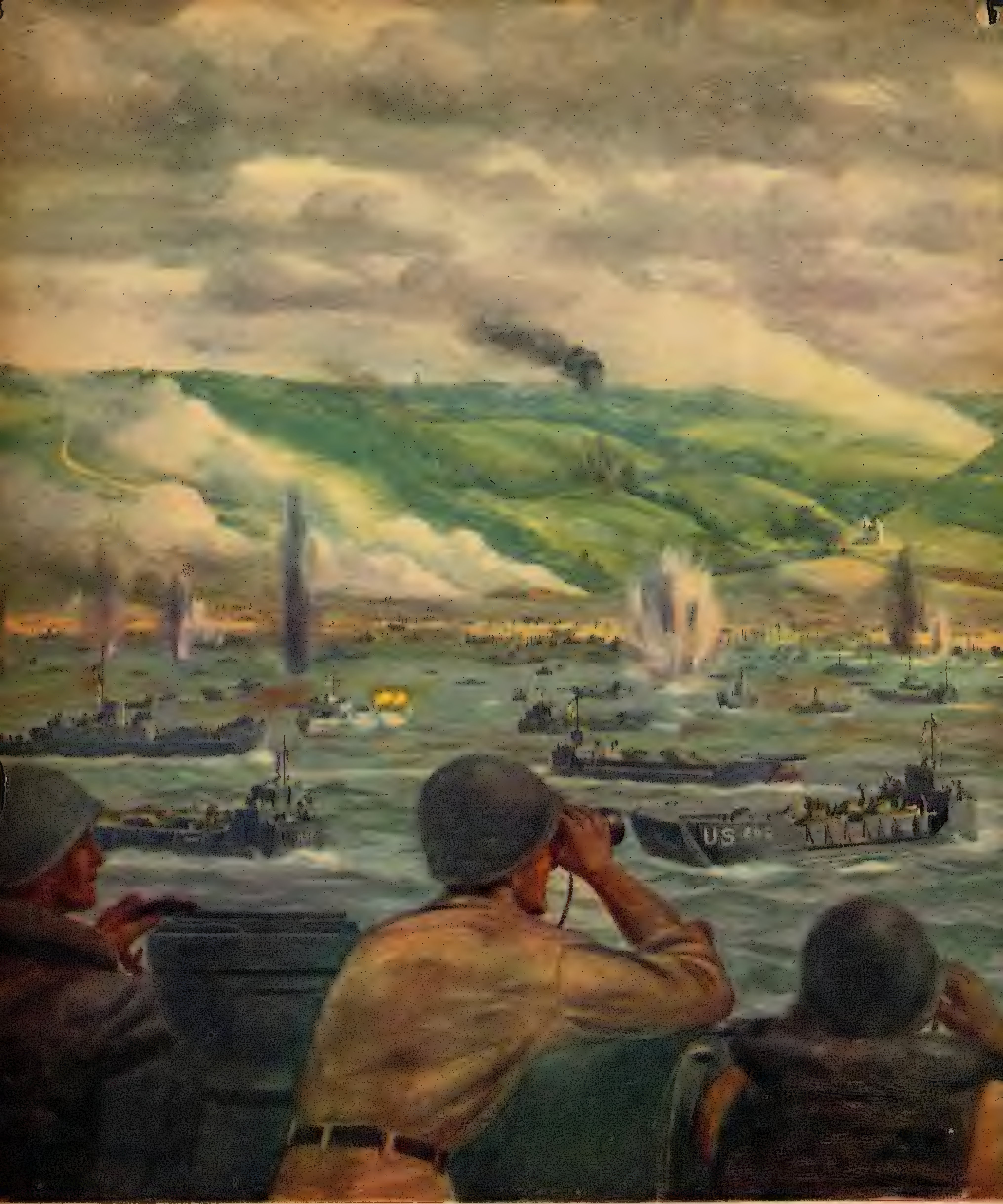
Another coach, one of America's football immortals, Robert C. Zuppke, of Illinois, points out that great backs are able to use negative blockers. His first great back with that ability was George (Potsy) Clark, who played at Illinois in 1914 and 1915 and later became the football hero of the 89th Division in the first World War. Clark is a lieutenant commander in this war. Potsy had the gift of darting toward his own men as though to use them as blockers. He would cut away then, but his maneuver drew many a potential tackler smack into the Illinois players. And many of those Illini gridders, running ahead of Clark and not knowing exactly where he was, were quite astonished to find themselves suddenly in the thick of it. Thus Clark created many a block as he scampered on his way.

"GREAT teams have great blockers and great backs," Zuppke declares. "They encourage each other. One hand washes the other." It was true of the Illini when Red Grange was their spearhead. "Let's block for Red," was the cry of Earl Britton, who was an exceptionally sharp blocker on the scrimmage line, McIlwain, Hall, McMillan, Schultz, and the many others who ran ahead of the Galloping Ghost.

There is still one other reason why a good back can make his interference more telling. Standout ball carriers are able to tell friend from foe once past the line of scrimmage. Red Grange could do that, and the ability made it easier for him to utilize his interference most effectively in an open field.

(*Continued on page 83*)

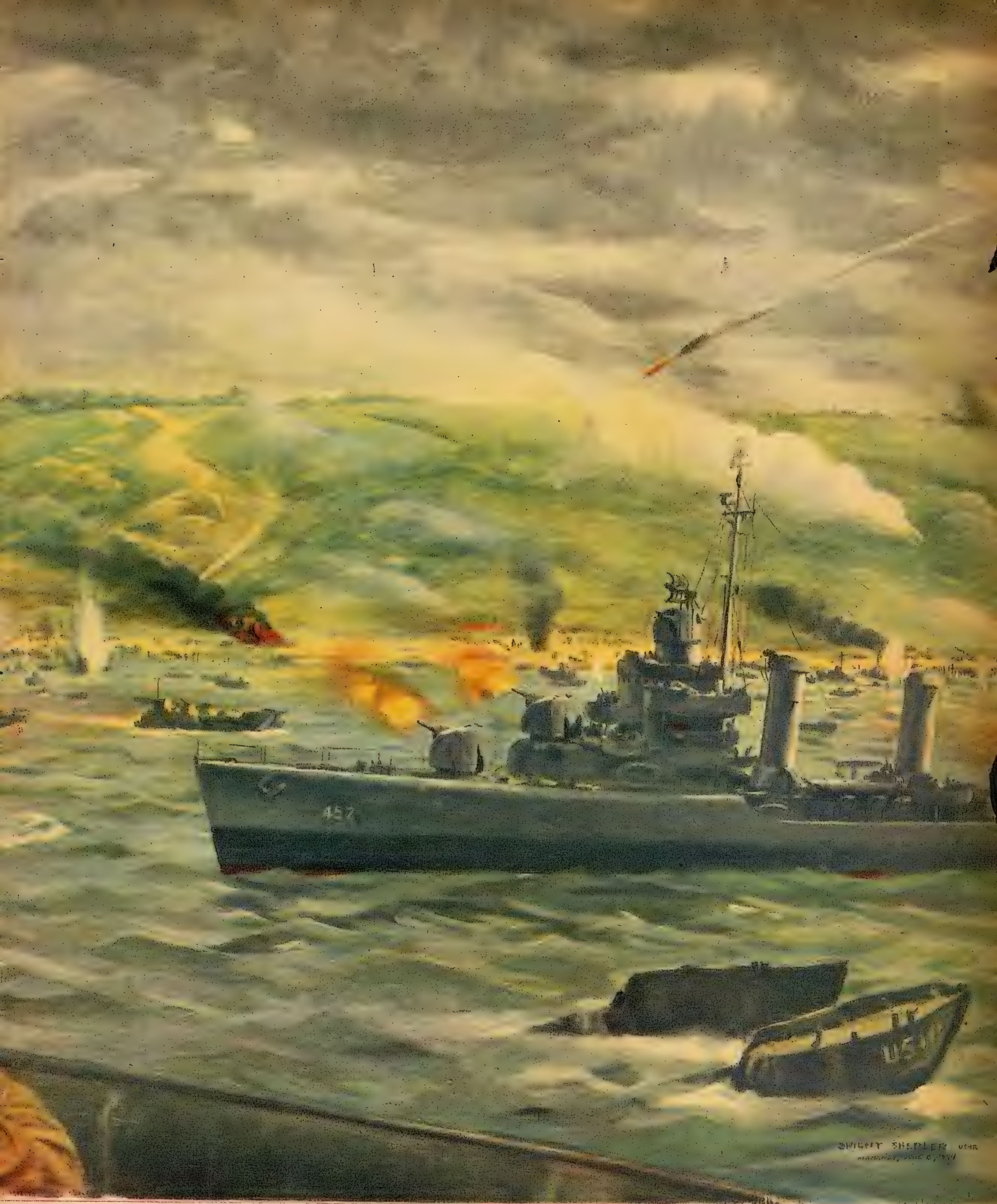
A nice run and a nice block—but who's making who look good?



THE BATTLE FOR FOX GREEN BEACH

Painted by Lt. DWIGHT C. SHEPLER, U.S.N.R.

No camera could have recorded the full sweep and fury of the action on D Day, but in this stirring oil painting of the landings at Fox Green Beach in Normandy, the Navy artist, Lieutenant Dwight C. Shepler, has come as close as anyone could to picturing what that day was like.



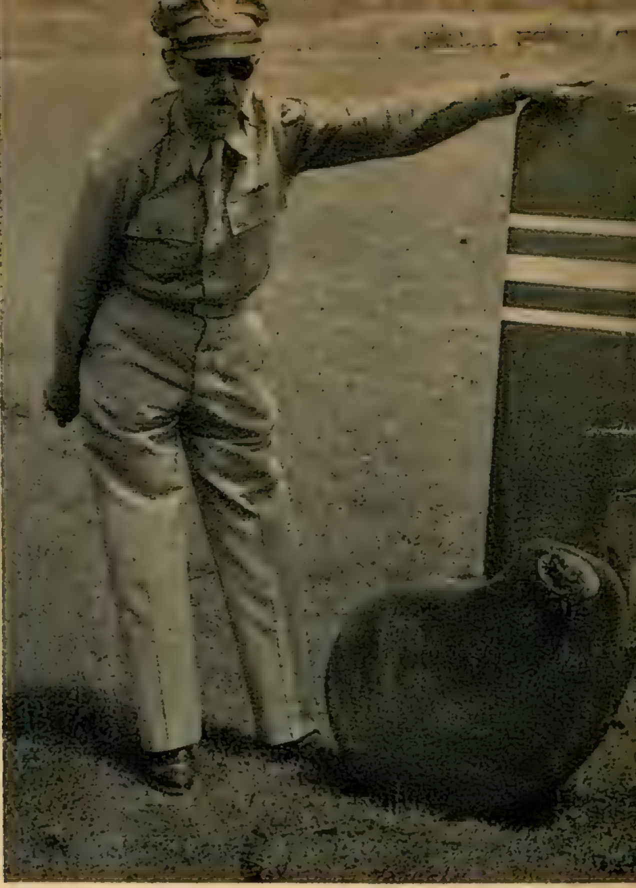
On the morning of June 6, 1944, a mass of ships moved in on a gray sea to Fox Green Beach. A maze of crossfire from enfiladed 88s, mortars, and machine guns raked the beach. By mid-afternoon, disabled landing craft clogged the few gaps in the beach obstacles. Under a rain of artillery fire, support waves circled constantly, jockeying for an opening. Destroyers moved far in to the shoal water to slug it out with German shore batteries. The house in the valley and the church spire of Colleville-sur-Mer were landmarks of Fox Green Beach.

The spire was used for artillery control by the Germans until it crumbled into dust under the fire of the destroyer Emmons.

Lieutenant Shepler, an identification officer aboard the Emmons, recorded the scene when the action was at its height.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



THE "SKY HOOK"—No parachute is needed to lower this container safely to the ground. Inspired by a maple seed, it spirals up to sixty-five pounds of supplies where they're needed. ↑

LUCKY "DEVILS"—At Nijmegen, Holland, some of the 2,000 battered British Red Devils who escaped the Nazi trap at Arnhem toast their gallant comrades—some 6,000 of them—who did not come back. ↑

STRICTLY PUBLIC—Everything's out in the open in Hollandia, so these WACs attached to the Far Eastern Air Force in New Guinea are getting used to performing their beauty rituals in God's open air. ↑

SOMETHING SUPER—How he managed to duck bullets this long is a mystery, but Jacob Nacken, 7′ 3″ "superman," was taken prisoner only recently at Calais. Jacob was an exhibit at the N. Y. World's Fair a few years back, but the British correspondent still doubts

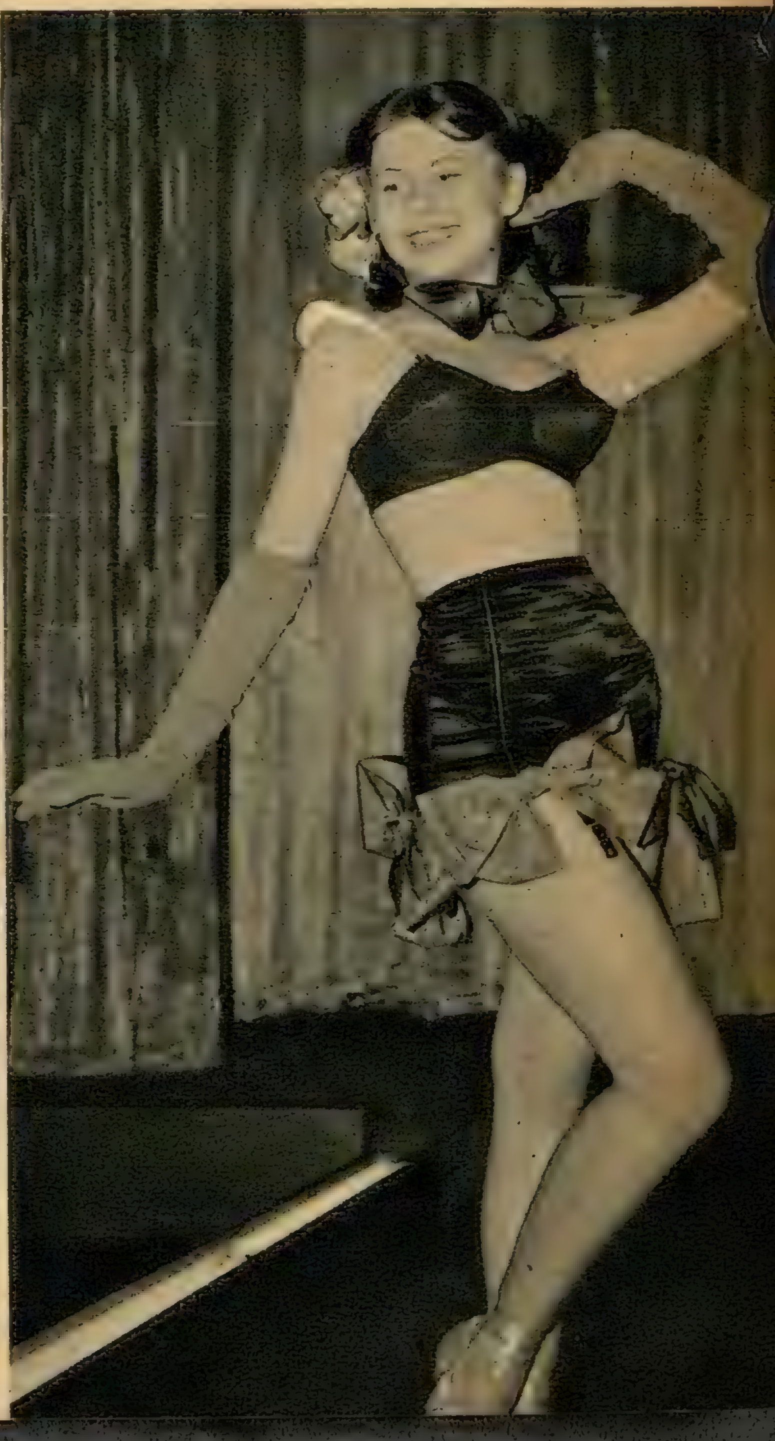
POUR LE SPORT—Grinning and happy as a couple of kids, these flour-dusted convicts have just finished an obstacle race in San Quentin Prison's thirty-first annual track-and-field day. The warden, logically enough, umpires events. ↑

AN OLD HAND CALLS 'EM—Commander Jack Dempsey, who used to throw quite a few punches himself, referees a scrap between Seaman 1/c Harold Schwartz and MM 3/c Daniel O'Brien on a troop transport "at sea." ↑

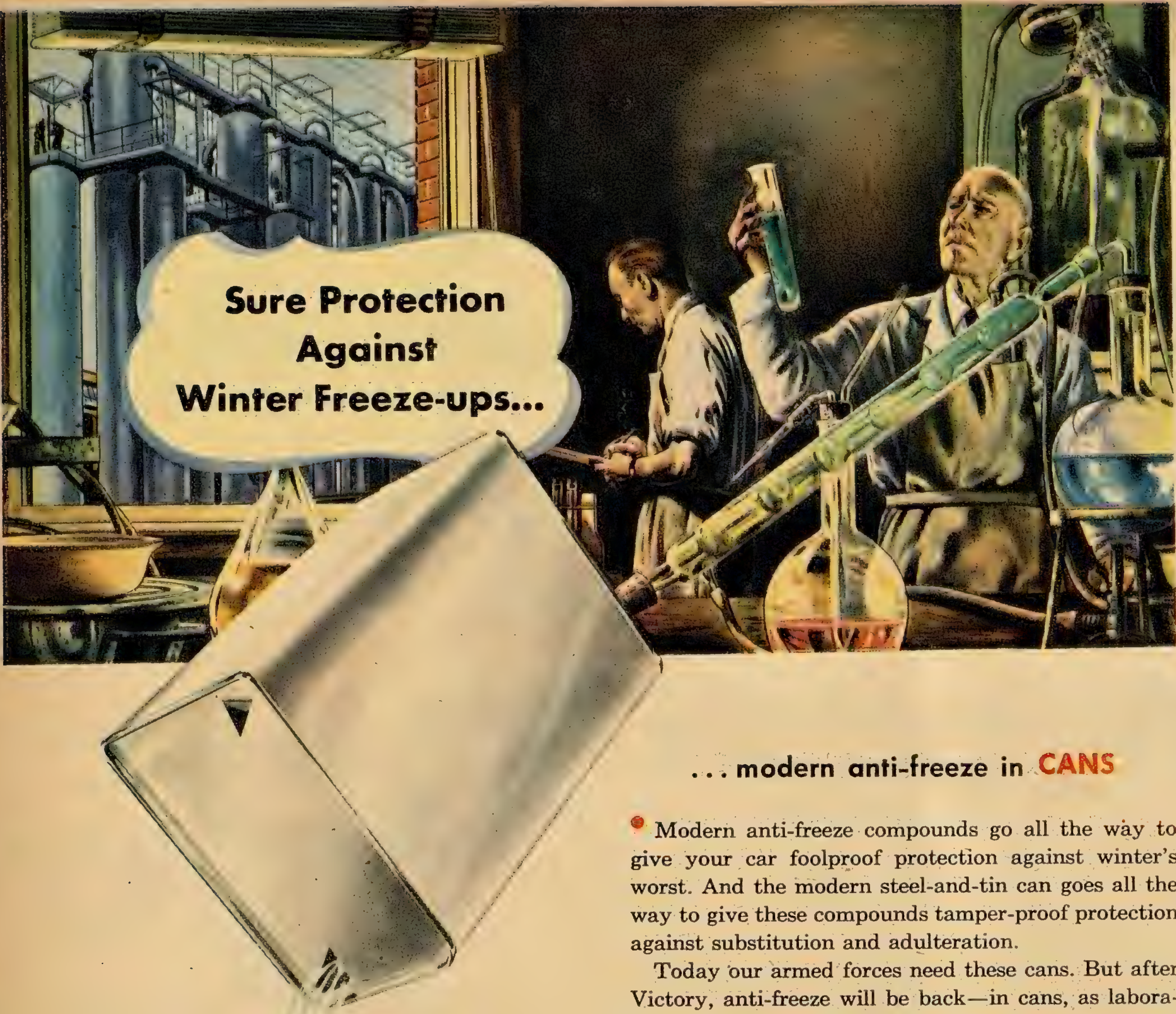
KEEP IT CLEAN—At the annual outdoor art exhibit in New York's Greenwich Village, Lester Ambrose makes his food work for him by using a hunk of his bread to clean off his painting. ↑

LOVE FINDS ANDY HARDY—AGAIN—Mickey Rooney wastes no time. Here's his new bride, seventeen-year-old Betty Rase, Miss Birmingham of 1944. They married after a three-day courtship while Mickey was stationed at Camp Sibert, near Birmingham.

←



CAN IT BE YOU?—If this keeps up, nobody will be able to tell where the modern girl begins and leaves off. Now it's a bra with shoulder pads for that broad-shouldered effect as demonstrated by a Hollywood model.



Sure Protection Against Winter Freeze-ups...

... modern anti-freeze in CANS

Modern anti-freeze compounds go all the way to give your car foolproof protection against winter's worst. And the modern steel-and-tin can goes all the way to give these compounds tamper-proof protection against substitution and adulteration.

Today our armed forces need these cans. But after Victory, anti-freeze will be back—in cans, as laboratory-safe as the canned motor oil you buy in peacetime!

This sure protection is one big reason why so many of the products that guard the life of your car normally come in cans. No wonder that the dependable can is the preferred container for some 2,500 products packed in cans by over 135 American industries.

Yes, cans are break-proof . . . air-tight-and-moisture-proof . . . safe against tampering . . . and dependable protectors of quality! No other container combines so many advantages!

Can Manufacturers' Institute, Inc., New York

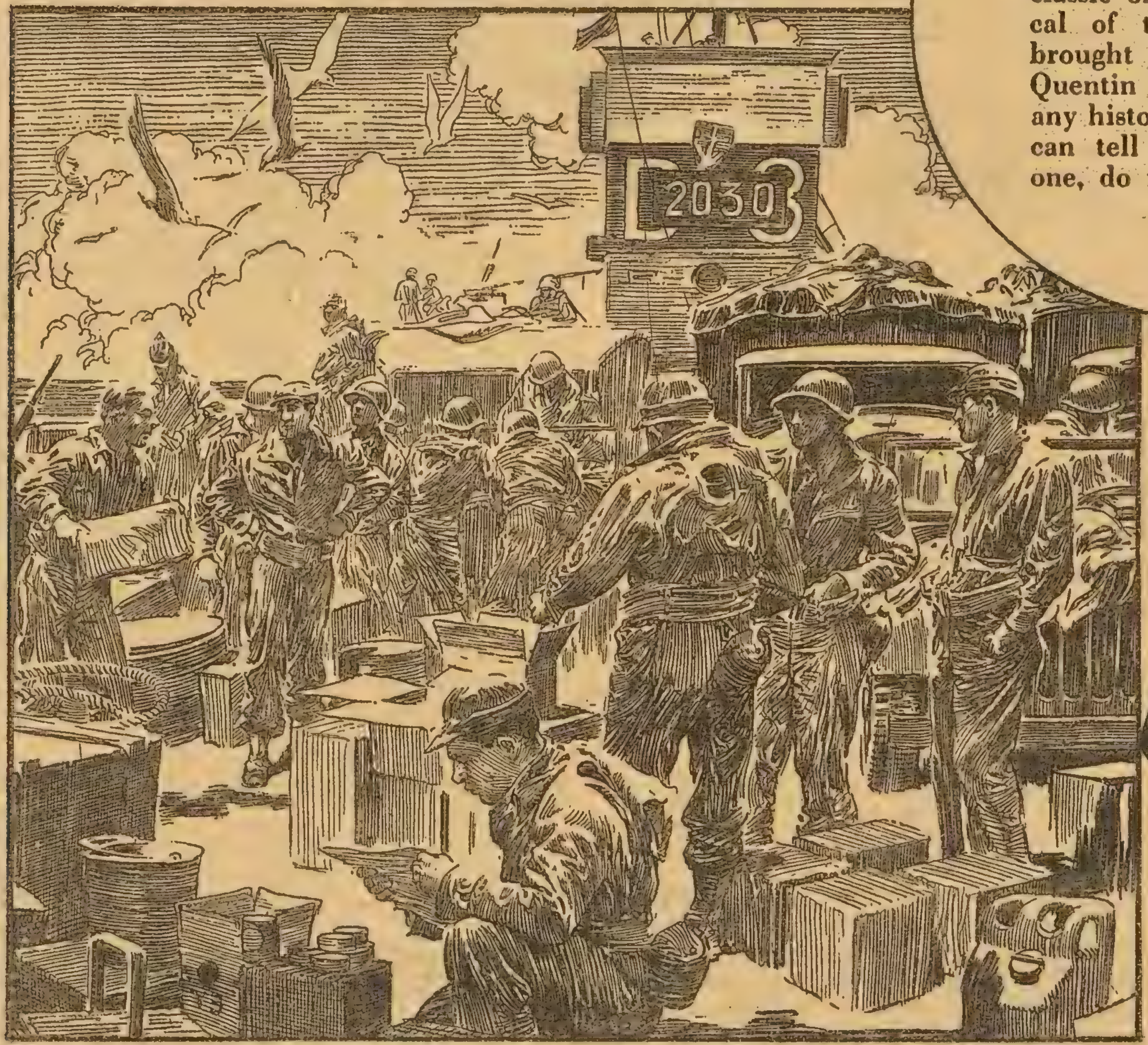
WARTIME NEEDS restrict the civilian use of cans for certain products. But stocks on dealers' shelves are yours to buy freely. *Remember to turn empty cans in for salvage.*

No other container protects like the CAN

INVASION!

BY CHARLES CHRISTIAN WERTENBAKER

This dynamic story of the smashing of Hitler's strongholds in France is already being hailed as a classic of reporting. Typical of the comments it brought forth is this by Quentin Reynolds: "How any historian of the future can tell it better, I, for one, do not know."



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

THE SHIP

THIS is a story of three weeks of war—the three weeks between June 6 and June 27, 1944. They embraced the most complex military operation ever undertaken.

The story begins in the late afternoon of Saturday, June 3, aboard a naval transport I shall call the U.S.S. Acamar, lying at anchor off the coast of southern England. It was a clear, mild day, with a fresh breeze blowing in the Channel from the west. Two small boats, channel markers, snuggled against the Acamar and on the afterdeck of one of them two men off duty were playing chess on a hatch cover. Aboard the Acamar herself there was no outward sign of unusual activity. An officer on the bridge examined a cruising airplane through his binoculars. In the wardroom an ensign played the Rosenkavalier waltzes on the phonograph.

In a narrow blue-lit room below the water line a sergeant was fastening to the wall a large military map of Normandy.

For the next seven days the Acamar was to serve as headquarters for the First U. S. Army in the invasion of France. On the large map in that narrow blue-lit operations room was to be traced every move made by the invading armies. From this room, by wireless, would go orders to the headquarters, afloat or ashore, of all forces assaulting the beaches.

In the bay where the ship lay at anchor, near the mouth of two small rivers, there began to be signs of preparation. From half a mile away, where the cruiser Augusta rose majestically among a cluster of destroyers, a small boat set out for the Acamar. It came nearer and the lean figure of Lieutenant General Omar Nelson Bradley became recognizable in the stern. General Bradley, who would see the beginning of the invasion from Rear

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Admiral Alan Kirk's flagship, was coming to give his final instructions to his deputy. As he strode up the gangway three steps at a time he looked worried, which was unusual.

From the west now began to appear a series of dark low craft. These were landing ships which had been moored up the rivers or off the point between the rivers. Some of them had been there for three days and nights, the men sleeping in their clothes in the open beside the canvas-colored vehicles, subsisting on cold K rations, sheltered from the wind and showers only by the sides of the ships. Moored there, each boat fitted closely against the next, as if for security, and in the mass they lost all identity and became a floating island of men and metal. But as the mass broke apart and the ships filed past the Acamar we could see the intent, wondering, or patient faces of the men at the rails, and all looked cold and miserable.

The boats crossed the bay and disappeared around a headland to the east, scores of them, to anchor in the outer harbor and wait the moment when they would begin the last leg of their journey. It would not be long. In many ports of southern England boats were moving, gathering, and along the coast, caressing the shore, one convoy of a thousand big and little ships was already on its way to a beach in Normandy.

General Bradley ran down the gangway and his small boat put back to the Augusta. The last mail came aboard the Acamar. At six o'clock the ship was sealed; henceforth no one aboard could leave her. She had eighteen hours to wait before she, too, would start on her mission. It was thirty-six hours before D Day and H Hour.

There were two kinds of men aboard the Acamar. The difference between them showed in their faces as well as in their uniforms. The Navy men had only one task: *to put headquarters ashore*, at whatever hazard, and then go about other business. Into the eyes of some of the Navy men occasionally came a look of fear, as there did to all of us when we thought of going into battle, but it was the simple fear of danger and of not being equal to it, not the deeper fear of seeing the plans on which we had built our lives end in miserable failure.

The Army officers had that fear. They had toughened themselves against it and trained themselves not to think of it. But it showed behind the clear, intelligent glance of their eyes as they talked of their plans and preparations.

All of them—operations and supply, personnel and intelligence, aircraft and antiaircraft—bore particular responsibilities in the campaign about to begin. They were the smaller pieces in a gigantic chess game played by the opposing General Staffs.

Each time they came up from the little room below decks they glanced at the sky, and as the evening wore on, the glances were longer and more troubled. It was clouding over, and when darkness came, around eleven o'clock, the wind had stiffened to a gale. The weather could wreck the invasion, as it had wrecked the Spanish Armada.

Sometime after midnight the red-haired colonel was sitting in the wardroom drinking coffee and talking to ease his worry. He said, "It can't fail. I've been working on this plan a long time and I don't see how it can fail. I think we've thought of everything, and we've allowed a margin for surprises. These rockets, or whatever they are—they've worried us, and if they're a diversion, if they don't exist, they're the most successful diversion in history because of the air power we've spent working on them. If they're real, now is the time to use them, against these ports—now. That's why I hope this thing isn't called off; we can't afford to break up this concentration and assemble it again." He listened a moment to the wind. "They've got until six o'clock in the morning to call it off; after that it's too late. I'm going to bed. Don't call me if anything happens."

In a grove in southern England not so many miles from the Acamar's berth, General Dwight David Eisenhower was about to hold his second weather conference of the night. In his tent he had held a conference twice each night with the five men on whose judgment he must rely. They were close friend and deputy supreme commander, Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder; his chief of staff and the campaign's chief planner, Lieutenant General Walter Bedell Smith; and the three commanders for air, sea, and ground forces: Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory, Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay, and Lieutenant General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery of the black beret.

FOR some days a low-pressure area had been moving eastward across the Atlantic. None of the weathermen could predict the course of the gale; none could say, with any assurance, that by Monday morning the beaches of Normandy would not be beaten by waves high enough to swamp the landing boats. Neither the airman Leigh-Mallory nor the sailor Ramsay liked the prospect. The six men could come to only one decision, and General Eisenhower made it. Tedder said later, "That was the worst meeting of them all."

At 5.45 Sunday morning the Acamar's radio buzzed: "Stand by for important message." Just before six the message came. The invasion was postponed for a minimum of twenty-four hours. When the red-haired colonel was awakened with the news he mumbled, "Go tell Johnson," and went back to sleep before he could think about it. Everybody knew that this delay lowered the chances of success.

Because of the tides there were only three days in early June when the chances were good: the fifth, sixth, and seventh. The fifth had been picked for D Day because it was the best of the three. On that day, at six o'clock in the morning, there would have been time for an hour's air and naval bombardment by daylight. At six o'clock, the time for landing on the westernmost beach (6.15 to 6.30 on the eastern beaches), the tide would be a little more than halfway between ebb and flood—that is, high enough to land fairly well up on the beaches, and on sand instead of mud; low enough to land before the first series of obstacles was reached. Not for two more weeks, until June 19, 20, and 21, would a similar series of conditions prevail.

But nearly half a million men, including air and naval personnel, now knew that the invasion impended. So many men could not be kept silent. Even if they were locked up, their absence from their old billets and pubs would be noticed.

The landing boats scurried back to their rivers. Those that had gone too far for that made for the nearest port. A brace of destroyers went to catch the thousand-ship convoy that was bearing toward Normandy with its radio sealed. The Augusta moved back into the bay and her destroyer escort gathered her in. All around the coast of England, ships big and little, on missions big and small, had to slow up, put into port, or turn around. The greatest armada in history broke up before it was assembled.

Weather could make or break the invasion. In the grove in southern England the generals who had planned the invasion looked aloft to see how history would turn.

THE TARGET

All day Sunday, June 4, it blew a gale in the Channel. Even in the bay where the Augusta and Acamar were sheltered, ships bent with the pressure of the wind. Rain whipped across the decks. On the landing craft it was becoming painful to be alive.

In his tent in the grove, General Eisenhower was waiting beside the telephone to hear whether the Army commanders and their Navy colleagues were prepared to attack on Tuesday.

By evening it was pouring rain. The wind whipped spray over the open boats in the river and the rain blotted out the faces of the men in the boats. By now some of them were ending their fifth day in the boats, and they would pass at least another night and day in the boats and still another night crossing the Channel. "They're pretty tough by now," said an officer watching them through glasses, "but I'll bet they'll be glad to hit the beach." Said another, "They're lucky to be where they are."

Around nine o'clock the weather began to clear and word came that the assault was on for Tuesday—again subject to cancellation by 6 A. M. The forecast: clear Tuesday morning, with weather closing in by evening. That would be good for the airborne landings, for the air bombardment, and for observation for the naval bombardment; if the forecast was fully realized, it would protect the beaches from enemy air attack the first night. Officers who had been sour all day Sunday began to crack jokes, and over on the Augusta, General Bradley looked chipper again.

At six o'clock Monday morning came the final confirmation. The red-haired colonel, lapsing into Virginian, said, "Win, lose, or draw—and there ain't no draw—they can't call it off now, thank God."

By late afternoon the Augusta was gone; the small boats were gone—all but a baker's dozen, each flying its toy blimp, that would go with the Acamar. One by one the destroyers left the harbor. At ten o'clock the harbor was almost empty.

On the map the coast of France that we were approaching looked like a shallow lopsided V, its shorter side running from the River Sinope to the Carentan Estuary, the longer side extending from the estuary to the River Orne.

Along this sixty-mile stretch of beaches five strips had been selected for attack. Each strip was about three miles long. The plan was to assault these five beachheads with specially trained troops, to push inland as fast as possible, spreading out, and with help from airborne troops landed in the enemy's rear, to establish a sixty-mile front which could then be supplied over the beaches.

Then, with five divisions on the peninsula, Major General Joseph Lawton Collins' VII Corps was to fight its way to Cherbourg.

On a beach to the east of the Carentan Estuary the V Corps, under Major General Robert Gerow, was to assault with one regiment of the tested 1st Division and one regiment of the 29th. Their task was to push straight south and form a continuous front with the British on their left flank. On the right flank the estuary was considered sufficient protection until the V and VII Corps could be joined. But on two capes far to the right the Germans had heavy batteries capable of shelling both American beaches. Two battalions of Rangers were detailed to reduce them.

Between Asnelles and Ouistreham, a distance of some seventeen miles, were three good strips of beach, and these were the objectives of the British and the Canadians. General Montgomery had picked the 50th Division of tough little Northumbrians to assault the beach on the right, nearest to the American left flank. The 3d Canadian Division was to assault the center beach, the 3d British Division the one on the left.

To protect the British left flank against attack from the east, where the enemy had his strongest reserves, the British 6th Airborne Division was to land before H Hour across the River Orne. Reinforced by Commandos, it was to delay enemy reserves until the main British force could fight its way to it.

The enemy had left little undone to prevent the success of these tasks. His strongest defenses were in the area of Pas-de-Calais, but he had left no strip of coast unprotected. In the Target area his defenses were formidable. Inland there was not one field big enough to land on that was not studded with thick poles to prevent glider landings. Many of the fields had barbed wire strung between poles, to snare parachutists. He had about twenty big batteries and many smaller ones—half the big ones in concrete casemates—sited to cover the beaches and their approaches. And on the beaches themselves, from above the high-water mark to the low, he had planted an ingenious system of obstacles.

Sunk in the dry sand were thick wooden poles, irregularly spaced, some threaded with barbed wire. Just below the high-water mark were series after series of what our engineers called Element C. These were reinforced steel gates, shaped like a right triangle with rollers on the base; fastened together, they made a continuous fence. Far out in the water steel rails stuck up, and between them and the Element C were clusters of what we called hedgehogs—three crossed steel bars, each arm above five feet long, probably salvaged from wrecked buildings. They lay there, heaped between the tides, like jacks for some girl giant to play with.

Nearly every obstacle was mined, as were the waters beyond them.

The enemy was expected to rely chiefly on his coastal batteries and beach obstacles to beat the assault back on the beaches. He was believed to have only three coastal infantry divisions, with small reserves and one company of tanks, in the Target area. What we could not know was that a few hours before we struck, one of the inland reserve divisions was shifted hastily to the coast. Prisoners from this division, the 352d, later said they had been sent there for an exercise; they had no idea we were about to attack. However true that may be, it was this division that upset the delicate balance of forces on the Americans' eastern beach and made the battle there so desperate and so bloody.

To silence the coastal batteries we relied on air and naval bombardment and on demolition by parties of Rangers and Commandos. Once past the beaches, we relied on superior numbers, training, equipment, and fire power to force our way far enough inland to deploy. After that, it was a question of which side could build up strength faster.

THE DAY

The invasion of France began almost exactly on schedule, just after thirty minutes past midnight on the morning of Tuesday, June 6. That was the time when airborne troops began landing by parachute at the base of the Cherbourg Peninsula and it was six hours before H Hour. At the instant when the first parachutist lowered his head and fell toward the earth of Normandy, the U. S., British, and Canadian armies had afloat or in the air some hundreds of thousands of men and tens of thousands of vehicles. Including the air and Navy personnel involved, half a million men attacked Europe that morning.

On Monday afternoon, some eighteen hours before H Hour, medium and heavy bombers had begun concentrating on batteries, headquarters, and fighter-control exchanges in the Target area. Monday evening the medium bombers shifted to roads and road junctions. Just after first light, fighter bombers worked over bridges, road embankments, cable junctions, command posts. Then, at H Hour minus thirty minutes, everything was turned loose on the beach defenses. Altogether, 2,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the two American beaches in the thirty minutes before H Hour.

Long before dawn the invasion fleet began arriving in the wake of the mine sweepers. The warships took their positions, the destroyers close to shore, battleships and cruisers farther out. The transports and landing craft broke away from their escort and gathered between the two lines of warships, waiting to move toward shore.

Six Flying Fortresses flew unescorted over northern France and dropped leaflets telling the people to scatter.

At 5.30 the bombardment began. The enemy batteries returned the fire, but sank only one destroyer. At 6.30, H Hour, the first boats grounded on the beaches.

Aboard the Acamar, still far out in the Channel, there was no word from the landings for nearly two hours. Then came the first bulletins from VII Corps:

"7.30—Two infantry regiments and amphibious tanks landed on left of beach about two miles from St. Martin de Varaville, which was taken by 101st Airborne at 7.20. Corps Reserves have occupied St. Marcouf Islands. No resistance. Light opposition on beaches.—COLLINS."

The western landing was evidently one which the enemy least expected. It was an unlikely spot, close to the marshes of the Carentan Estuary.

A dozen small sharp skirmishes disposed of the machine-gun nests left on the beach, and tanks and ducks and lighter vehicles began to pour off the landing craft and cross the beach in the wake of the infantry. Within three hours of landing, the VII Corps had strong forces across the moat and was spreading out into the sniper-peppered country between St. Martin and Ste. Marie du Mont.

ON the British beaches, far to the east, the fight was harder, but the results almost as good. The waves were high, but most of the obstacles were above water, and the engineers blasted paths through them before the incoming tide could dash the landing craft against the steel rails. The wiry Northumbrian coal miners, on the right, proved Montgomery's wisdom in choosing them for the assault. They leaped ashore and, disregarding enemy strong points in the beaches, raced for the higher ground.

On the second American beach, between VII Corps and the British, things were not going well. At 9.45 the first report from V Corps reached the Acamar:

"Obstacles mined, progress slow on right. Amphibious tanks believed swamped. Landing on left more successful; nine waves landed by 7.35.—GEROW."

Later bulletins were not reassuring:

"Beach obstacles on right not breached by 9.10. Left not clear of enemy fire at 10.10; LCIs and LCTs unable to unload there. 16th Infantry Regiment moving ahead slowly. Will reinforce.

"Still critical at 11. Two regiments ashore. Fighting on beaches. Vehicles going ashore slowly."

Two unpredictable things had combined to make the situation critical. One was the weather, which had raised waves four feet high to swamp the boats, conceal the obstacles, and make the infantry sick. The other was the stroke of intuition, information, or luck that caused the Germans to move their 352d Division to the coast during the night of June 5-6. Many a German machine-gun crew set up its weapon on the bluff that morning, looked down, and beheld an invasion.

The landing went wrong from the beginning. The engineers' commanding officer and his second in command were killed a few minutes after they reached the beach. One engineer battalion lost 60 per cent of its men trying to clear a path ashore. While the Army and Navy demolition parties worked to clear the obstacles, the landing craft grew thicker behind them; they fouled one another, a few blew up on mines, and some others splintered against the steel hedgehogs. The enemy on the bluffs attacked them with mortars and machine guns. The enemy farther back attacked them with shells. From some parts of the beach the landing boats had to back away.

Where landings could be made, the paths through the obstacles were narrow; as the tide rose, wrecked boats floated in and blocked the paths. Infantry got ashore a boatload at a time, too few to storm the beach defenses. Some never reached the beach. They hid behind swamped tanks or bits of wreckage in the water, and there shells or bullets found them. Their bodies bobbed in the waves and washed up on the beaches.

Because of the failure to land on the right, the men who got ashore on the left were under direct fire from down the beach. The deputy commander of the 1st Division went ashore in the evening to try to save the situation.

To the best of my knowledge, the only journalists who spent any time on that beach during the bad early hours of D Day were Don Whitehead of the Associated Press and the Hungarian photographer, Robert Capa.

"I was on this nice clean ship with the 16th Infantry," said Capa, who mixes his tenses even in Hungarian, "and she is a nice clean ship. The food is good and we played poker most of the night, and once I filled an inside straight, but I had four nines against me, which was not unusual. Just before six o'clock we were lowered in our LCVP and started for the beach. It was rough and some of the boys were politely puking into paper bags and I saw that this was a civilized invasion. We got out of the boat and started wading. Then I saw men falling and I had to push past their bodies, which I did politely, and I said to myself: '*Mon vieux*, this is not so good.'

"I was going in very elegant with my raincoat on my left hand. At a moment I had a feeling I would not need that raincoat. I let go of it and it floated away and I hid behind some tanks that were firing on the beach. After twenty minutes I suddenly realized that this is not a good place to be. The tanks were what the Germans are shooting shells at. So I made for the beach. I fell down next to a soldier who looked at me and said, 'This is harder than sweating out an inside straight.' Another soldier looked up and said, 'I see my old mother sitting on the porch waving my insurance policy.'

"It was very unpleasant there, and, having nothing else to do, I start shooting pictures. I shoot for an hour and a half and then my film is all used up. I saw an LCI behind me with a lot of medics getting out and some getting killed as they got out. One place being as bad as another, I climbed aboard and started to change my film. I felt a slight shock and I was all covered with feathers. I thought, What is this? Is somebody killing chickens? Then I saw that the superstructure had been shot away and the feathers were the stuffing from the kapok jackets of the men who were blown up. The skipper was crying because his assistant had been blown all over him and he was a mess. Then things get slightly confused. I was, I think, exhausted. An LCVP came for the wounded and I went with them. Back on the transport it is no longer nice and clean. Even the cooks that made such good food were helping to hoist the wounded. When I woke up we were on the way back to England. When we landed I sent my films to London and took the next boat back."

When the Acamar reached the transport area, a little after 2.30, most of the battleships and cruisers were moving east of the Carentan Estuary toward the beach that needed support.

It was a clear sunny afternoon with a cool offshore breeze blowing. As we passed between the big warships and their objectives, the jar of their distant broadsides kept the air a-tremble.

In the late afternoon the first group of four wounded men was brought aboard the Acamar. By then we had heard that casualties had been light on the western beach, not so light on the other. The VII Corps was still going well and General Collins had set up his command post ashore. The V Corps had reached the Aure, three miles inland. It had a foothold, but it was a precarious one, unless the beach could be quickly cleared.

AS yet there was no word from the 82d Airborne Division, which had landed well inland, near Ste. Mère Eglise, with the hard task of holding the VII Corps' left flank until it was relieved. Its objectives were the town of Ste. Mère Eglise and two bridges across the Merderet River, which runs from north to south. Those two bridges were the only direct routes by which the enemy could bring reinforcements from the west against the beachhead on the peninsula. Long before dawn the first waves of paratroopers had dropped silently into the moonlit fields and orchards, and overcome the town's garrison.

"When the first light streaked the east," wrote Correspondent William Walton, "the countryside was dotted with combat teams ready to merge into larger units and open assault operations." The rest of the 82d's story is Bill Walton's:

"By dawn of D Day more than 100 men had gathered around a brigadier general on the west bank of the Merderet. From patrols and defense parties word came that the Germans were on three sides in considerable strength.

Only one avenue of escape was open: across a broad marsh, one of many flooded by the Germans to augment their defenses. The route was perilous, but it was the only hope.

"With the general leading, paratroopers waded into chest-deep water, heavy-laden with equipment, holding their guns (I my typewriter) overhead. Foot by foot we slogged across the swamp. From the shore German snipers opened fire, their bullets pinging in the water on all sides. Nobody could duck; nobody could run; only plug, plug ahead. Save your gun, keep your head. A few dropped. The rest, panting with exhaustion, struggled forward, praying we would reach the comparative safety of a dry railroad track bisecting the swamp. The long lines of struggling paratroopers making a little Dunkirk inched across a stretch of running water, plunged into taller rushes, and then, one by one, clambered slowly up over the railway track. On the other side, dripping, exhausted, we fell for breath, then pushed on in single file two miles to dry land across the river.

"With slight losses the unit had been withdrawn to a safer position, where good news was waiting. Another unit was near by. The lean-faced general, sodden and sweating, took command of both units and formed a group to attack the nearest bridge. The Germans were racing for the bridge with reinforcements. That bridge and the other one three miles downstream were the only crossings of the Merderet and were to see the bloodiest fighting of the day.

"As the Americans passed down the white clay road, farmers poked their heads from windows. A few women ran into the road, laughing and cheering. Eager villagers offered to act as scouts. Others gave information about German strength and the positions of snipers.

"As the paratroopers moved toward the bridges German fire grew more intense. Slowly they closed in on the two bridges and after fierce fighting forced the Germans to the other side—but not without casualties. There were moments when it seemed that our position could not be held. At the lower bridge a young lieutenant colonel stood shouting to his men, spurring them to push forward in the face of heavy fire. A German bullet picked him off and he tumbled headlong into the water. Slowly our troops pushed closer to the downstream bridge, blasting out each German position until no enemy remained near the end of the bridge. Swamp-stained and dust-stained, some marked with blood splashes, the airborne troops dug deeper. For the moment both bridges were secure. Neither side could cross them, so they were secure.

"AT his makeshift headquarters in a field between the two bridges, the brigadier general sat drying out in the sun while runners brought reports from both sectors. As the afternoon waned, the reports grew less favorable. Across the lower bridge German fire power was increasing; two tanks had stuck their snouts into sight. Across the upper bridge, German 88s were spurting. Hastily the general ordered reserves up from the Ste. Mère area. When the orders had been given, the general advised the little group around him that here a stand would be made.

"Near headquarters a rambling stone farmhouse had been commandeered for the wounded. In darkness they lay on the floor, wrapped in parachutes and blankets. Near the kitchen fireplace the farmer's wife heated water in big blackened pans. Three tiny towheads huddled near their aunt in a shed behind the kitchen, wide-eyed in the darkness and confusion. A paratrooper bleeding from a head wound groaned, 'I hope my wife doesn't hear about this.'

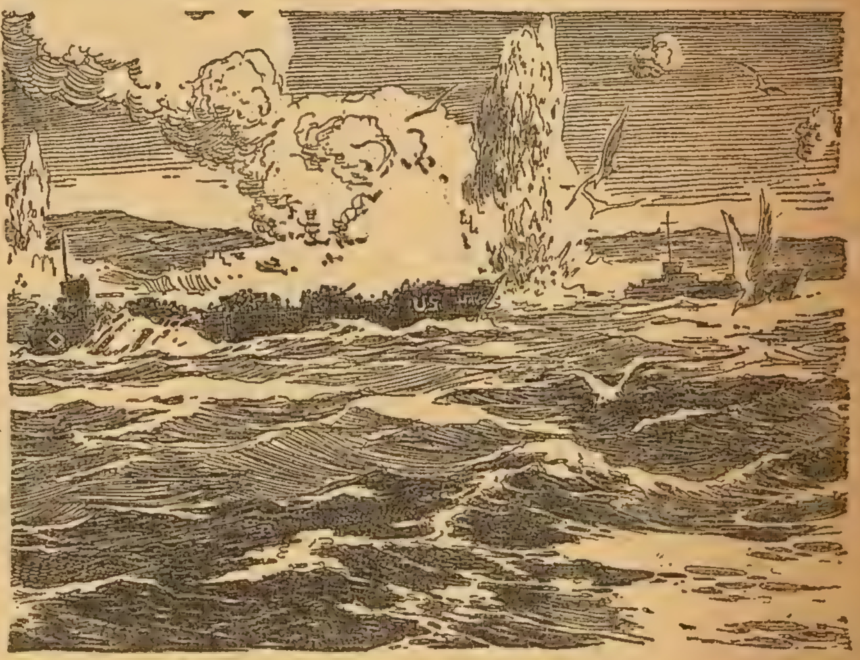
"The brigadier general, tired, dirty, and red-eyed, strode into the yard. At the two bridges, he said, the situation was better; the lines would hold through the night. 'The men have fought magnificently. Casualties among the officers have been bad. They must have been bad among the Germans.' The guns were silent except for an occasional shell. Clouds covered the full moon. For us, D Day was over."

It was not over on the beaches, or in the restless waters off the beaches. Into the night destroyers stood inshore, firing intermittently. From the enemy also came intermittent shelling, while the engineers on the beach worked to clear some of the wreckage. At 5.30 the first B-24s appeared. As the light grew, the obstacles on the beaches and the boats caught by last night's ebbing tide stood out sharply in the queer predawn pink, which made dark things darker and sharper. From shore still came the sounds of shelling and of rifle and machine-gun fire; from the warships, the distant beat of broadsides.

So ended the first twenty-four hours of the invasion. On the other beaches things were going well: British vehicles were in Bayeux; VII Corps was ashore and moving forward, with most of its D-Day craft unloaded on schedule; radio contact had been established with the 82d Airborne. But on this beach, and on the heights beyond, there would be many more days' struggle to make the eastern beachhead secure.

THE BEACHES

From the bluff above the dry bed of the Riquet River, east of St. Laurent-sur-Mer, we could look down through the opening of the river valley at the beach spread out below. It looked like a great junk yard. From the water's edge at low tide to the high-water mark were landing craft impaled on obstacles, blown up by mines, shattered by shellfire, and stranded by the ebbing of the tide. Among them, following a narrow path from the water to the valley's edge, moved a line of sound vehicles and a company of men just landed. As they passed, some of the men turned to look at the wreckage through which they moved: there was a bulldozer with its guts spattered over the sand and another with its occupants so splattered.



It was the afternoon of D Day plus one, and the battle of this eastern beachhead was still desperate.

From the bluff above the river bed we could see beyond the beach almost twelve miles to sea, and all this expanse of water was filled with boats. There were, by a quick, rough count, 665 vessels lying offshore, from the large transports on the horizon to the small landing craft near the beach. The blast of their guns shook the air above the beach. The Channel was as blue as the Mediterranean, and as still, and in the lighter blue cloudless sky above it, floated hundreds of silver barrage balloons, twinkling in the sunlight. Behind the bluff to the right was a field hospital.

General Eisenhower had spent D Day in England in a fury of helplessness. On Wednesday no one could deny his impatience to see things for himself, and Admiral Ramsay took him for a four-hour cruise off the invasion coast. General Bradley, who had already been ashore to get things moving on the crucial beach, went aboard the warship, and so did General Montgomery. When they left, Eisenhower was feeling better.

General Bradley spent much of Thursday on the eastern beach, where things were going better. By Friday he could take time to go and see how things were on the western beach and inland with the VII Corps.

About four miles inland, in a stone farmhouse, General

Bradley went into conference with Collins, with General Ridgway of the 82d, General Taylor of the 101st, General Barton of the 4th, and General Manton S. Eddy, whose 9th Division, just coming ashore, was to distinguish itself before Cherbourg. Because of the slow start on the other beach, Bradley had changed his plan of attack. The salient between the two corps, from Isigny to Carentan, was now vulnerable. Instead of going straight for Cherbourg, leaving the V Corps to protect its rear, VII Corps would attack toward Carentan while V Corps took Isigny and moved west until the two corps joined.

Four days after D Day the eastern beach was running almost as smoothly as the one to the west. The debris was nearly all gone and bulldozers were fast cutting fresh exits along the beach. Troops were camped from the high-water mark to the bluffs; for miles the beach looked like a boom camp; a private carefully planing a latrine seat back from the road was proof that they meant to stay.

THE BUILD-UP

By the morning of D plus five, 120 hours after H Hour, the beachheads were secure, but the battle had not yet been joined. The first five days had been a struggle to build up forces for that battle, and to hinder the build-up of Rommel's forces. Except for the bitter, costly fight for the eastern American beach—a fight as much against natural and artificial obstacles as against Germans—neither the U. S. nor the British forces had yet fought a major engagement.

By Sunday morning the Allies held a sixty-mile fluid front. The right flank was somewhere between Quineville and Ozeville. From there the line ran south of Montebourg to the Merderet, along the Merderet—which the VII Corps had crossed in some places—to its confluence with the Douve, and down the Douve to the Carentan Canal. Between Carentan and Isigny the two American corps had joined, but Carentan was still in enemy hands and the junction was far from secure. From Isigny the line ran southeastward between Bayeux and Tilly toward Caen, which the British had failed to capture. From north of Caen the line followed the River Orne to the sea.

This line represented a steady, cautious advance and build-up, with the Allies prepared at any time to meet a heavy counterattack.

There were several weak places in the line. One was at Quineville, where an enemy battery kept us from anchoring our right flank to the sea. Another was at Carentan. A third weak spot was the enemy salient into our lines at Caen, the capital of Calvados and junction of many roads, including the one to Paris.

As Rommel brought his reserves from the east he committed them at once. The maneuver was the old one of right-front-into-line: the first reserves to reach the battle zone went into action in the nearest sector; the forces behind them kept on until they reached the next sector; and so on. This maneuver had halted the British push south and would halt the American V Corps before it had gone very much farther. The speed and power of the assault had carried us inland, but we had to build up more power before we could exploit our gains.

Rommel's reaction had not been puzzling to those who had fought him before. We had hoped he would do just what he did: commit his forces piecemeal. By bombing bridges and strafing roads, and through sabotage by Frenchmen, we had so harassed the enemy's rear that he had to move his reinforcements by night. That precious time, lost by Rommel and gained by Montgomery and Bradley, had kept the enemy from organizing a really effective counterattack while we were securing our beachhead. Now, on D plus five, all Rommel's divisions were in action, three of them were badly used, and he had no reserves with which to hit us where we were weakest.

Other signs of the enemy's inability or unwillingness to risk much of his strength were less easily explained. We had expected a violent reaction by what was left of the Luftwaffe. But although the Germans had sent over planes every night to bomb forward lines, beaches, and shipping, they had committed fewer than 100 each night and their losses to flak had been heavy. E-boats and submarines were in the Channel, but they had been kept beyond the ring of our naval defenses. It looked as if Germany's resources had been drained thinner than even optimists dared hope. Judging by prisoners—of which we had taken more than 6,000 by D plus five—the troops left to defend the moat of Germany's European fortress were for the most part poorly trained and spiritless. Many fought because death in combat was less certain than death from an officer's revolver.

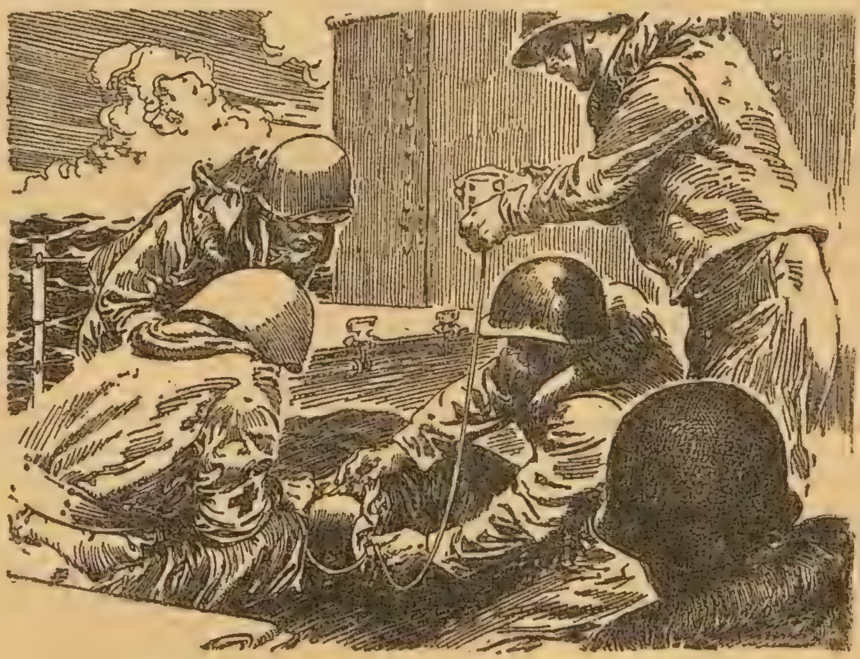
Yet, in spite of these enemy weaknesses, the invasion had been touch-and-go.

We had laid our plans carefully. We had built up great stocks in England and found the ships to move them. We had increased the capacity of the beaches. But we needed good weather, and in the first days of the invasion the weather was consistently bad.

Nevertheless, by D plus five the British and Americans had sixteen divisions ashore. This was two divisions more than the Germans had, and we were pressing our advantage.

That Sunday morning General Bradley moved his headquarters ashore. Henceforth the war would be fought inland.

In battle, General Bradley displays great courage, coolness, optimism, and simplicity. In Sicily, the day after the landing at Gela, his jeep was stopped by a soldier who reported snipers along the road ahead. Bradley picked up his carbine and started across the fields after the snipers as coolly as if he were hunting quail. In Normandy, where the snipers were thicker, he never bothered to get out of the jeep when a bullet cracked near by.



Soon after D Day in Normandy he appeared with a patch across his nose; word got around that he had been too close to a sniper. When he was asked about it, Bradley said ruefully, "It's a carbuncle." Then he corrected himself: "No, it's not even a carbuncle. It's a boil."

A simple man with a simple man's faith in himself, Omar Bradley had embarked on a mission for which he had worked and trained. If he succeeded, he would be a great general; if he failed, he would be forgotten.

He had started this campaign brilliantly. Both the conception and the execution of the landing on the peninsula were his, and when the eastern landing fell behind schedule, he retrieved the situation by quickly changing plans. By Thursday, June 15, D plus nine, the two American corps were firmly joined at Carentan and a German counterattack on that all-important junction had been spoiled. The task was now to take Cherbourg as quickly as possible. This would be Bradley's second hard test.

THE DOUVE

When the campaigns of General Bradley are studied it will be noted that he is a master of quick maneuver for surprise, and that when he has beaten down the enemy's guard, he follows up relentlessly for the kill. He showed his mastery of these tactics in Tunisia and Sicily. On the Cotentin Peninsula he did it twice in ten days, the first time to cut the peninsula, the second time to strike north and take Cherbourg. Both times the Germans were so taken by surprise that they never regained their balance.

The Douve—a slow-moving river that wanders down the middle of the peninsula to St. Sauveur le Vicomte, turns east to join the Merderet, then flows southeast to Carentan and the estuary—was an obstacle barring our passage west and south; but if we could cross it and strike west across the peninsula, the marshlands would help to protect our rear when we turned north toward Cherbourg. As of Thursday, June 15, our positions north and east of the Douve were as follows:

THE 82d Division held the north bank of the river near Pont l'Abbé, on the road to St. Sauveur. The 9th Division had its command post north of Pont l'Abbé, and two of its regiments were in contact with the enemy south of Reigneville and Orglandes; the third regiment of the 9th, having reduced the battery at Quineville on the Channel, was marching west to rejoin the division. The 9th was attacking north and getting counterattacks as the enemy tried to squeeze us between the Douve and the Merderet. The 4th Division, east of the Merderet, was fighting a seesaw battle with the Germans south of Montebourg. Besides these three divisions we had the 79th ready to deploy between the 4th and the 9th, with the 90th in reserve. The enemy had four divisions against us in the peninsula.

That day, Thursday, D plus nine, Bob Capa and I went to join the 9th Division in the peninsula. From June 15 to June 27, the day after Cherbourg fell, we lived with the 9th Division at its forward command post.

We reached the 9th Division's command post late Thursday afternoon and found General Eddy in high good spirits because the c. p. had just been shelled. General Manton Eddy and General Matt Ridgway of the 82d Airborne were having a little contest to see which could set up his command post closest to the enemy, and since General Ridgway had less heavy stuff to move, he usually came out ahead. The shelling restored Eddy's pride.

On the map in the G-3 tent we got a closer view of the situation to the east of the Douve. There were two places where the river might be crossed: at Ste. Colombe and at St. Sauveur, three miles farther down. The 60th Regiment was trying to work its way north to the road leading to Ste. Colombe. The 82d Division, reduced in strength from ten days of heavy fighting, was waiting just east of Pont l'Abbé for the 9th to clear a wide enough passage for it to advance along the road to St. Sauveur. General Ridgway thought he would get moving in the morning.

In the morning we drove into the ruined town of Pont l'Abbé, and down the road toward St. Sauveur through a belt of devastation.

About a mile from the river we left our jeep and driver in the shelter of a bank and walked on down the road. The road was still under fire, from artillery ahead and snipers on each side, and the men moving forward walked in the ditches, ready to go flat at the sound of a shell. We walked on until we reached a place where the road dropped sharply down to the river, and there, at the gate of a chateau on the left, General Ridgway was standing, his thumbs in his belt, swearing he could reach the coast tonight if he had a regiment of reserves.

The 82d had taken the bridge across the river and now had patrols in St. Sauveur, which was burning from its shelling. On the top floor of the chateau we had an artillery observation post.

Capa and I sat on the grass for awhile and watched our reinforcements come down the road. Then I got a ride in a jeep full of prisoners back to our jeep, and brought it up to the chateau. By then Capa could wait no longer to go into St. Sauveur.

We squeezed into a loaded jeep and drove down the hill in the dust. There was only a narrow stone bridge crossing the river, but the engineers already had a pontoon bridge halfway across. A cold wind was blowing up the river. We crossed the bridge, drove to the edge of town, and stopped beside a huge pile of rubble blocking the street. A lieutenant colonel with a crutch and a foot swathed in bloody bandages was sitting in a jeep directing patrols through the town. They had already gone out to the north and south, and now a third patrol was about to go straight through the main street toward the railroad. We went a little way with this patrol.

The men were spaced about fifteen yards apart on both sides of the street, and they hugged the sides of the buildings. Every minute or two a sniper's bullet cracked. The street curved and the patrol halted again. Word came from the leader down the line: "Pass it on—machine-gun nest at end of street—pass it on. . . ." Just ahead, on the left-hand side of the street, several buildings were burning and the wind was blowing the fire down the street toward us.

On the left side of the street was a big church set back in a square. It was about fifty yards down the street from the point the fire had now reached. A priest came out of the church into the square, a soldier behind him, and they began talking to a sergeant.

The priest was trying to get the sergeant to do something to stop the fire, and the soldier was trying to get the key to the belfry from the priest. To the priest it was a sacrilege to let the fire sweep down on the church when there were so many men to put out the fire. To the soldier it was against all the rules of war to leave the belfry unsearched when German snipers or observers might be there. The priest said there were no Germans in the belfry; besides, he didn't have the key to the belfry. The sergeant said to the soldier, "Take him back up there and try all the keys he's got and see if you can get in there without breaking the door down!" The soldier went back into the church, walking fast, and the priest ran after him.

While they were gone, a jeep drove up with another wounded lieutenant colonel. This one was named Krauss and he had been shot through the thigh, but he was still able to get around and give orders. He said he was sending up mortars and grenades to deal with the machine-gun nest at the end of the street. The trooper who had gone into the church came back and said that the priest had had the key all the time and there were no Germans in the belfry.

By now it was late afternoon. Krauss said it would take time to knock out that machine-gun nest and offered us a ride back to the bridge. At the chateau, General Ridgway was preparing to move his command post across the river.

A GROWING line of prisoners was against a wall across the road from the chateau. We asked one how he felt about the war, and he spat and said, "That Hitler!" Two officers sat apart. One, a major, looked tough and capable and very angry; all that his interrogators had been able to get out of him was that his capture was his own misfortune.

The 9th Division had moved its c. p. forward again and we were a long time finding it. When we got there, we learned that the 9th had also forced a crossing of the Douve. Instead of retreating to the river and making a stand there, the Germans had counterattacked the 60th Infantry near Reigneville. The regiment had a battalion in reserve ready to spoil any counterattack, and the force of this battalion's attack carried it to the river at Ste. Colombe. Patrols got across the river so fast that the enemy had time to destroy only one of the two bridges.

Lieutenant Colonel Mike Kauffman, the battalion commander, sent tanks across the remaining bridge, with infantry riding on the tanks, and the battalion spread out before the village of Nehou. There the enemy held until the battalion was almost out of ammunition and Colonel Kauffman himself drove a jeep back to see General Eddy and beg more ammunition. He got it, and also the promise of a "serenade" (six rounds from every piece of artillery within range, in this case about 600 rounds).

To the 9th Division had now fallen the task of cutting the peninsula. In the morning the 60th Infantry would push through Nehou and down the road to Barneville-sur-Mer. The ABC Infantry, which was still fighting south of Orglandes, would be relieved by the XYZ and would march through St. Sauveur, relieving the 82d Division, and then strike across the peninsula toward Portbail.

As darkness fell and the serenade began to thunder in a semicircle around us, General Eddy was balancing his 210 pounds on the edge of a fragile chair in the G-3 tent and shouting orders into a temperamental telephone. "All right, George," he was saying to the commander of the ABC, "I know where it's coming from. It's coming from Organdyville. . . . What's that? . . . Orglandes, I mean. It's coming from Orglandes. . . . Now, don't you move till you hear from me. Get that, George? . . . Oh, damn it, we're cut off. We've got to have some light. Send somebody out to fix that wire. It's not very far. . . . Hello, George? Can you hear me? . . . Now, listen, George. Joe Collins has given me orders to send you down as soon as I can, but it won't be before daylight. You've got to wait till Paddy gets there. . . . O. K., George? . . . Yes, I'll call you. . . . Damn it, can't we have some light?"

THE PENINSULA

At five o'clock Saturday morning the ABC Infantry began marching toward St. Sauveur. We saw some of them later in the morning, still marching. They were weary, unshaven, dirty, sore-footed. As they marched along the sides of the road between the hedgerows, they did not look eager for battle, or afraid of it. Their faces had no expression at all. They looked competent.

Their officers marched with them, and they showed strain of a different kind, expressed in lines around the mouth and eyes. In battle, platoon and company commanders must show a little more bravery than their men, although they may not be any braver.

This morning there was still a cold hard wind. The front was what was called fluid; nobody knew exactly what the positions were; and we drove back and forth from one sector to another, not seeing much of the fighting, but seeing several queer things. There was a linnet singing in a wrecked house in Nehou; the shell that had blown the house apart had not even scratched its cage. There was the German field piece overturned in a road, and near it a German who had died so quickly that his face looked like a live face made up to look like death. There were the rambler roses still clinging to the walls of shattered farmhouses.

Several queer things happened that day along the fluid front.

A reconnaissance party from headquarters, looking for a site for a new c. p., drove into the enemy lines and lost four jeeps and five officers. One lieutenant escaped by crawling along in a ditch until he was out of sight of the German machine gun, then throwing away his field jacket and helmet, pulling his trousers over his boots, stealing a bicycle, and riding through an enemy-held village singing Au Claire de la Lune.

The corridor we were cutting across the peninsula was only about three miles wide and there were pockets of Germans in our rear. The two regiments in the corridor were so strung out that a forceful counterattack might have closed the corridor behind them. But by the end of the day the ABC was through St. Sauveur Forest, and had reached a crossroads near Besneville. The 60th had taken a ridge to the north and looked down on Barneville. The infantry had only to move on to the coast and the peninsula would be cut.

The enemy was withdrawing in both directions, indicating that he would fight back to the Cherbourg fortress and deny us the port as long as possible, but would also make a strong stand across the peninsula in the south, where the marshes of the Douve's tributaries made a natural defense.

I had climbed the hill south of the St. Sauveur Forest with a liaison officer named Pflaumer. We could see all the way to the sea, and between us and the sea were the small fields, the narrow roads, and the tiny villages through which the infantry was fighting.

Although we had the coastal roads under fire, the enemy in Canville was mortaring a crossroads behind our lines. We stopped at the regimental command post, half a mile above the crossroads, picked up Capa, and drove down a back road toward Canville. At a place where a hedge-lined gravel lane crossed our road, about a quarter of a mile above the village, we met Lieutenant Colonel James Johnston, commander of the second battalion. He was starting down the lane to the left to find a place to set up his mortars.

We followed him down the lane in our jeep. Before we had gone fifty yards, four or five snipers' bullets cracked above our heads. We jumped out of the jeep and fell flat on the grass beneath a hedgerow.

There were a few more single shots above our heads. Colonel Johnston got up and, keeping his head below the level of the field beyond the hedge, walked swiftly down the lane. We followed, crouching low. The bullets kept cracking above us, but they were too high to be dangerous. "This is like jungle warfare," Johnston said. "They climb trees and hide in these damn hedgerows and it takes you an hour to find one."

Up the lane toward us, crouching and dodging, came a soldier with another soldier hanging from his shoulders. They had gone too far down the lane and a German had tossed a concussion grenade from behind a hedge. Johnston said, "This place won't do. Let's try the other side of the road."

We turned the jeeps around and drove along the lane to the right until we reached a slight crest where there was a view of the village. There Colonel Johnston set up his observation post. Over the wireless he called for mortars.

Snipers' bullets were spattering around here, but we got used to them after a while. Jeeps drove up with our mortars and ammunition and Colonel Johnston ran down the lane toward them, waving to the drivers to slow down and not raise so much dust. They said the Germans were mortaring the crossroads.

We went out into the field and I sat behind a slender tree and watched our mortars fire a couple of rounds, the muzzle-loaded shells making a soft metallic *wham* as they hit the firing pin, then whistling as they came out and rose high in the air. Smoke bursts rose from the village. Then Capa and I decided that the enemy would try a little counter-battery fire and we went back to the road behind the hedge.

We were right. Soon enemy mortar shells began to crunch in the near-by fields, coming nearer. Everybody got down against the bank below the hedge, where we would be safe if the Germans did not range on the lane. Capa winked at me. "My old, this is not so good." In the quiet between the sounds of our mortars firing and their shells exploding around us, the voice of the soldier with the portable wireless sounded very loud.

"They want more fire on the same target. . . .

"More smoke. . . .

"Come back another hundred yards and fire another concentration. . . .

"You want us to pound the town with heavy mortars? You call when you want the fire. . . ."

PRESENTLY the mortaring stopped and we sat there against the bank, about a dozen men altogether, and succumbed to that mood of complete loneliness that sometimes follows moments of danger. Nobody spoke.

The wireless buzzed. The operator said, "Hello, Yoke, hello, hello . . ." and to a lieutenant, whose name was Ray Code, "The enemy's taking off to the south." Then the operator was shouting back and forth between the lieutenant and the telephone:

"Tell 'em to pour it in! Fire! Fire! Fast! . . ."

Shells screamed over our heads and whistled out from the field where our mortars were. We could hear them crashing into Canville.

"Hello, Yoke, how's that fire? We believe it's too far out . . .

"Hello, say again, say again—over. . . . Notify Yoke we have the crossroads? . . ."

"Who says so?" asked Lieutenant Code.

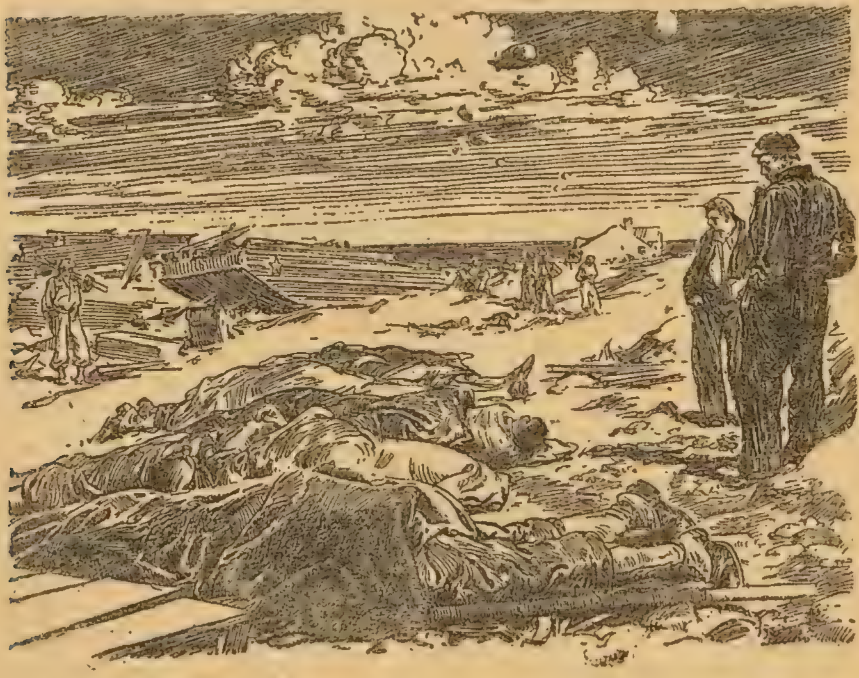
"Colonel Johnston, from F Company. . . ."

But the enemy had not pulled out of Canville. When Capa and I got back to regimental c. p. we learned that they were still in the village, about 200 of them, and that antitank guns were coming up to blast them out. But that was a job for another division, and it was already moving in to relieve the 9th.

Monday morning the 9th Division, with the 79th Division on its right flank and the 4th Division farther east, struck north for Cherbourg.

The advance was swift at first. The Germans were surprised by the sudden attack of three divisions, especially in the east, where they had thought the 9th was occupied, and they retreated rapidly. Valognes fell to the 79th Division, Bricquebec and Les Pieux to the 9th, and we were twelve miles from the city, astride the three main roads leading to it. The 4th Division pushed straight north, to prevent any possibility of escape to the eastern tip of the peninsula, while the 79th and the 9th closed in from the southwest, south, and southeast. By the afternoon of Wednesday, June 21, they were less than five miles from Cherbourg and facing the first series of its forts.

That afternoon the Germans were offered a chance to surrender. They ignored it. Lieutenant General Carl Wilhelm von Schlieben commanded his troops to fight to the last man and issued an order to the officers to enforce this command; that is, to shoot anyone who tried to surrender. General Schlieben also assured his superiors that the port of Cherbourg had been "contaminated." But no matter how ingeniously the port had been mined, we had to have it, and have it quickly. The gales in the Channel had delayed our unloading and a feeling of urgency had spread through the armies.



THE ROAD TO CHERBOURG

The Battle of Cherbourg began at 12.40 Thursday afternoon and continued through the following Monday.

Thursday was a clear cool day. The woods smelled like summer and there were summer flowers beside the roads. It was a fine day for a battle and it would have been a fine day not to have a battle.

The bombers were supposed to come at 12.30 and bomb the enemy positions for eighty minutes. There were also fighter escorts, and they were needed, because when the first group of bombers arrived, ten minutes late, German fighters jumped them and for fifteen minutes the sky was full of dogfights. Then the German fighters gave it up and for the rest of the bombing it was all our way. Some of it was too much our way.

Just before one o'clock we met General Eddy coming out of the latrine, and he said, "Going into Cherbourg with us?" We said that was our idea and he put his finger on a spot on the map and said, "I'd get up there if I were you. That's where the first battalion of the ABC will jump off, 1,200 yards from their first line." We could see from the map that the position the battalion was attacking was a hill 160 meters high, with a thick wood on its right. This hill was called Mont du Roc.

We thumbed a ride in a jeep, which lost the way and got there just in time to miss the bombing of the battalion command post. General Eddy was leaving as we drove up. How he got there so fast I do not know.

"Shook 'em up a bit," the general said. "Shook up the battalion commander. I think I got him straightened out."

Throughout the rest of the day that young lieutenant colonel behaved with conspicuous bravery, but in spite of this, as a result of the bombing, fear hung over the battalion. The lieutenant colonel's name was Dean T. Vanderhoef; he was tall and young and pleasant, and he was generally known as Van.

He was now moving the c. p. forward. He walked down the road, followed by eight or ten junior officers and men, their eyes on a fresh group of bombers passing overhead. In a moment the bombs began to fall, and the G. I.s dived into a big trench, huddling against the sides, their noses in the earth, and this correspondent did likewise.

Van had not moved from the middle of the road. The G. I.s brushed themselves off and followed him down the road. They were not feeling friendly toward the Air Force.

"'Tain't healthy," said one.

At a spot on the road just before it dipped into a tiny valley, Colonel Vanderhoef decided to set up his c. p. We could look down the road into the little valley and see the hill rising beyond it. That was where the Germans were. They had pillboxes all the way up the hill and a big concrete fort on its crest. In a large square field to the left of the road was one of the enemy's fake batteries: thick poles buttressed at an angle to make them look like guns, surrounded by ramparts of brambles. Into this field, as they came up from the rear, Vanderhoef deployed his marching gunners, riflemen, and artillery and mortar observers. Behind us a company was waiting to go through and attack.

THE bombers kept coming over and the bombs kept thundering down and the G. I.s kept diving for the ditches. It was 2.15. While Vanderhoef was waiting for the bombing to stop, the regimental commander Colonel John Yates (whose real name is something else) came up. Above the din of bombs crashing into enemy positions two or three hundred yards away—and some bombs falling short—his voice barked over the wireless telephone:

"Hello, hello, has this attack been held up? . . . They're still bombing up here. Check up on division. . . . They're ready to fire the first barrage and they told us to hold up. . . . I'm up in front with the first battalion. . . . O. K."

Against a bank sat two Royal Marine Commando officers, waiting to go to Cherbourg. Their job was to stay with the battalion closest to the city, then, just before it entered the city, to slip through with a small party of picked men and race for the docks to prevent their destruction. The two officers were both tall and rangy; both had big dark mustaches; both looked as if they had stepped out of advertisements for Dewar's whisky. Just now both were dozing.

In an interval between bombings I attached myself to Private Al Delk, who said he had heard a band two years ago and since then had heard every sound that could kill. During the course of the afternoon I found that it was good policy, when Al made a motion toward a ditch, for me to get flat in it.

The bombing stopped at 2.40, but nobody was sure it was over. Van finally got through to regiment:

"Hello, hello, hold it. . . . Is this damn air show over or not? I don't like this pin-point bombing." The line went dead again. Then the phone buzzed. Van listened a minute, then said, "No more bombing in this area. They're going to bomb up ahead."

"Well ahead, I hope," said a lieutenant.

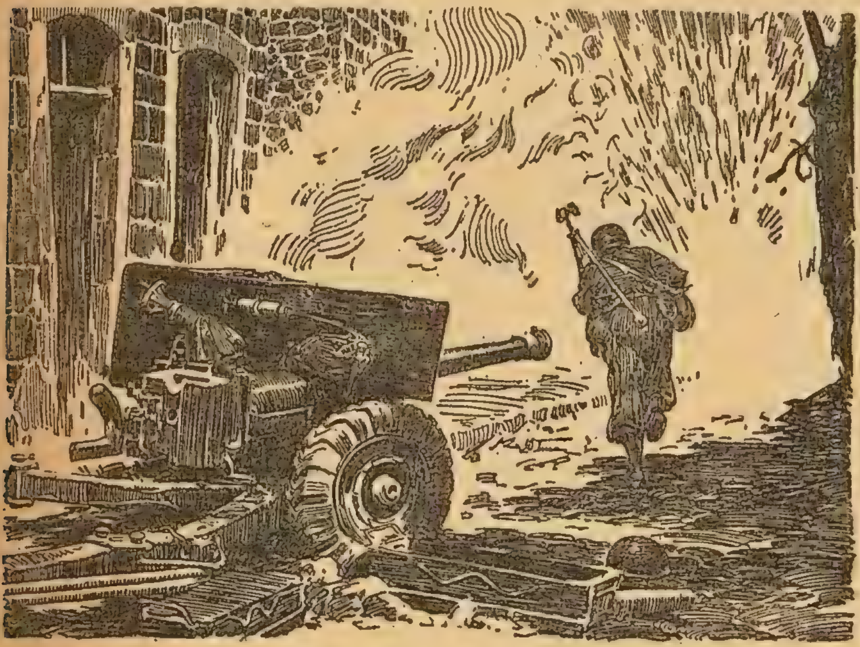
Shells began to whine over our heads and crash into the valley. "I've got to go down where I can see something," Van said. The c. p. moved forward again, another fifty yards down the road.

The shelling kept up for ten minutes, then stopped. For a few minutes there was silence in the valley. We could hear the tramp of boots on the road behind us and the sound of men going through the fields beside the road.

Our own rifles began firing from both sides of the road and farther back a machine gun opened fire.

Something was wrong with the artillery preparation and we were not getting on with the attack. Colonel Yates was on the telephone again: "You say they can't fire Concentration No. 1 until they get clearance? . . . Yes, tell 'em to fire it right away. . . . Hold on. Don't cut off."

Mortars had moved up behind us and we could hear their *pang* and whistle and the distant crunch of their landing. The German machine guns firing from across the valley had a higher note. Rifle bullets were spattering in all directions. German mortar shells began to land in the field across the road.



I lay down in the ditch, and Al Delk, who was poised on the edge of the ditch, touched me on the buttock and said, "Better get it down. That's where they got me last time." The mortar shells were falling all around us and everybody was flat on the ground except Van and one lieutenant. Van remarked, "Mortar fire is best avoided by moving forward."

One G. I. eating a can of beans said, "I hope he don't move till I finish my dinner."

The mortar shells came close again, and then for a while everything was going at once: rifles, machine guns, mortars, and our heavy shells crashing across the valley. Vanderhoef was sitting on the edge of the jeep trying to open a box of K rations with one hand while he held the telephone in the other. Through a mouthful of crackers he said into the phone, "The trouble with me is I'm too —— far out. . . .

"Is it all right to fire Concentration No. 2?"

We were still being heavily mortared and there was no lessening of the other noises. One of our .30-caliber machine guns, just across the hedge, was firing steadily. Van said, "That's friendly, I hope."

Another shell landed. Van sat in the middle of the road, counting eight bursts.

"I hope that guy runs out of ammunition pretty soon. Where do you think they're coming from? Have some tea and toast."

Colonel Yates came down the road again. "How you doing?"

"I'm not doing very well right now," said Van.

It was 4.15. Our advance was not getting ahead very fast and Colonel Yates was worried. Everybody was either worried or scared or both. The bombing had started it and now it was piling up.

I stood up, more to get the knot of fear out of my stomach than for anything else, and looked down the road through my field glasses. Colonel Yates said, "If we go over into this field I think we can get a good look." On the side facing Mont du Roc we found an opening in the hedgerow and looked across the valley through our glasses.

The hill was bare and evil-looking, with no trees on its steep side. Two or three dark spots looked as if they concealed pillboxes. As we watched, there was a burst of smoke from behind the fort, then three more bursts and the sound of the explosions. We knew we had hit something.

Another lieutenant came running along the hedgerow. "Sir, we just knocked out a pillbox and a bunch of Germans want to surrender."

A gleam came into Yates' eyes. This might be the break. But all he said was, "Cease firing and let 'em come in, but don't go out after them. Cease firing," he repeated, "but don't expose yourselves."

I followed the lieutenant back along the hedgerow. The lieutenant kept repeating Colonel Yates' order to cease firing and gradually the noise of the machine guns died down until we could hear the separate cracks of the rifles. Then they, too, ceased firing and the cry of *"Kamerad! Kamerad!"* came clearly up from the valley.

We stopped by the artillery observer, a big sergeant named Frank Brusic. He asked the lieutenant: "What did the colonel say?"

"Hold fire. If they come this way, let 'em come in. If they go the other way, let 'em have it."

"Let 'em go the other way," said Brusic, and into his telephone: "Hold fire."

Vanderhoef came running down the hedgerow shouting, "Make 'em come in! Don't go out. What are they doing?"

"Nothing," said Brusic.

"Put a couple of heavies in there. That'll drive 'em out."

"Yes, sir."

The shell whined. Brusic was jumping up and down on his seat. "Right in!"

Somebody said, "There's the flag again."

Brusic said, "Tell 'em to come out and don't stand there waving that —— flag all day." A shell burst near the white flag. *"Wham!* That's one for my sergeant."

"What happened to your sergeant?" I asked.

"A lot of 'em came in with their hands up, and when we went out to meet 'em they gave it to us with a machine gun. They killed my sergeant and six other guys."

"Where was that?"

"Africa." Into the phone: "Another round."

"The flag's still up," the lieutenant said. Van had gone. "Cease fire." The order was passed along the hedge.

We could hear the cries of *"Kamerad!"* again. It was a little after six o'clock and the field became very quiet. The valley looked as if nobody could still be alive out there, but the white flag moved again. In a moment some figures came out of the pillbox.

Brusic said, "Here they come, the yellow-livers."

THERE were about twenty of them, two or three slightly wounded and one badly hurt and being carried by his comrades. They had all thrown away their weapons and some had thrown away their coats. The leaders clambered up the bank and the rest followed. They stood before us in a group, looking scared. Sergeant Brusic sat on the edge of his pillbox and stared past them.

Through the silence crashed a burst of machine guns; bullets clipped the hedge. We dived for foxholes.

One of the prisoners started to run across the field toward the road. Somebody said, "Shoot the son of a bitch," but nobody shot, and the prisoner stopped and lay down in the field, his head in his arms.

The hostile fire was coming from the hill crest beyond the valley, and presently Brusic got his heavies on it and it died down and stopped. The lieutenant detailed two men to take the prisoners away. Nobody would look at the prisoners, even the two men guarding them. They stared at the ground near their feet and held their guns tightly.

Van was preparing to move his c. p. down into the valley. He would not attack the fort until morning. During the afternoon we had won a few hundred yards of ground and one series of positions, but we had not taken the commanding position of even the outer rim of Cherbourg's defense.

All along the semicircular front our advance had been like that. It was slow, but it was not very costly to us. The last five kilometers into Cherbourg were series after series of such positions, each position covered by others farther back. The enemy was fighting stubbornly. He would continue to fight as stubbornly until we had fought our way into the city and through it, street by street.

THE BATTLE AT OCTEVILLE

Thursday night and all day Friday our artillery poured shells into Cherbourg's defenses while the infantry inched forward. Colonel Yates threw his second battalion into the fight and it attacked Mont du Roc from the south. Once this fort had been reduced, our entire front southwest of the city could move forward.

Directly south of the city, on both sides of the road that leads into Cherbourg through the suburb of Octeville, the XYZ Infantry was moving into position to attack. It looked as if they might be the first regiment in Cherbourg. Saturday morning the two Commando officers decided to go along with the XYZ, and so did Capa and I. We started at ten o'clock.

It was 2.15 before we found the XYZ's c. p. In a shady apple orchard a bow-legged, weather-beaten colonel was talking on the telephone to a battalion commander. The colonel kept an arm over the shoulder of one of the Dewar Commando twins; the other twin stood near by. Colonel Paddy Flint was telling the battalion commander to let the Commandos through any time they decided to make a dash for it. From the way he talked it sounded as if he expected to be in Cherbourg that night. He put down the telephone and explained to us that the XYZ had cleared the woods east of Mont du Roc and both sides of the road to Octeville. "I told the general," he said, "that I'm sleeping in a hotel tonight."

We drove up the road toward Cherbourg, going slowly through the columns of foot soldiers.

Enemy resistance looked disorganized. We passed a blasted 88 which had tried to defend a crest of the road from behind a few sandbags, not even dug in. In a field we saw an abandoned ammunition dump. Beyond the field were some wrecked stone cottages. To the right, behind a ridge, the smoke of battle rose; that was the 79th Division's sector. But in this sector, at the moment, there was no sight or sound of battle.

A spatter of bullets changed that. Every man in the field went flat. A lieutenant strode up from the rear saying, "The lousy bastards, let's go get 'em," and vaulted a hedge. The men moved forward, crouching, their rifles ready. The snipers spat again and several of our rifles went off.

Enemy mortars were also in action. It was clear that we were going no farther without opposition.

There was a stone farmhouse with its roof blown to splinters about 100 yards ahead, across a field. A party of our men had crossed that field, so we decided to go on to the farmhouse.

As we got up, Capa discovered that he had been sitting on a mine.

It was a little house with a little vegetable garden around it and some roses and purple flowers growing in the yard. G. I.s were going through the house, looking for snipers, and downstairs in the kitchen was a little woman with bright red cheeks who looked about a hundred years old. I asked her if I could go upstairs to one of the windows and look around.

From the upstairs window I could see something of what was before us. Across another narrow valley was what seemed to be a mound of rock, with a water tower above it and near it two Red Cross flags flying over low buildings. Beyond the tower was a granite cliff, and on this cliff was a long concrete fort. Our artillery was shelling the fort.

It was 4.20. Except for the snipers, it had grown quiet near the farmhouse; most of the company had moved on up the road. We walked up the road past a bombed-out pillbox on the left and joined the rest of the men. There were sounds like those of a lively fight in the valley, and I walked across the road and up into a field to look. Near the Red Cross flags an ammunition dump was blowing up.

By the most generous estimate, the flags were less than 200 yards from the ammunition dump, and so I think that either the Germans had used their wounded to conceal a military position or else there was no hospital under those flags.

Colonel Flint came walking up the road, a rifle under his arm, his short bow legs twinkling. A soldier with a portable wireless followed him. The colonel walked to a spot on the road about thirty yards ahead of everybody else and there set up his command post. For the rest of the day the front line was where Colonel Flint stood.

Soon the noise of battle increased. All I could hear for a while was the spatter of rifles, the chatter of machine guns, and the whistle and crunch of mortars.

We sat down near Colonel Flint and waited to see what would happen. The colonel seemed to be having trouble getting the artillery support he wanted. While he talked into the telephone the battle kept on all around us. At times it rose to a fury; at times it quieted down. Somebody grumbled, "They're not fighting orthodox. It seems to be finished, then it starts up again." Men began to doze.

At 6.45 Colonel Flint got the artillery he had asked for. We heard him say, "Let me know when the first round is on the way." Just then two wounded men came through a hedge and walked back down the road. One had his face bandaged under the left eye. The other was leaning on a medic; he had no visible wound, but his eyes were glazed from shock.

While the shells kept coming, vehicles began to line up in the road behind us. A company went out in the field to the left, preparing to advance, and another stood waiting on the road behind the antitank guns. Behind this company were the Commando twins with about thirty men. Paddy Flint was standing in the middle of the road watching the barrage, and he was not yet satisfied. He walked over to the side of the road and squatted on his heels.

"I want another barrage," he said, "and I want this one creeping just 100 yards ahead of us. We can advance under that and take this town by dark." It was then 7.35 and the first barrage had stopped.

At 8.25 we were still waiting for our barrage. A messenger brought Colonel Flint a slip of paper. He read it slowly and said, "Orders are not to go into Octeville tonight, but to stop outside and send in patrols." Flint thought a moment, then snapped his jaw shut and said to Lieutenant Colonel Stumpf, his battalion commander: "We will drive forward to that crossroads there, take that spot there and that spot there, and wait there for orders. I think I'll go in and have a look myself. Want to go along?"

The question was to me. I did not want to go along. I had a miserable cold, had eaten nothing since breakfast, and had been scared all afternoon. All I wanted was to get out from under fire, get warm, and go to sleep. So I said, "Yes, sir."

The barrage came at 8.30 sharp. It seemed to crash on our heads. Colonel Flint stood in the middle of the road, watching the bursts, and I sat shamelessly in the ditch. A short landed in the field on our left and I could feel the blast. Another ten rounds and another short in the same place. Shouts came from the field. The colonel barked, "Cease firing!" and after another ten rounds the barrage stopped.

Medics ran into the field where the shorts had landed. Four men had been wounded, and presently the medics came back carrying two of them. Colonel Flint was talking on the phone:

"What? . . . What? . . . They're firing at extreme range? . . . Very well, fire no more rounds. Fire no more rounds. Is that clear?" He put down the phone and said, "Some of the guns are firing at extreme range and they can't move the barrage forward. We'll have to call it off till tomorrow." He looked at me and said, "Hell, it don't make no difference, son."

THE TAKING OF CHERBOURG

The Germans who held out at Cherbourg were a dwindling lot of stubborn men with dwindling resources of ammunition, terrain, and even medical supplies. But stubborn they were. Toward the end they turned their ack-ack guns down and fired air bursts at our troops; and finally, as we fought our way through their last defenses and into the city itself, they fought us through the streets of Cherbourg with rifles, mortars, and machine guns.

By Saturday evening we had blown them out of Octeville. But by Sunday morning the enemy had moved in 200 men armed with machine guns and mortars, and they held up the XYZ Infantry all day. It was that way everywhere. Battered by our bombing and shelling, beaten back by the weight of our arms and men, the enemy gave way; but wherever we failed to follow up fast enough, he slipped back and held us again.

Not that all the Germans had to be killed; thousands surrendered. But they were adept at fighting bitterly up to the instant of annihilation, then quitting to save their skins. Such were the men who raised the white flag at the foot of Mont du Roc. Such were the men garrisoning one large pillbox at Octeville; they were defiant even in surrender, and with them marched their women. At Fort du Roule the men of the 79th Division storming the fort heard shots as the Germans inside fought over whether to surrender.

It was not simple bravery that made these Germans fight so. Most of their leaders fought with the desperation of men who knew their way of life was lost and who had nothing left to live for.

Most of the men who fought under these leaders fought with Lugers at their backs. This was literally true, as captured orders proved.

ON Sunday we were late starting out and we were shelled wherever we went. While we waited in a lane, the wounded came in faster than the doctors could examine them. One of the Commando twins arrived with his helmet bashed in and he wandered around in a daze. Presently we went forward to a command post and were told that the XYZ had little chance of getting into Octeville that day. By now the ABC was far to the left and we went back to division to find out how it was doing.

Five enemy strong points on the edge of Cherbourg had held us up on Saturday. Sunday morning our Air Force bombed them and cruisers shelled them from the sea, but still the XYZ could not budge. The ABC had better luck. One of the forts was at Equeurdreville, a suburb due west of Cherbourg, and this fort was the objective of Major Woodrow Wilson Bailey's second battalion. It was a long, deep, steel fort, looking a little like a warship, with steel fastenings over round portholes like a warship. Major Bailey decided to storm it in the most daring way, by frontal assault. As it turned out, this was also the cheapest way.

Bailey laid down a creeping mortar barrage, and under it his men advanced. When they were almost to the fort the mortars were falling on the fort itself and the Germans battened down their steel windows. When the barrage lifted, Bailey's men were on the fort with grenades and bayonets. The Germans surrendered.

Then Bailey did another daring thing. He sent one company straight into Cherbourg and down to the eastern docks. For a while that company was cut off, with fighting in the streets behind it, but the rest of Bailey's battalion and the third battalion on its right were now able to advance on a broad front into the city. The official time of entry was 12.50 P. M. It was an hour or two later that Bailey got Colonel Yates on the telephone and announced in a Petersburg, Virginia, drawl:

"This is the mayor of Cherbourg."

But neither Major Bailey nor any of his battalion got as far into Cherbourg as a young German-speaking captain named John B. Jackson, who drove through the lines in a staff car. That morning a German with a wounded American flight officer, whom he had brought with him for safe conduct, drove his motorcycle out of Octeville and across no man's land to Colonel Paddy Flint's front line. Colonel Flint had sent them back to division, and now Captain Jackson was interpreting and giving them breakfast.

After breakfast they went into a tent and Lieutenant Ellerbloch, the German, spotted all the German hospitals in Cherbourg on a map for the division's artillery. When he had finished his mission, Lieutenant Ellerbloch and his hostage collected all the medical supplies that could be spared and prepared to return to Cherbourg.

Captain Jackson conducted them in a staff car. On orders from above, he blindfolded Lieutenant Ellerbloch and proceeded indirectly to the front. As they passed through the American lines, Captain Jackson put one hand on the horn and pressed his foot on the accelerator. When they approached the German lines, Lieutenant Ellerbloch insisted on being unblindfolded. Captain Jackson noticed that he was weeping with humiliation. After using the blindfold as a handkerchief, Lieutenant Ellerbloch used it to wave to the German sentries, and the car passed safely into the city.

Captain Jackson presented the staff officer with an ultimatum to surrender. The officer read the message, said there would be no reply. "I am sorry," said Captain Jackson. "Why?" asked the officer. "Aha!" said the captain, "you will see."

Then Captain Jackson, blindfolded in reprisal, was driven to the front line. Hand on horn once more, he sped back to the American lines. Lieutenant Ellerbloch's last request: Please take care of his motorcycle until after the war.

Capa and I did not get into Cherbourg proper until Monday morning. By then the 79th Division was in the western outskirts. The XYZ Infantry was still fighting at Octeville, but the ABC was well inside the city and was clearing it street by street. Trucks full of prisoners were coming out of Cherbourg. We stopped to look at one crowd of several hundred, and while we were there two more trucks drove up and a driver said wearily, "Here's another hundred."

They were of all kinds and all ages from eighteen to sixty, but those between twenty and thirty were scarce. Most of them looked healthy and not too unhappy; now that they were captured, many said they had never wanted to fight. All were well-shod and their uniforms were dirty but warm. Apart, standing with folded hands in proud isolation, was a major who had used his pistol to make his men fight. When he turned to talk to a sergeant the men had taken off.

Although the battalion had advanced as far as the Marine Hospital on the left, some of the streets on the right between the church and the hospital had not yet been cleared. Lieutenant Shockley was about to take a company through the Rue de la Bucaille, one of these streets. Capa wanted some pictures of street fighting; our driver, Cogan, wanted some active soldiering; I felt like going to a hospital; and Ernie Pyle had nothing better to do, so we all went along with Shockley.

While we were waiting behind the wall an antiaircraft gun firing over open sights sprayed us from the rear. Shockley hurried his men down the street, calling after them, "Spread out. Keep at least four yards apart. Get on both sides of the street." The first platoon went by—riflemen, light machine guns, grenadiers, mortars—and then the second platoon, which we joined. We kept to the walls as much as we could. Every few minutes there was a rattle of firing ahead and the columns halted, waited, and moved on. It was pouring rain.

THERE were snipers around, of course. Shockley looked through his field glasses at some paneless windows and sent two men to investigate. In some of the houses we passed, people were moving around, and in one house a family eating lunch waved at us through the window.

As we left the house, General Eddy came marching up the street from the direction in which we were going. He was swinging his stick and enjoying himself immensely. "What are you fellows up to?" he asked us.

"We thought we were clearing this street," said Ernie. "It looks pretty clear to me."

He went on up the street, swinging his stick, and we stopped hugging the wall and walked down to the hospital.

There were about 150 wounded American prisoners of war in the hospital. Nearly half of them were paratroopers and most of the rest were fliers. They crowded around, asking about other men in their divisions, complaining about the German food and the American shelling. Some of them were bitter about the shelling, which they said had come very close to the hospital. But they admitted that the Germans had fought back into the hospital grounds.

We went on down the street past the hospital. Here a fight was going on. Two of our tanks were standing at a curve in the street, firing, and a man was running back toward the tanks crying, "Send those medics! Where the hell are the medics?" The medics ran from the street past the tanks and in a few minutes the tanks stopped firing and an ambulance drove past them into the smoke.

A sharp noise filled the street and five men jumped out of the first tank. Four of them ran into houses. The fifth sat down on the curb with his head in his hands. Somebody yelled at him and he said, "Leave me alone. I can't hear anything."

The second tank inched back behind the curve, leaving the one that had been hit.

Up the street through the smoke came a group of Germans. The leader carried a large Red Cross flag. Behind him were some walking wounded. Behind them marched two squads of four, each squad carrying a stretcher at shoulder height. The wounded stirred on the stretchers. The Germans walked past us to the hospital and turned in the gate.

Our men standing in the gate moved aside to let them pass. We followed them back to the hospital. We had finished with the Battle of Cherbourg.

But the battle was not quite over. By mid-afternoon the XYZ had fought its way into Octeville, but it was getting stiff resistance from a quarry near the town. There seemed no particular reason for the Germans to defend this quarry so fiercely, and so Colonel Flint had gone to investigate. General Eddy joined him on a hillside and they could see, across the quarry, the mouth of a tunnel. From this place the enemy had been pouring fire. Now the German guns were silent and General Eddy ordered the machine gun to cease firing.

A few minutes later a white flag appeared at the tunnel's mouth. The German officer holding it stepped stiffly out into the open, turned to the right and dipped the flag, turned to the left and dipped the flag, faced General Eddy and dipped the flag. General Eddy stood up and beckoned him closer. The officer slowly climbed the hill, holding the flag aloft.

The German officer came to attention, presented the compliments of Lieutenant General Carl von Schlieben, military commander of Cherbourg, and of Rear Admiral Walter Hennecke, naval commander, and requested that an officer be sent to the tunnel to conduct them out to surrender.

General Eddy sent his aide, Major William Lynn Davis, but before Major Davis could reach the tunnel a stream of Germans poured out, holding their arms aloft, and with them General Schlieben and Admiral Hennecke were swept along.

General Eddy sent word of the capture to General Collins and, while waiting for orders from Collins, opened the subject of terms of surrender. To his surprise, General Schlieben made it clear that he was surrendering his garrison but not the city of Cherbourg. General Eddy observed that it was not good military form for a commander to expect his men to fight on when he, the commander, had surrendered. General Schlieben was not impressed.

BEFORE sending the captives to General Collins, Eddy had the delicate matter of the press to deal with. We had got back to the c. p. at six o'clock, heard of the surrender, and gone to investigate. General Eddy came out of his caravan with the two Germans and explained to us that he could not force them to be interviewed. Then he explained to them that, since the United States had a free press, he could not deny photographers the right to take pictures. General Schlieben expressed his dislike of the free press as an institution and his boredom at the thought of being photographed. Capa remarked in understandable German, "And I am bored with photographing defeated generals."

As soon as the surrender was announced, one of our psychological warfare units set up a loud-speaker in the city and began broadcasting the news to the Germans. Many surrendered.

By late evening we had cleaned out most of the city, and except for a few thousand enemy troops that had slipped out into the eastern tip, the Cotentin Peninsula was ours.

THE ROADS TO PARIS

Through the yellow dust of Brittany, still 200 miles from Paris, we drove with the convoy toward Paris. We were trapped in the convoy and the dust. We could not see through the dust to get out of the convoy, and every few seconds a truck going northward for more supplies would come out of the dust and grow big as it whined past us and disappear into the dust again. It was that way for nearly twenty miles, and when we got out of the dust and passed this convoy, there were still more convoys to pass.

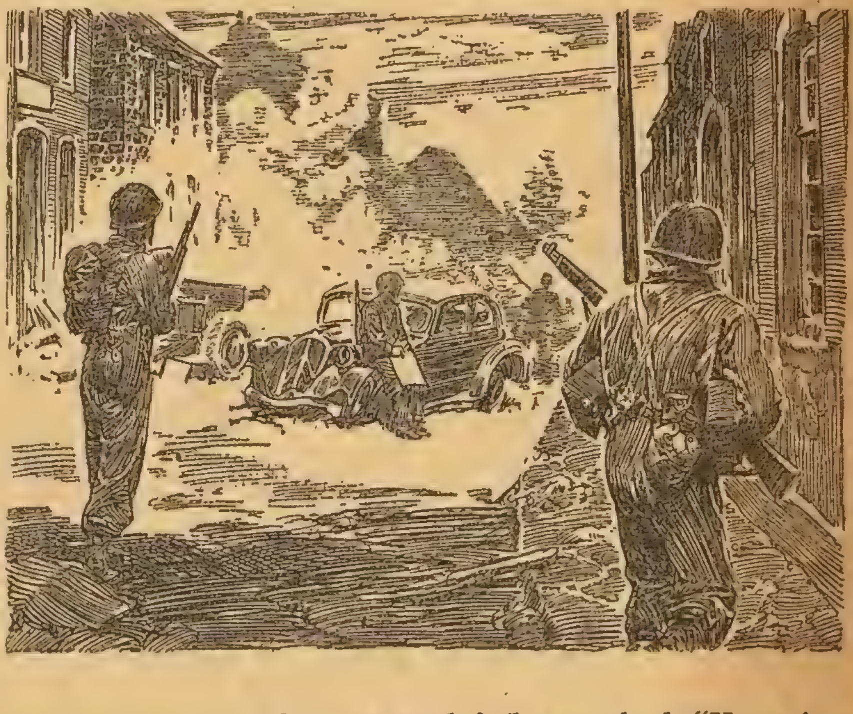
To the north and the east the convoys had rolled for a week or more, catching up with our forward armor. Trucks laden with gasoline, trucks laden with rations, trucks laden with men, tanks, half-tracks, ambulances, command cars, jeeps, and the great eighteen-wheeled tank carriers that ride on enough rubber to support a hundred motorcars—all these and many other vehicles were rolling in many convoys on many roads toward Paris.

The August sun beat down on the roads, and along the roads, unmindful of the dust, women sat all day with their children to watch the convoys pass. In the towns and villages the houses shook from the weight of the passing steel, and the women and old men cheered in the streets and waved from tricolored windows. Here, as never in Normandy, the people had no doubts. This was a pageant of material might which they could not fail to understand.

In 1940 the Germans had come with just such material supremacy. Now, on bicycles, in cattle-drawn carts, on horses and mules, two and three on each animal, the Germans were fleeing to the east. In the trap between Falaise and Argentan, the people told us their tanks were bowling over the slower vehicles in their frenzy to escape.

Between Laval and Le Mans the road was wide and straight and we could see for miles ahead as it rose and dipped with the country. Beyond the tall oaks and elms lining the road, the countryside was scarcely touched by war, so swiftly had our columns advanced. Wheat was stacked in the fields beside the road, and on a hillside a mill turned slowly. The women were leaving the roadside, and near a town a small boy in a high wing collar walked fast, holding one hand in a frozen V sign, but no longer looking at the convoys.

With admirable taste the people of some towns had stretched across the streets streamers easily understood by the conquering G. I. The streamers said simply, "Thank you" and "You are welcome." In one of these towns we stopped for a dinner of soup, omelet, beef, vegetables, dessert, and Anjou. The *patron* drank a glass of Anjou with us and tried to conceal his disappointment that we knew none of his American friends from the war of 1914. The *patronne* smiled throughout the meal, as if she had a secret joke. As we left I remarked, *"Vous êtes heureuse, madame?"*



"Yes," she said. "Four years ago the Germans came here in tanks. Last week one of them stole my daughter's bicycle to get away."

ALLONS, ENFANTS DE LA PATRIE

In our small room under the roof of the hotel in Le Mans we had not yet lit the candle, and the last light of day coming through the narrow window fell on the faces of the three children who sat across the table from us, drinking brandy slowly, the girl on the right, then the older boy, and last the younger boy. It was easy to see that the girl loved the older boy and the younger boy loved the girl.

They talked quietly about the work they had done in the Maquis. It was mostly sabotage and mostly it had been successful. The older boy had left home with four friends and only two were now alive. The younger boy had gone to forage for food one day, and while he was gone the Germans captured his band of twenty and shot them all. The Americans had sent the girl into a town to warn the people that it would be shelled; coming back through the lines, she had been shot at by the Germans and then by the Americans, and when she finally fell into an American outpost her left arm was seared with powder burns. She rubbed it gently as she talked.

All three had left home more than two years ago, and now each one of them had a reason for not wanting to go back.

With the older boy it was the two friends he had persuaded to go with him and who were now dead. The younger boy had killed his family doctor, who was a collaborator. He had met the doctor on a road one day and shot him through the head, but the doctor had been able to draw his revolver and fire back, and then the boy had filled him with bullets. The girl had worked underground even before she left home. Her mother had known it but had not told her father. But after she went away, she explained, they could no longer think of her as a *jeunne fille*.

The girl was eighteen. She had clean brown hair brushed back from her forehead. In her face there was already much beauty and, if you believe that beauty is character, the mold for very much more. She was quiet and self-possessed, but a little lost now that her work was almost over, and she would become whatever her background and her convictions made her. Already these were in conflict, because she came from a rich upper-middle-class family and the older boy was a butcher's son.

The butcher's boy had a flat white face and blond curly hair and he was almost twenty. He said that the New France would depend much on its women, as its liberation owed much to its women, and they would be different from the women of prewar France who had been raised only for marriage.

All three believed that, and they all believed that in the new France, if they worked for it, there would be no more privilege of distinction between classes and the garage mechanic would be as good as the biologist. And yet, young as they were, eager as they were, at least two of them understood that this girl was perhaps fitted to become a biologist, certainly fitted to become a wife, in no way fitted to be a mechanic.

M., the younger boy, understood it best; the butcher's boy not at all. M. had a long, intellectual face and a long nose and deep brown pained and comprehending eyes. His hands were long and delicate beneath their roughness. In the time his work had given him he had written down a sonata. If he got to Paris, he said, he would play it for us.

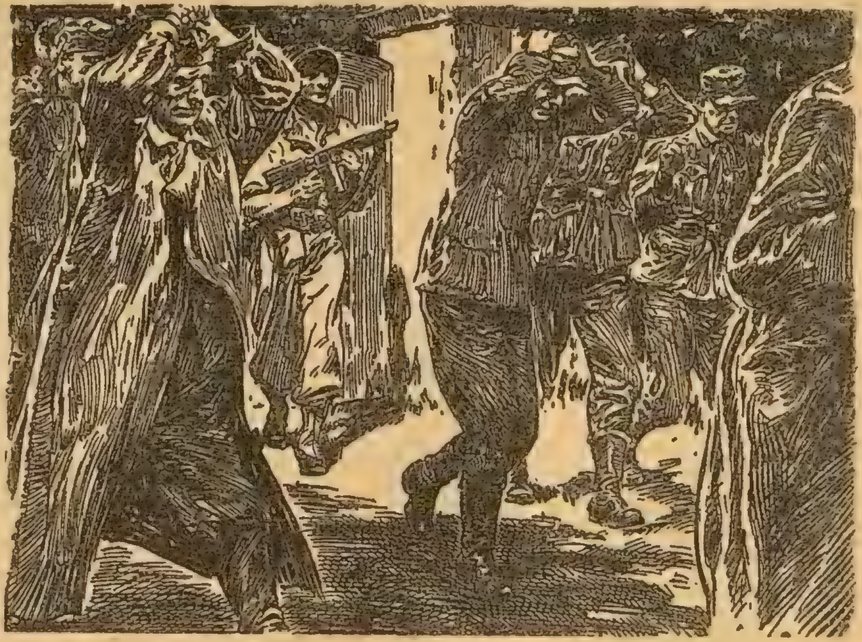
The next morning J. and M. had breakfast with us. The butcher's boy had left early, on a mission. Capa had given J. a lipstick the night before, but I noticed that she did not want it, or any make-up. They wrote down the name of our hotel in Paris and shook hands.

As we drove away we saw them standing in the courtyard waving, two children of France whose conflict was still unresolved.

MONT SAINT MICHEL TO CHARTRES

We had left Mont Saint Michel Tuesday morning, turning around for a last look at that lovely, lonely, peaceful spot before plunging into the dust of the convoys. At half past two Wednesday afternoon we saw the two spires of Chartres Cathedral across the plain. Our patrols had just entered the town, and at the bridge on the outskirts they told us that snipers were still shooting from the cathedral. We drove toward the cathedral.

As we reached the prefecture we were stopped by the crowd and we saw five German prisoners marching down from the cathedral, guarded by French riflemen. The crowd was booing and crying, *"Salaud! Salaud!"* and one woman grabbed a prisoner's cap and pulled it over his eyes. Another woman in the crowd said, "That is wrong. They are prisoners of war." We followed the prisoners into the courtyard of the prefecture and watched them line up against the wall. All were certain they were about to be shot, and one, shifty-eyed, tried to hide the swastika on the shirt beneath his tunic.



An old French soldier with a goatee and a bullet hole in his cheek made sure that no violence was done the prisoners, and we left there and walked up the hill to the cathedral. We went inside. I remembered the last time I had been here and the beauty of the bishop's robes and of the voice of a woman singing. Now the thick paper that had replaced the stained glass flapped loose in the windows and a single small woman in black sat halfway up the aisle.

FOUR shots rang out and echoed through the cathedral. Three men burst through a door and ran toward the sound with us. An American soldier had just shot the lock off a door and was about to climb one of the towers. A bottle of wine was sticking out of his pocket. The Frenchmen tried to explain that two other Frenchmen were in one of the towers raising the French flag, but the soldier did not understand. We went with him to try to keep him from shooting any Frenchmen. As we started to climb, I heard a voice behind me saying, "Whatever happens, I lock this door at six o'clock."

The soldier kept stopping on the narrow circular stairs, so we reached the tower before him. We pointed out the Frenchman with the flag on the other tower, and followed the soldier down. As we left the cathedral he stopped to genuflect and cross himself.

Back at the prefecture the crowd had grown so thick that we could hardly get through it. The patriots were bringing in women collaborators, old ones who had helped the Germans or operated black markets, and younger blowsy ones who had sold themselves to the Germans. They were lined against a wall, some with their hair already clipped close to the skull, and in the center of the courtyard was a pile of gray and blondined hair. In a corner of the courtyard a woman and a boy were selling red wine by the glass.

Capa had to photograph this spectacle, but I did not have to watch it, and so I walked out into the street. All the French were shaking hands with any American in uniform, and one young girl kept saying to me in English, "This is the happiest day of my life." She too had worked for the underground.

A fresh wave of boos rose from the crowd, and three more women came past us, their faces expressionless as their guards hustled them along and women in the crowd hissed and booed. The happiness went out of the underground girl's face and she said, "It is cruel and unnecessary. They are soldiers' women. I have worked for liberation and it does not demand such a thing as this."

It was 4.35. A different sound went through the crowd and we looked up and saw the Tricolor waving from the old tower of the cathedral. Beside it waved the Stars and Stripes. The crowd began to sing the Marseillaise. The shaven ones sang with the rest. I looked at the girl from the underground and she was happy again.

PARIS, AUGUST 25

I have seen the faces of young people in love and the faces of old people at peace with their God. I have never seen in any face such joy as radiated from the faces of the people of Paris this morning. Bob Capa and I drove into Paris with eyes that would not stay dry, and we were no more ashamed of it than were the people who wept as they embraced us.

We had spent the night at General Leclerc's command post, six miles from Paris on the Orléans-Paris road. Here the last German resistance outside Paris was being slowly reduced, while inside the city the Germans and the FFI fought a bitter battle that had already lasted six days. Late in the afternoon a French Cub plane flew in fifty yards above the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on the Ile Saint Louis, where the FFI had its headquarters, and dropped a message which said simply, "Tomorrow We Come."

It had rained all day while the French tanks maneuvered in the mud and fought their way through the strong points and Tiger tanks which still kept them out of the capital. Late in the afternoon the clouds blew away and the sun shone through a sky that was pale blue and beautiful. The tall lovely blending trees that lined the roads and fields stood dark against the sunset. Then the sun went down and a large quarter-moon hung low above the plain.

We stood in the twilight and discussed the news of the battle inside the city. It had started on the 19th and, in spite of a reported armistice which has never been verified, much less kept, had never slackened in fury. By Thursday night the resistance forces held not only the islands of Saint Louis and La Cité, but the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the *mairies* of all prefectures, and the suburbs of Boulogne, Issy, and Chatillon. The Germans held a large circular area bounded by the Eiffel Tower, the Invalides, the Gare d'Orsay, Concorde, Madeleine, and the Grand Palais. Besides, they had strong points at the Gare d'Austerlitz, the Gare du Nord, and the Porte d'Orléans. What was holding up the column of General Leclerc was a road block outside Sceaux.

As darkness fell we spread our bedrolls beside the road to Paris and lay there under the starry sky and the low moon. From beneath the Big Dipper came occasional flashes of light and then the sound of artillery in the distance. The French tanks were dark blurry shapes beneath the trees.

AT six o'clock in the morning the tanks began to move, and by 7.30 they had all gone up the road. We followed as far as Antony, where a squad of Spanish Republicans, now of the French Second Armored Division, stopped us. There was still enemy resistance ahead. Presently the tanks cleaned it up, and General Leclerc, who stood in the road with one hand in his pocket and the other gripping a cane, decided to go into Paris. It was nine o'clock.

We maneuvered our jeep just behind the general's armored car and drove fast toward the Porte d'Orléans. The people, who up to now had made small groups beside the road, suddenly became a dense crowd packed from the buildings to the middle of the street, where they separated to make a narrow line for the general's car to pass through. No longer did they simply throw flowers and kisses. They waved arms and flags and flowers; they climbed aboard the cars and jeeps, embracing the French and us alike; they uttered a great mass cry of delight that swelled and died down and swelled to a greater height. They cried, *"Vive de Gaulle!"* and *"Vive Leclerc!"* But one word, repeated over and over, rose above all the others. It was *"Merci, merci, merci!"*

It was 9.40 when we passed through the Porte d'Orléans. This was Paris proper and, if such a thing were possible, the crowd grew thicker in the street. When the general's car stopped, they climbed up on it with their flowers and flags—Tricolors, Stars and Stripes, Union Jacks, red flags with the Hammer and Sickle. Leclerc stood stiffly, clutching his cane, never smiling, while the men in the armored car and in the jeeps behind took the crowd's embraces.

Down the Avenue d'Orléans into the Boulevard Raspail we drove, stopping every few minutes. A little girl had given us a Tricolor, which we put on the windshield of the jeep, but, seeing our uniforms and hearing our accents, the people said, "You are the Americans?" "You have come at last!" "For four years we have waited." "Now we are happy." At the Carrefour Raspail-Montparnasse, where throughout the careless '20s Americans packed the cafés, the Dôme, the Coupole, and the Select were locked, and so were the other restaurants that line the Boulevard Montparnasse. The people said there had been little food in Paris, and in the last weeks almost none. "Are you bringing food to us?" they asked. We said the French had 300 trucks with food.

At the Gare Montparnasse, General Leclerc set up his headquarters and we drove on down the boulevard over a street block the Germans had abandoned and into the Boulevard des Invalides. It was 10.20. Close to the golden dome of the Invalides we stopped. There was fighting in the streets ahead. A tank stopped before a house and for ten minutes pumped bullets into it. We left the jeep and walked down the Boulevard des Invalides to the corner of the Rue de Grenelle.

To the left, the Ecole Militaire, there were a few German snipers, and down toward the Quai d'Orsay many Germans were giving battle.

THEY were in the Chamber of Deputies, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and the Gare d'Orsay. The first two of these buildings were already on fire and the smoke thickened as the French tanks fired more shells into them. The tearing rattle of machine guns and the crackle of snipers' bullets sounded small against the echoing blast of the tanks' guns. French marines were trying to get into the Chamber of Deputies and some were being killed. I saw a bearded priest in a steel helmet hurrying down the street to give the last sacrament to one.

The streets were full of people—resistance groups armed with any old rifles, white-clad doctors and nurses carrying stretchers, and citizens old and young who came in spite of the danger, could not stay at home on this day. They gathered in crowds wherever something was happening.

One crowd gathered around a German officer kneeling in the street, praying for his life. A resistance group was determined to shoot him on the spot, but three marines of the French division got him free and took him prisoner. Remarked Capa, "What the Army is doing is saving the Germans from the FFI."

I went back to the jeep and set up my typewriter on the hood and began trying to write. Here on the Boulevard des Invalides near the Rue de Grenelle, opposite the Métro station, there was still much to see. Down the boulevard a tank was shooting into the top story of a building where a sniper was making himself a nuisance. From beyond, the battle for the Chamber of Deputies grew noisier. Up the Rue de Varennes to the right I could see a tank fighting a duel with a pillbox down a side street; stone and plaster spattered from the building in the pillbox's line of fire. When there was not something to watch there were people to talk to.

All the people who saw the jeep came up with that look of utter joy on their faces, all wanting to do something. One woman brought me a sandwich, another a bottle of champagne. The one who had brought the sandwich came back to ask if I wanted a bath. I did.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

Senator Elbert D. Thomas

IN **The Four Fears, Senator Elbert D. Thomas** of Utah marshals a bristling array of facts to dispel the popular obsessions that, in his belief, interfere with the progressive and friendly foreign policy that we need as the foundation for permanent peace. These are the fear of entangling alliances; of England and Russia; of idealism; and of revolution.

To illustrate his point that no nation can disclaim responsibility for the welfare of others, Senator Thomas tells this parable:

"In China a partnership leaves certain exclusive rights to each member. Four such partners once bought a large stock of cotton. After inspection showed that rats were gnawing away at the bales, they decided to buy a cat, a leg of which would be owned by each partner. One day the cat was sitting too close to an open fire, burnt one paw. The partners decided that the care of the injured leg was the responsibility of the partner who owned it. He applied a huge gauze bandage. The cat, however, again came too near the fire, and the dressing burst into flames. In panic, the cat ran towards the cotton, and set it afire. Three of the partners took their case to court for recovery of their investment, arguing that the burning bandage on the paw owned by the fourth partner had been entirely to blame for the property loss."

The judge found for the defendant—on the ground that "one leg had set fire to the property, but the other legs had carried the cat to the cotton."

Published by Ziff-Davis Publishing Co., Chicago. Price $2.

ONCE upon a time there were two prim ladies named Emily and Margaret. They lived together for a long time, in a prim house in a prim town. And then, children, one of these nice ladies neatly and efficiently murdered the other one, collected a comfortable inheritance, and settled down contentedly to the job of living happily ever after. This is the macabre bedtime story that **H. R. Hays** tells in **Lie Down in Darkness.**

Mr. Hays' novel will be regarded as immoral by those readers who demand a mathematical retribution for the villain. Others will see it as a portrait of a domestic Fascist, since the demure killer is last seen writing a poison-pen attack on a liberal. Actually, it's just a thriller—an unusually effective one.

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y. Price $2.50.

C. E. M. **Joad** has put his hopes and fears concerning the postwar world into a modern Pilgrim's Progress which he calls **The Adventures of the Young Soldier in Search of the Better World.**

After a series of adventures, the soldier meets a philosopher who offers three precepts—a global outlook; education for citizenship; and a revival of spiritual life. The soldier asks his mentor whether he follows these principles himself. The answer is: "You don't expect to see a signpost marching along the road down which it points."

Published by Arco Publishing Co., N. Y. Price $2.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Name a Supreme Court judge, recently under fire
11 What's a Chinese peon?
12 What carrier distinguished itself at Midway?
14 What's the grittiest food in the South?
15 What movie-star canine is really a gent?
16 Brown October describes what heady mixture?
17 What's the biggest wind instrument?
19 In England the Turkey and Mousetrap would probably be a what?
20 Who was called the Sissy Caesar?
22 Scotch name of which you can't say, "It ain't Hay!"
23 Whisky is best when it's what?
24 Bakers count thirteens to make whats?
26 Translate: Cause emotional trauma within emotionally unstable young females by organized musical cacophony
27 In short: Organized
28 What kind of Cob is found just north of New York City?
29 What would an Air Force super-squadron be?
31 What are upstairs baritones?
34 According to the gag man, a philosopher's a man who's thought his head to the what?
35 Name the Honorable Ancestor of the Nazi
36 In colonial days what were sexgregated in church?
38 A bum's Pullman is a what?
39 Translate from slang: Goes off one's rocker
41 What Russian poet wrote The Bride of the Czar?
42 Who was the classic Glamour Boy?
44 What would a D'Artagnan bazooka be?
46 Cecil de Mille still uses leather puttees and a megaphone to do what?
47 Lisbon harbors a nest of secret whats?
48 Java was the eastern star of what country?

VERTICAL

1 Bamboozled
2 Name Hollywood's Cesar
3 Would you call him a Street Arab?
4 What's boy in Spanish?
5 What has things that jingle dangle jingle?
6 Which of the Kaiser's soldiers corresponded to an elite guard?
7 What word do you usually associate with stallion?
8 In whose term of office was a permanent census bureau established? (abbr.)
9 What rank follows midshipman?
10 *In re ed* anagrams what checked word?
11 Who's known as the almond-eyed Hawkshaw?
13 Nurse
18 What's sold on the biggest of black markets?
21 What's the airy vitamin?
23 Who wrote The Bald Man and the Fly?
25 Unit of work
26 What word is never called in Eddie Cantor's house?
28 What's a park, an operator, or a Grand thing?
29 Who was F. D. R.'s first Secretary of the Treasury?
30 What maharajah sounds like the least outdoor man in India?
31 Wine cask
32 Complete: Lives of great men all—— us We can make our lives sublime, et cetera
33 Pralines are whats?
34 Nail
35 We're advised to make what slowly?
37 What do English wives dream of their husbands as?—
39 —besides this?
40 Iceland contributed the what to literature?
43 What kind of profits do tennis manufacturers like?
45 Name the world's mightiest instrument

P	U	R	S	L	A	N	E	■	S	H	O	W
U	T	A	H	■	M	O	N	■	P	E	R	I
L	E	N	A	■	P	R	E	■	O	R	A	N
I	■	■	D	R	E	A	M	W	O	R	L	D
T	H	E	■	O	R	■	Y	E	N	■	■	■
Z	O	M	B	I	E	S	■	T	E	S	T	S
E	R	I	E	■	S	O	L	■	R	A	R	E
R	A	L	L	Y	■	P	A	R	S	N	I	P
■	■	■	G	A	G	■	F	I	■	S	P	A
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M	E	N	D	■	O	U	T	■	B	O	A	T
P	E	K	E	■	P	R	E	S	S	U	R	E

Last week's answer

■	1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9	10	■
11						■	12					13
14						■	15					
16			■	17		18			■	19		
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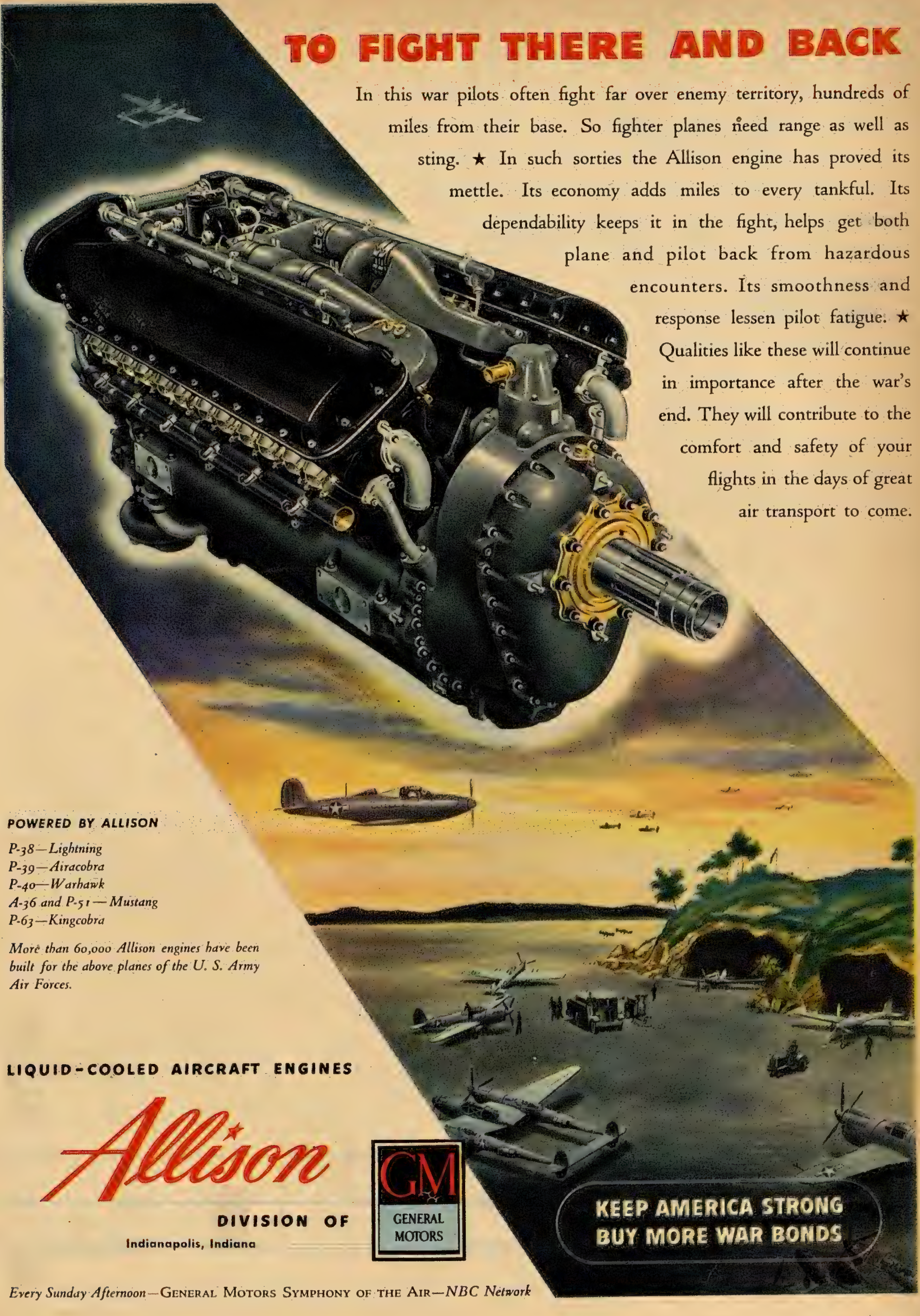
■	24			25			■	26				■
■	■	■	27			■	28			■	■	■
■	29	30			■	31				32	33	■
34				■	35			■	36			37
38			■	39				40	■	41		
42			43			■	44		45			
46						■	47					
■	48											■

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



TO FIGHT THERE AND BACK

In this war pilots often fight far over enemy territory, hundreds of miles from their base. So fighter planes need range as well as sting. ★ In such sorties the Allison engine has proved its mettle. Its economy adds miles to every tankful. Its dependability keeps it in the fight, helps get both plane and pilot back from hazardous encounters. Its smoothness and response lessen pilot fatigue. ★ Qualities like these will continue in importance after the war's end. They will contribute to the comfort and safety of your flights in the days of great air transport to come.

POWERED BY ALLISON

P-38—Lightning
P-39—Airacobra
P-40—Warhawk
A-36 and P-51—Mustang
P-63—Kingcobra

More than 60,000 Allison engines have been built for the above planes of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

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DIVISION OF

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Every Sunday Afternoon—General Motors Symphony of the Air—*NBC Network*

MYSTERY SHIP?

Not exactly—but she's a very different lady from most 10,000-ton steamers!

CONCEALED IN HER HULL are huge refrigerated holds, constructed especially to bring bananas from tropical Middle America to United States ports in prime condition. She's one of the many modern refrigerated ships of the United Fruit Company's famous *Great White Fleet.*

TODAY SHE SAILS to battle fronts around the world. She and her sister ships of the *Great White Fleet* are speeding food, supplies and guns across all the oceans, wherever the War Shipping Administration directs. The goods of war are being delivered—and on time!

SS FRA BERLANGA, first of six fully refrigerated vessels now building for the United Fruit Company—destined—when Victory is won—to carry fruits from the orchards of the Pacific Coast to Great Britain and the Continent, and tropical foods from Middle America to the United States and Europe.

SERVING THE WORLD'S GREATEST AGRICULTURAL TREASURE HOUSE

Long famous chiefly for nutritious tropical foods, Middle America is now coming into its own as an immediate or potential source of many essential products—rubber, quinine, hemp, vegetable fats, tannin for leather, spices, natural dyes—to name just a few.

When the ships of the *Great White Fleet* return from war to Caribbean waters they will find many "new" products, as well as the old familiar ones, to carry to northern markets, in exchange for an ever-increasing flow of machinery, manufactured articles, medical and other supplies from the United States, which the citizens of Middle American countries are eager to buy.

Great White Fleet

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Back the attack . . . buy more War Bonds!

THE PHASE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND DRIPS

Continued from Page 27

his stomach—"pop, I don't think I better caddie any more today."

"No?" said George.

"Got a bad pain," Bill said tragically. "Might be appendicitis or something. I could wait for you in the locker room."

Bill glanced back toward the clubhouse. Chris Morrison and his wife were calling it a day, too. George scowled. He wanted to break that hundred.

"Well, O.K., Bill. I'll go in with you. The pain bad?"

"Naw," said Bill. "Just bad enough to call it quits. And I wouldn't think of your not playing the eighteen, pop."

George vacillated, and then Bill put a clubby hand on his shoulder. That did it. "All right. But if you catch up with the Morrisons, don't have any golf balls in your mouth!"

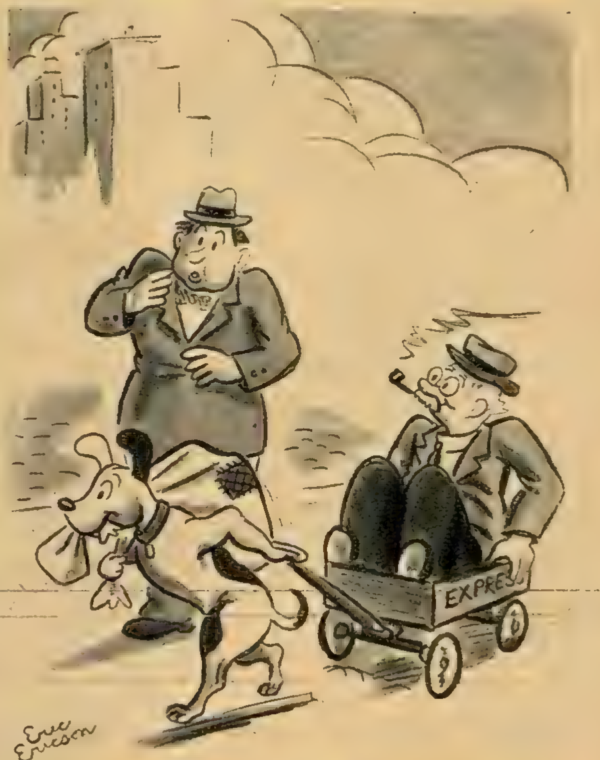
Bill looked at him as though he were a bit odd, and departed.

THAT evening Lillian asked for a report. Bill was in his room doing his homework.

"He's not gambling?"

George smiled. "I don't think so, Lil."

Lillian was writing checks at the desk.



"At first we couldn't even get him to carry a newspaper!"

"Well," she said impatiently, "what happened?"

"What happened?" he repeated inanely.

She turned around with a look. "Just that. What happened?"

"Oh," said George flicking ash off the sleeve of his smoking jacket with punctilio. "Why, we had a good down-to-earth talk, Lil. The boy's just going through a phase."

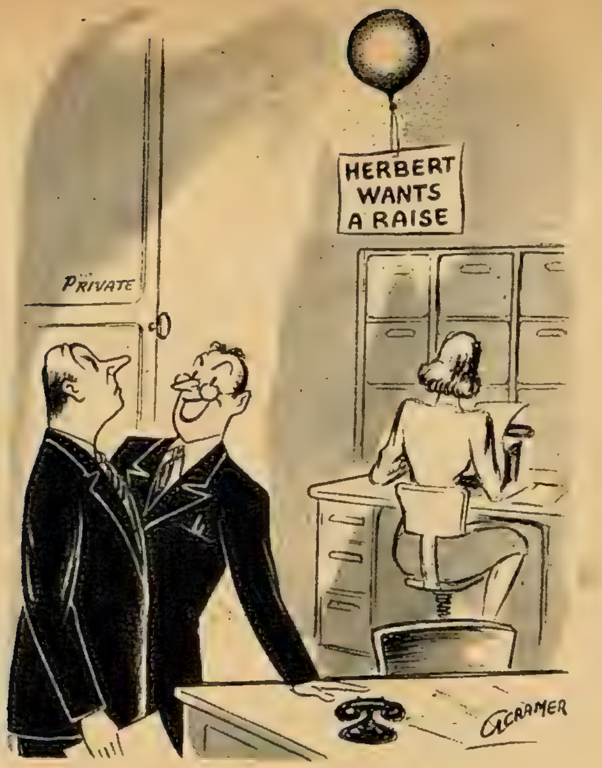
"George Lorton, what did *you* say? What did *he* say?"

"Good Lord, darling, I didn't take notes. Bill assured me he wasn't gambling. I—I prepped him on his manners and the language he's been using, and explained that money didn't grow on trees. . . . You know, Lil, that's a mighty fine boy we've got there. Know what he said?"

"I'd certainly like to."

"He said," George grinned, "that there was nothing wrong with him that time wouldn't cure! Can you beat that?"

Lillian's face softened into her maternal



"I'm sending up a trial balloon."

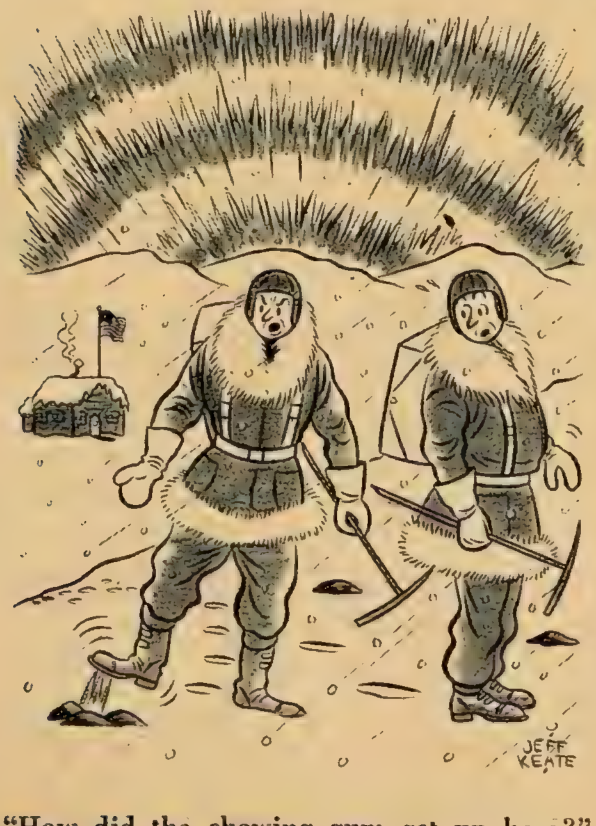
look. "That was *darling*," she said, and then looked at George with speculative interrogation. "Did you give him money?"

"I just paid him for caddying," George said indignantly. "I just paid him for carrying the clubs, that's all."

THE time bomb that exploded in the Lorton family had a two-week delayed-action fuse. For that length of time things went well. Bill's language improved—*well*, a little; and he seemed to be buckling down at school, because he got home dead tired in the late afternoon and got right at his homework.

But what pleased George most was the fact that not once did Bill ask for money. True, he wanted to know if George were going to play golf over the week-end; and when George explained that he didn't plan to, and offered him a buck on account Bill miraculously looked the gift horse in the mouth with a proud stare of denial.

The reckoning might have been further deferred if George hadn't finally decided that he needed a day off and lined up a Saturday game with Hank Phillips. The bomb exploded when he went to the hall closet for his clubs. They weren't there.



"How did the chewing gum get up here?"

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WEAR AND WASTE DEFEATED

It's a landslide for longer engine life and better engine performance! Millions of motorists have put an end to needless cylinder wear and wasteful oil-pumping—by installing Hastings Steel-Vent piston rings.

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HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
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HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS

TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

"Look behind the vacuum cleaner, dear." Lillian called from the kitchen. "That's where you always find them." They should have been, maybe, but they weren't. And half an hour's frantic search of attic and cellar failed to turn them up.

George played with rented sticks and couldn't hit a thing. But it wasn't so much the strange clubs as the recollection that Bill had not asked for money lately. Was there any connection with that and the missing golf clubs? Perhaps Bill *had* been gambling, and had sold the clubs in a desperate effort to pay off.

But if that's the case, George reflected, why didn't he come to me? But perhaps he had been afraid to—the heart-to-heart talk might have come at just the wrong time, making Bill ashamed to own up. George told Lillian that he had found his sticks at the club. No use upsetting her. When she was washing the dishes that night, he knocked on Bill's door and went in.

Bill was on his stomach on the floor, wrestling with an isosceles triangle. He looked up with a grin. "Hi, pop."

George sat on the edge of the bed and cleared his throat. "Poor light you've got there, son. You'll ruin your eyes."

"Yuck-yuck-yuck. If Lincoln did it, so can I."

George cleared his throat again. Absurd to feel this way—as though someone had kicked him in the stomach.

"Bill—"

"Yea, man."

"Bill, I played golf today."

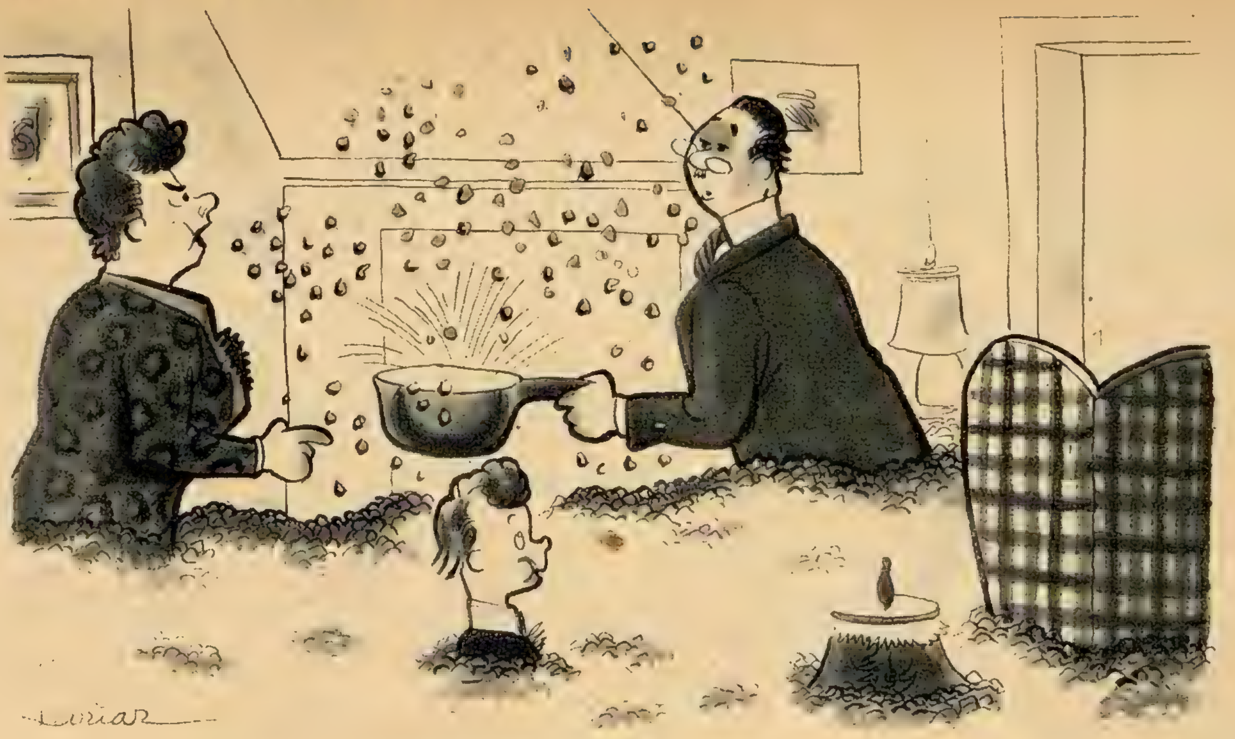
Bill jerked erect and looked at his father with veiled eyes and a tight grin.

"Break a hundred?" he asked carefully.

"Rented some clubs, Bill. Couldn't find mine anywhere. Damn funny."

Bill evaded his eyes. "Why ask me, pop? Heck, I haven't been using 'em."

THE HOME FRONT



"I told you not to fill the pan."

The fight went out of George and he got up to go. "Just thought you might know something about it," he said heavily, and trotted from the room. He knew Bill too well. Bill had sold the clubs. *If only Bill had owned up.* But he hadn't; he had just sat there with that guarded look, the guilt staining his face a dull red.

As it turned out, George had to tell Lillian about it the next night, after all. She called him at the office right after lunch, and she sounded hysterical. He spoke sharply so that she would get a grip on herself.

He heard her gulp. "I said," she repeated slowly like a runner out of breath, "that Bill hasn't been to school for two weeks. The principal called up fifteen minutes ago. Bill's been playing hooky. G-g-george?"

He managed to say, "Yes," in a natural voice, but his knees felt funny.

"You'd b-b-better come home right away."

He hung up and went. He was really frightened now. Bill *was* in trouble—could be bad trouble. Maybe Bill had been hooked by a bunch of professional gamblers.

Lillian met him at the door, and threw herself into his arms. "I've b-b-been s-so worried," she sobbed. "I knew something was wrong. I—I think he's in trouble, George."

George said, "I'm afraid that he is," and told her about the golf clubs. Lillian became calmer. It was surprising how a woman faced up when the going was really bad.

"All we can do," she said, "is wait until Bill comes in for dinner. And, dear—"

"Oh, I won't fly off the handle," George promised.

Bill banged in at six o'clock, pausing at the hall closet. He seemed in good spirits. He scaled his hat across the room, said "Yuck-yuck-yuck" happily, then looked at them with sudden comprehension.

"What's the matter, you-all? Looks like a wake in here."

Lillian looked at George and passed the buck by picking up her sewing. George got slowly to his feet.

"Bill," he began, "you're in trouble. We know all about—everything. We're your parents, Bill. We want to help you."

"Trouble?" Bill said. Then he frowned. "What you mean, you know everything?"

"Everything, Bill," Lillian cut in. "Mr. Studebaker called from school."

Bill shrugged and the guarded look came again. "Nosy, ain't he?" was all he said.

"Isn't he," corrected Lillian, and George marveled at the power of habit at a time like this.

"Bill, did you sell my clubs?" There, it was out. It was tough, having to almost accuse your son of a thing like that.

Bill crossed to the chair by the fireplace and sat down. "Sure I sold 'em."

George was momentarily taken aback. "What did you do with the money, son?" he said.

(Continued on page 60)

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THE SHIRT FRONT by WINGS

Skytop*
washable • sanforized
A DAN RIVER FABRIC

"Why, Henry dear — that WINGS shirt has made a new man of you!"

WINGS SPORTSWEAR

FOR PERFECT FIT . . . at smart men's shops everywhere

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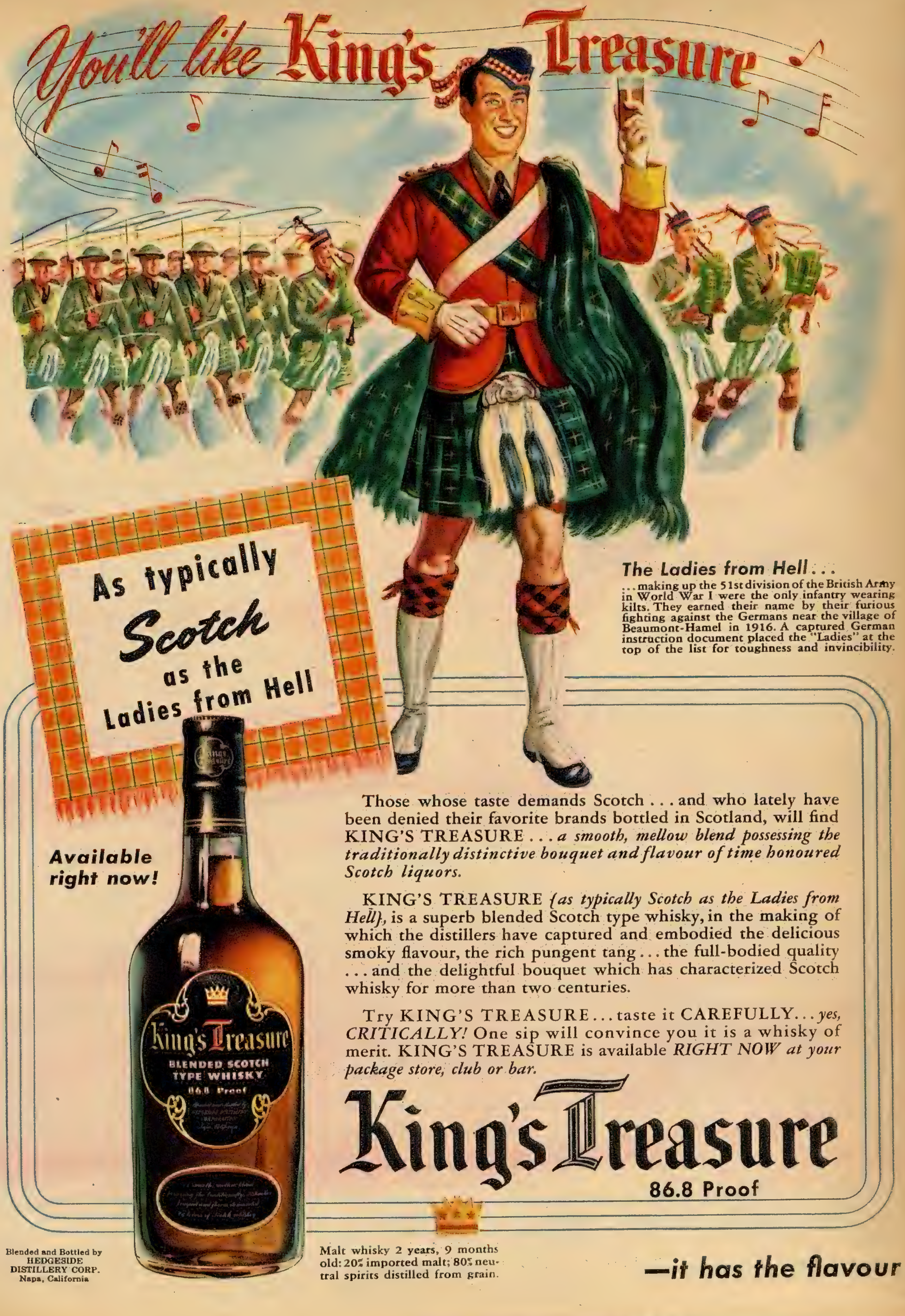
*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



You'll like King's Treasure

As typically Scotch as the Ladies from Hell

The Ladies from Hell . . .

. . . making up the 51st division of the British Army in World War I were the only infantry wearing kilts. They earned their name by their furious fighting against the Germans near the village of Beaumont-Hamel in 1916. A captured German instruction document placed the "Ladies" at the top of the list for toughness and invincibility.

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Try KING'S TREASURE . . . taste it CAREFULLY . . . *yes, CRITICALLY!* One sip will convince you it is a whisky of merit. KING'S TREASURE is available *RIGHT NOW at your package store, club or bar.*

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86.8 Proof

Blended and Bottled by
HEDGESIDE
DISTILLERY CORP.
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Malt whisky 2 years, 9 months old: 20% imported malt; 80% neutral spirits distilled from grain.

—it has the flavour

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

*F-N
the famous
Fingernail
Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

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CONTAINS REFINED
LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
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for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
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3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long, long way. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify the hair. Try it before a shampoo . . . also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

(Continued from page 58)

"Spent it!" Bill replied readily. He frowned, "You're spoiling everything. Makes me sick. Shriek-shriek."

Lillian's voice shook. "Makes *you* sick? Bill, how do you think we feel—cutting school for two weeks, and—"

"I faked an excuse," Bill told them. "It would have been all right. I was going back tomorrow. That Studebaker jerk got nothing to do but mind other people's business!"

George had had enough. "Bill, it's obvious that you're in trouble. Let's get down to cases. How much do you owe?"

Suddenly Bill laughed hollowly. The laugh rose to a raucous cackle. "I—I get it," he stuttered, when he could get his breath. "Comes the gambling routine again. Lordy me!" And the cackle rose to a crescendo.

George sat down. "Bill, what's this all about?" He was frightened. Bill seemed to be laboring under some terrific nervous strain. Perhaps the boy wasn't well.

Bill stood up. "O.K., I shouldn't have cut school, pop. But I'm going in the ski troops next year anyway, and Latin won't do you much good there." He paused, looking proud and defiant.

"But, Bill—"

"Know what I've been doing?" he demanded. "Working. For Mr. Morrison."

"For Chris Morrison?" George said weakly.

"Sure. That day, caddying for you, I followed him and asked him for the job."

"What job?"

"Tending the refreshment stand. It was gig! Twenty-five bucks per week."

GEORGE was feeling his way carefully now. "What did you need the money for, Bill? And did you have to—to sell my clubs, too?"

Bill sighed and looked at them with compassion. "Pop, if you're still cowboying that gambling business, you're wrong."

"All right, I've got a one-track mind," George snapped. "If it wasn't for gambling debts, what *did* you want the money for?"

"I wash my hands of the whole business," Bill said, "makes me sick," he added repetitiously and started from the room.

"Bill!"

He was back in a moment. And George saw unbelievingly that he was dragging a golf bag behind him. *Then Bill hadn't sold his clubs!* But he'd already admitted it, so—

Bill's grin was back. "Here," he said, dumping the bag at George's feet, and George saw they were new. "Matched irons—" said Bill. "Bobby Jones. Leather pants on the woods, umbrella in the bag, everything but fog lights. . . . Happy birthday!"

"George," Lillian said in a choked voice. "Tomorrow *is* your birthday!"

"Gee, mom, you're a brain," Bill teased.

George was grinning. He knew the grin looked foolish, but he couldn't do anything about it. He gulped and looked at Bill.

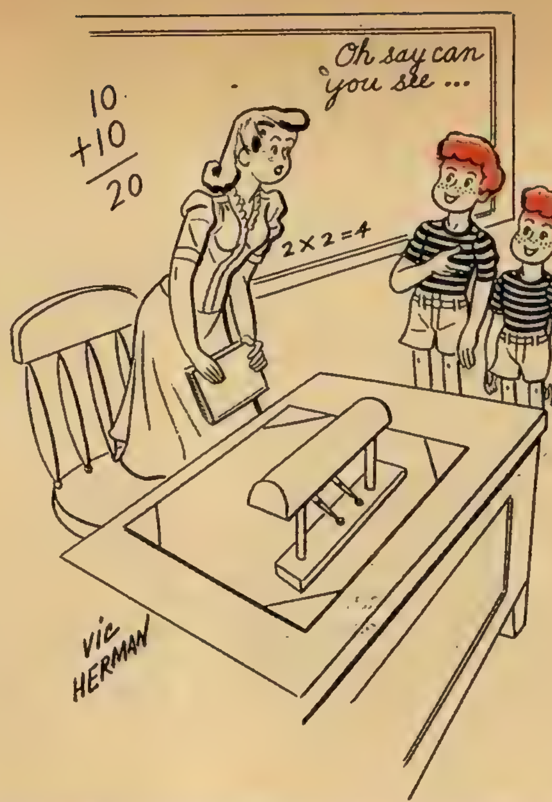
The phone rang and Lillian answered it. Bill draped a careless arm on George's shoulder. "I was going to get you a wrist watch," he said, "but when I saw how beat up the golf clubs were and all, well—"

"Gosh, thanks a lot, Bill," George said inanely. His face felt as though it would crack open. "Say, thanks a lot—you shouldn't have done it."

Lillian appeared from the front hall. "It's Mr. Studebaker, dear," she said. "He seems upset. You'd better talk to him."

George squared his shoulders. "I'll talk to him," he said. He was still grinning as he picked up the receiver. "What's he getting excited about anyway!" he said. "Anybody's liable to cut school once."

THE END



"I guess you're wondering who this kid is."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

On Guadalcanal the natives insisted on learning some of the American language. So some of the marines obligingly taught them three words.

That is why a visitor on Guadalcanal today is apt to be received by beaming fuzzy-headed natives with this greeting: "Vote for Bryan."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

RICHardson
ROOT BEER
"it's so flavorful"
Fine with Food

THE SUCCESSFUL MARINE

Continued from Page 31

that's a horse they've got for me, I'll never feed horse meat to my dogs again! To think they couldn't get me a travel priority for Thunderbolt. Lord, what a country this is!"

"You mean Texas?" Elmer asked, and raised on one elbow. But Mr. Mason had gone. Aunt Alamo said, "Law sakes, Mistuh Elmuh, jes look at Coyote Bend! All decorated. Flags out befo' breakfus!"

"I wired pa," Elmer said. "I got to go back to my car and get my gear. Say!" He sat up quickly.

"Say, yourself," repeated Aunt Alamo. "You know what Miss Linda tol' Mistuh Mason? She seen that li'l' tag on your wrist, and she say she didn't know you was a marine. She say he ack lak a brute, and—"

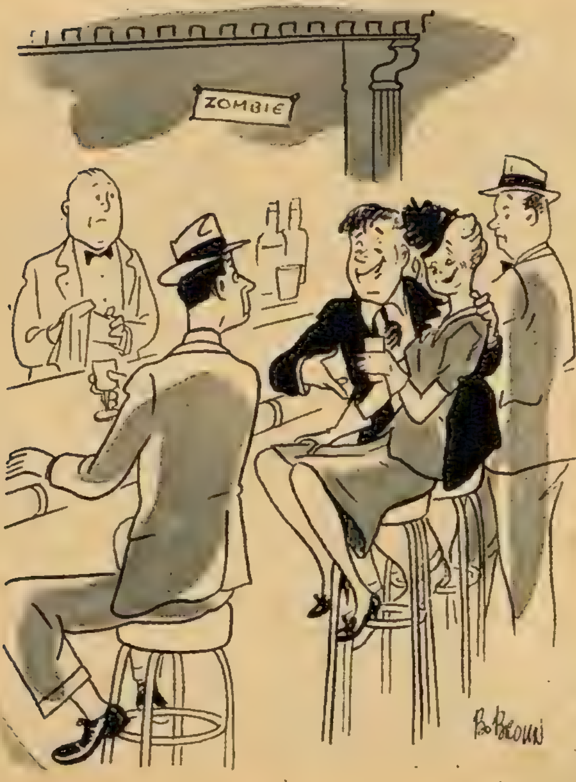
But Elmer had no time to consider that woman is ever a changeful thing.

HE sprang to his feet and loped back to Aghmoogenegamook. As he pulled on his uniform, he tried to peer out the window. A blue norther was fogging down from the Panhandle, its swirling dust hiding all but one block of Coyote Bend's main street. Banners danced in the wind. He saw a big-hatted crowd on the gallery of the Stockman's Hotel, waiting to welcome Linda Sue. Nearer at hand, the town band and a score of saddle horses stood in the lee of the leprous-looking depot.

Linda Sue was already astride a little buckskin, and old Cal Bagley—the richest man in the county—was holding the reins and beaming broadly. Mr. Goldbaum and a cow pony eyed each other with mutual distrust. Buck Mason walked up. He was saying something as he swung into the saddle, and Elmer saw Linda Sue toss her head angrily. Then he looked down toward the other end of the platform and saw his own welcoming committee.

Nick Day leaned patiently against a brush-worn old wagon there. He was a gaunt man, whiskered and stooped, in brown ducking jumper and faded blue jeans. Neither he nor the two flop-eared gray mules hitched to the wagon had changed.

It was the difference between success and failure: the difference between Cal



"This is my wife—she understands me!"

"Webster's so proud of his Allen-A's that he always wants to ride up front."

Allen A

UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY and SPORTSWEAR

Astute character, this Webster.
He must know that practically no underwear in the world can make anybody look better or feel more comfortable than knit-the-way-you're-built Allen-A's.
Allen-A's cling without binding, don't creep up when you walk, move or sit.
They're *made* to keep you comfortable!
At a better store in your town.

Join the War...

Against Waste

Fresh Peppermint
COOLIES

Delicious candy coating. Let them melt in your mouth for cooling, lingering candy refreshment.

5¢

We're supplying the Armed Forces. They come first. So if your dealer doesn't have these sweets today, look for them tomorrow.

ANOTHER QUALITY CONFECTION MADE BY Candy Crafters, Inc.
LANSDOWNE, PA.

GOOD BYE Smoke Smudge

IODENT

REMOVES IT SAFELY

Choice of two textures—Safety guaranteed—Made by a Dentist. Bears Good Housekeeping Seal. Gently cleans away even tobacco smudges. Restores natural enamel lustre. Delightful, refreshing flavor. Use Iodent and you'll smile with confidence.

WHICH IODENT DO YOU CHOOSE?

IODENT NO. 1
FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN
PASTE or POWDER
IODENT NO. 2
FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

MOM SURE KNOWS WHAT TO PUT IN A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE
"PLENTY OF EASIER SHAVES EVEN WITH COLD WATER OR A USED BLADE"
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
I CAN JUST SEE JIM GO FOR THIS LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. HE ALWAYS PREFERRED IT HERE AT HOME
YES, LIFEBUOY'S "STAY-MOIST" LATHER DOES GIVE BETTER SHAVES THAN OTHER DRIER LATHERS. GLAD WE'RE GETTING HIS PACKAGE OFF EARLY. I'D HATE TO HAVE HIM MISS IT
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM'S HEAVY, "STAY-MOIST" LATHER
120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE
Please send us 3 months of EASIER SHAVES
and mail our Christmas packages early

B A L A N C E

DON Q PUERTO RICAN RUM

A perfect balance of quality and flavor gives Don Q Rum its distinction. For full measure of enjoyment, make your drinks with Don Q.

DON Q RUM

86 PROOF

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Bagley, owner of a hundred sections of land, and old Nick Day, who tried to keep that land clear of varmints and pests. *The difference, too,* Elmer thought, *between Linda Sue and me.*

He wiped mist from his eyes. "Best damn prairie-dawg man in the State of Texas!" he growled. "Folks don't stop to think how much grass a prairie dawg can destroy. Folks don't know how hard it is to kill the little devils when they pop their heads up out of the hole!"

Then he raised the window. "Hey, pa!" he called. "Here I am!"

There were no dramatics. Old Nick shook Elmer's hand and said, above the band's wind-torn blare, "Folks'll be glad to have you back, son."

"I don't want to see any folks," Elmer said. "Wait till this parade gets up the street. I'd kinda like to go out in camps with you. Eat a mess of *frijole* beans and practice up a little shootin'. You got plenty twenty-two cartridges?"

"I ain't out in camps no more," said old Nick, but the band had become very loud, and Elmer didn't hear him. More six-guns popped and the band broke into a trot just as old Nick shook the reins over his mules. The band was leading the way up Main Street, ahead of the wagon. All at once Elmer realized what it was playing:

> We fight our country's battles
> On the land and on the sea. . . .

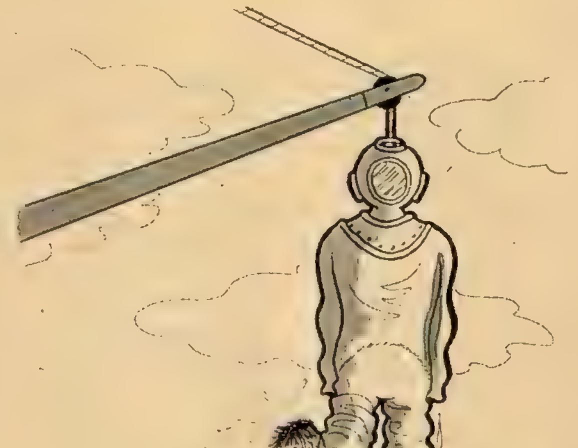
"Hey!" said Elmer, and choked. "That's the Marines' Hymn! That's *our* song!"

Old Nick nudged him and pointed. The wind-bellied banner stretching across the street from the Stockman's Hotel to a telephone pole said: WELCOME HOME! COYOTE BEND IS PROUD OF SGT. ELMER DAY!

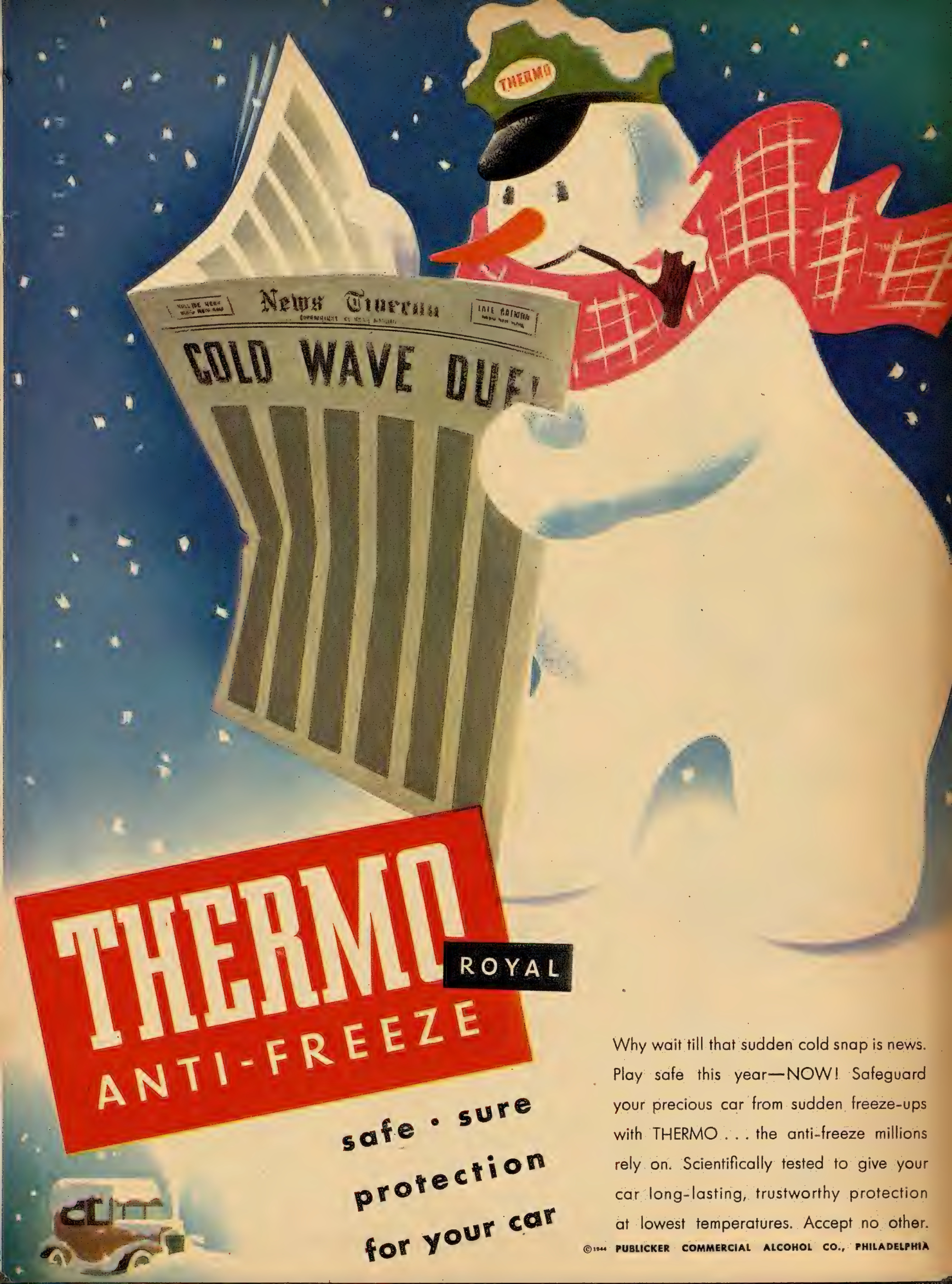
The norther-blown sand stung his face. He blinked, and saw other banners and somebody waving a flag from an upper window. He looked back. The movie people were following. Linda Sue and her father and Buck Mason were in the lead, flanked by the manager of the Bijou Theater. Linda Sue looked like a little girl who had just reached out to take a piece of party cake, only to have it pass her by.

Too many things were happening too fast. Elmer faced front again, and the Bijou's posters screamed: WELCOME, LINDA SUE AND OUR FIGHTING MARINE! PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF BOTH AT WORLD PREMIERE OF RODEO GIRL—PROCEEDS TO THE AMERICAN RED CROSS! The courthouse dead ahead and a

(Continued on page 64)



"How do I know how it happened? It's dark down there!"



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Why wait till that sudden cold snap is news. Play safe this year—NOW! Safeguard your precious car from sudden freeze-ups with THERMO . . . the anti-freeze millions rely on. Scientifically tested to give your car long-lasting, trustworthy protection at lowest temperatures. Accept no other.

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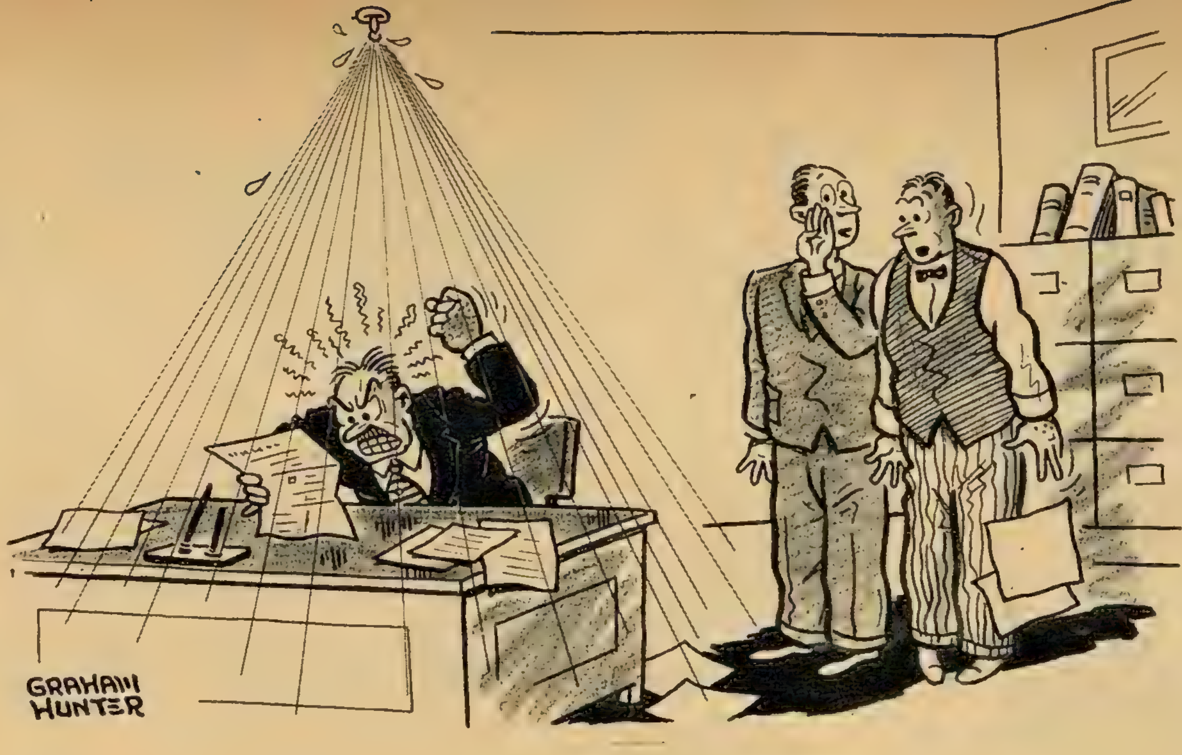
TIARA VERMOUTH

Drink it straight . . . a cocktail glass of TIARA, Sweet or Dry.

TIARA PRODUCTS CO., INC.
New York, N. Y.



"I had no idea our sprinkler system was so sensitive to contract cancellations."

(*Continued from page 62*)

crowd on its steps. Kids tagging along in the dusty street.

And we're proud to bear the title
Of United States Marines!

A shirt-sleeved bushy-haired man ran out from the office of the Weekly Howl, pacing the wagon, shouting up at Elmer. Bill Westerley, the editor. He was shoving a paper into Elmer's hand.

"Read all about it, son!" he yelled. "I got the full story. Got a long-distance call all the way from California from a Marine Corps public relations officer. Told me how you killed all them Japs. This here's an extry edition!"

Elmer clutched the paper, but the print swam before his eyes. First extra the Howl had ever published, and for him! He turned his face out of the wind again. Linda Sue was smiling now. She even threw him a kiss.

AFTER that he didn't remember much; it was all too confused, and he had stage fright of the most acute variety. The sheriff was on the courthouse steps, and Brother Ransom McGill stopped the band. The first thing Elmer knew, Brother Ransom was praying:

". . . and, O Lord, none of us knowed when Elmer was shootin' prairie dawgs out on Brother Bagley's ranch that You was trainin' his eye and hand for such mighty labors! But You done a good job. Elmer plugged twenty-two of them—"

"Twenty-three!" Bill Westerley corrected loudly.

"Excuse me, Lord. Elmer plugged twenty-three of them little yeller varmints, and we know he was doin' Your will. We're mighty much obliged to You for bringin' him home safe. If You could just fix it so it would come a good rain in this country, a regular gully-washer, fence-pole lifter, and cow-chip floater why, our cup would just runneth over. Until then, Lord, we ask Thy blessings. Amen!"

Half the town had breakfast at the hotel. Elmer sat with old Nick and Bill Westerley and Brother Ransom.

"Like I said, son," old Nick began with a trace of sadness, "I ain't in camps no more. The prairie dawgs are just all killed out on the Door Key. Practically all the coyotes gone, too."

Elmer gulped. "Then you ain't got a job, pa? I ought to have been sendin' you more money!"

"Don't need it, son. You see, I had a little saved up. I bought us a little ranch south of the Door Key. 'Tain't much. Ten sections."

"Mighty fine pasture, though, when it rains," said Brother Ransom. "It's this-a-way, Elmer. The Lord works mighty mysterious. He put your pa to killin' varmints, and fixed him up with a piece of land when there wasn't any more to kill. Well, you're killin' varmints, too. When they're all killed off, the Lord will take care of you."

"I got a little bunch of sheep," said old Nick. "Price o' wool—"

Down the big table, Linda Sue's voice rose angrily: "Well, maybe the wind *does* blow and maybe it *is* dusty! And sometimes it changes from hot to cold mighty quick. And so what, *Mister* Mason? If you don't like Texas, then why don't you go back to Hollywood?"

Buck Mason rose, his lips compressed, his good eye gleaming balefully.

"*I'm* sick of Hollywood!" Linda Sue went on. "I'm tired of dressing like a dude rodeo performer all the time! I want to go out on the ranch and stay there. But that doesn't stop you!"

"It won't," Buck said firmly. "Neither does my contract. I'm catching the next train."

Mr. Goldbaum moaned, and then abruptly changed expression as his gaze fell on Elmer. The trained eye could have seen the birth of a great publicity dream in that glance.

But Elmer was unaware of this. He sighed happily, and covered another split biscuit with cream gravy. Sometimes, he thought, you don't even have to shoot a varmint to get shed of him. It looked like everything was adding up to a wonderful thirty-day leave.

THE END

* * *

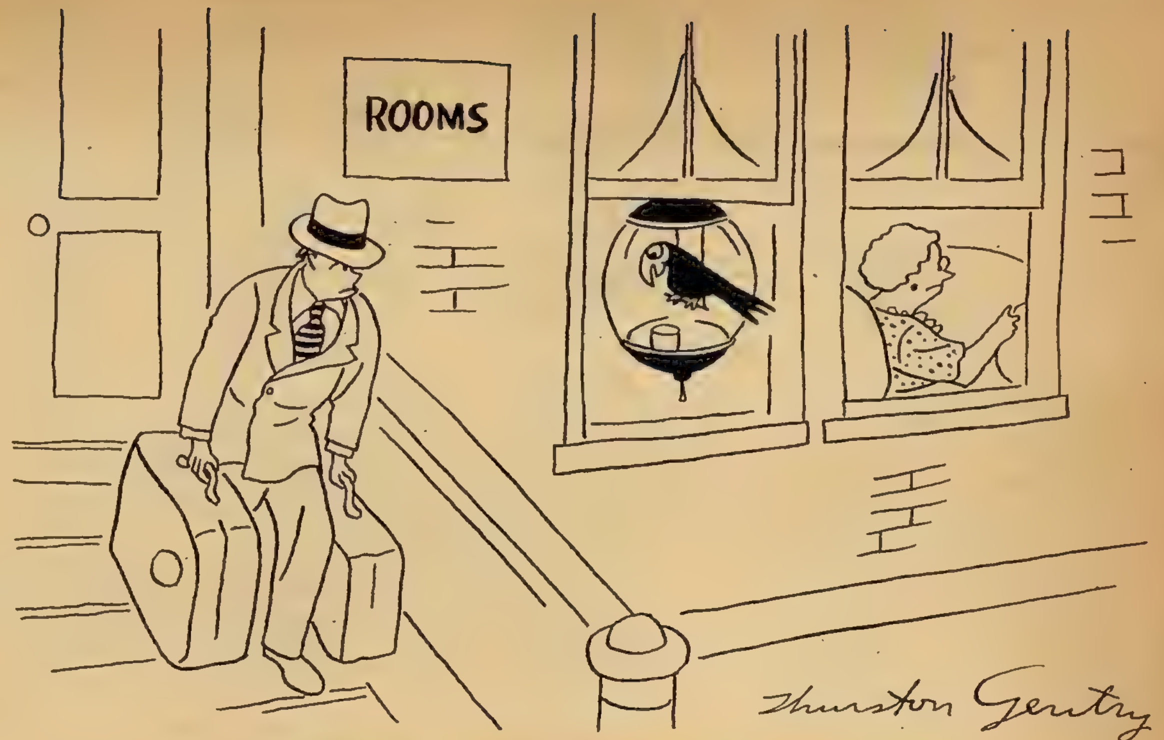
A group of three very charming young ladies were at a farm auction. At a distance, on their left, was an elderly gentleman with white hair who was quite impressed by the girls. Whenever he could catch their eyes he would smile, bow, and wave to them. He kept this up during the whole auction.

At the end of the sale the flirtatious septuagenarian found he had bought seven heifers.

* * *

WELCOME, STRANGER!

Continued from Page 29



"Ha-ha! Look who's skipping his rent!"

specialized instruction in a particular field, as either a Newcomer, a Bride, or a Baby hostess. The first week is given over to observing calls—trainees accompany experienced hostesses and absorb their technique. Later, back in the classroom, every visit is analyzed and discussed. The students make practice calls on the teacher and on each other and learn how to make out reports.

The second week is devoted to the technique of selling Welcome Wagon service to potential sponsors—the merchants. The students are taught how to organize their cities, make presentations, and refute the twenty-nine standard objections most frequently offered: "I have more business than I need now," "Our advertising budget is exhausted," and so on. But canned sales talks are taboo. Before "graduation," each woman must pass a written examination. Then, for at least three months afterward, trained sales directors analyze the new hostesses' daily reports and offer comments and constructive suggestions.

Once the hostesses take up their work, they are in business for themselves. They have to dig up their own names to visit, interest local merchants in purchasing the service, yet leave the bulk of their time free for calls. Each sponsor pays Welcome Wagon directly on a per-call basis, besides contributing a gift for the hostess' basket. In turn, Welcome Wagon shares with the hostess, as a per-call commission, a slice of its fee, with a bonus for each new client brought in.

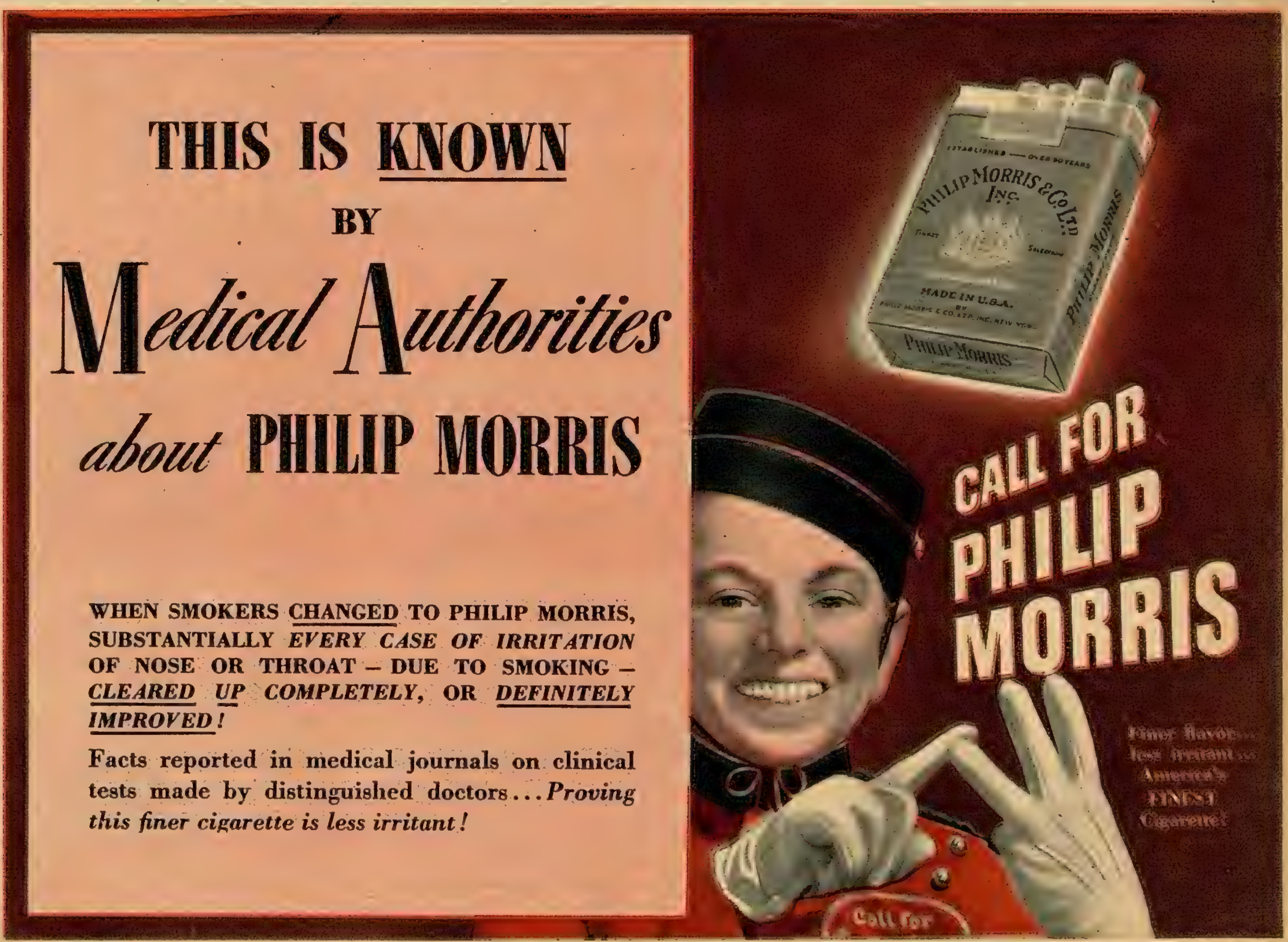
Hostesses' earnings range from $85 to $500 a month, depending on local conditions, the number of sponsors represented, and the number of calls made. In August one young lady, in her third month's work as a Baby hostess, cleared $300.

In their calls, hostesses concentrate on upper- or middle-income families, disregarding perpetual movers, people living in furnished apartments, and those not gainfully employed. The average visit lasts an hour and is supposed to take place within forty-eight hours after a newcomer's arrival. Six calls constitute a good day's work. Often it calls for great tact to break away, but a good hostess is able to get out as well as get in.

The variety evidenced in the hostesses' gift baskets is eye-opening. The average Newcomer Basket might consist of a bottle of milk, a loaf of bread, unrationed groceries, a newspaper, paper napkins, flowers, and numerous introduction cards which, when presented, entitle the newcomer to various gifts and services—such as movie seats or a free beauty treatment. Sometimes the undertaker provides a church directory or chairs for the first bridge party; the local veterinarian, dog biscuits or toys for your pet; and the hardware man, a can opener.

Bride Baskets might contain cook and

(*Continued on page 67*)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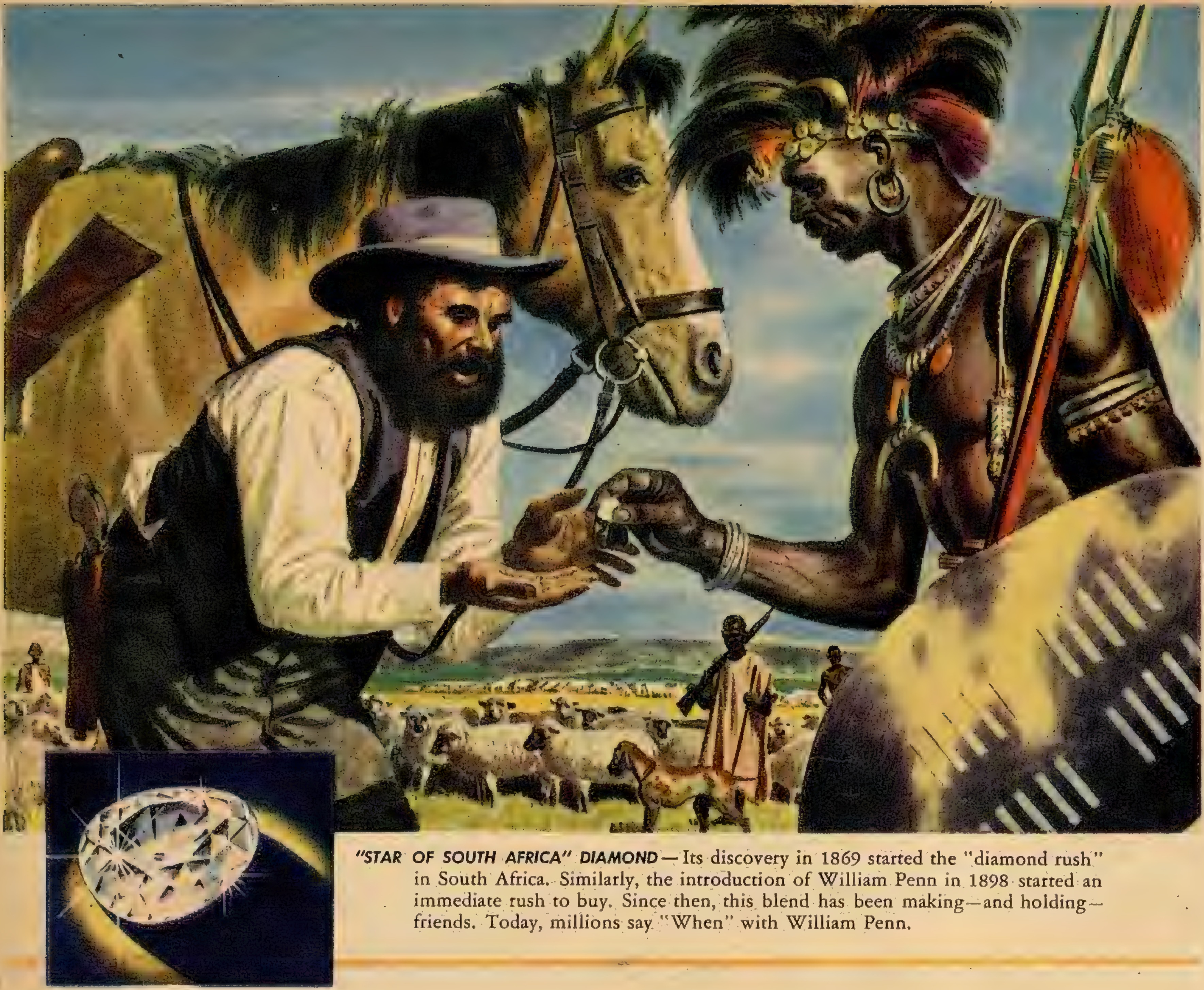


"STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA" DIAMOND—Its discovery in 1869 started the "diamond rush" in South Africa. Similarly, the introduction of William Penn in 1898 started an immediate rush to buy. Since then, this blend has been making—and holding—friends. Today, millions say "When" with William Penn.

He "counted sheep"—to buy this gem....

FIVE hundred sheep, ten oxen and a horse was the price paid to the South African native who had found the 83 carat "Star of South Africa" diamond. Yet the Boer trader who bought it made a rare bargain as it was later sold for $125,000. ☆ After one sip of William Penn Blended Whiskey, you too will feel that you have secured a real bargain.

Your first taste tells you that this blend —*which sells at a non-premium price*— has everything you look for in a more costly premium whiskey: wonderful mellowness, fine fragrance, unsurpassed richness of flavor. So we think you will agree that William Penn is well named "the gem of the blends."

William Penn
Originated in 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Ill.

William Penn

THE GEM OF THE BLENDS

Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 65% grain neutral spirits

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 65)

budget books, flowers, stationery, one blue garter (get the other when you call for it), and cards on jewelers, photographers, women's-wear shops, and beauty parlors.

But the Baby Baskets really take the bun. Often the basket itself is a bassinet—with the compliments of the furniture store. A dress shop sends a baby dress; an automobile dealer a $1.98 blanket; a jeweler a silver napkin ring; a coal merchant a room thermometer (Keep baby warm with my coal); the bank does itself proud with an inscribed white leather baby bank; a department store provides a rubberized sheet for the crib; the dairy a miniature vacuum bottle to keep milk hot or cold. This conglomeration is topped off by three toys, a corsage for mother, and a card on the men's shop for father. Briggs believes baby calls so important that Welcome Wagon has launched a separate organization called Baby Time.

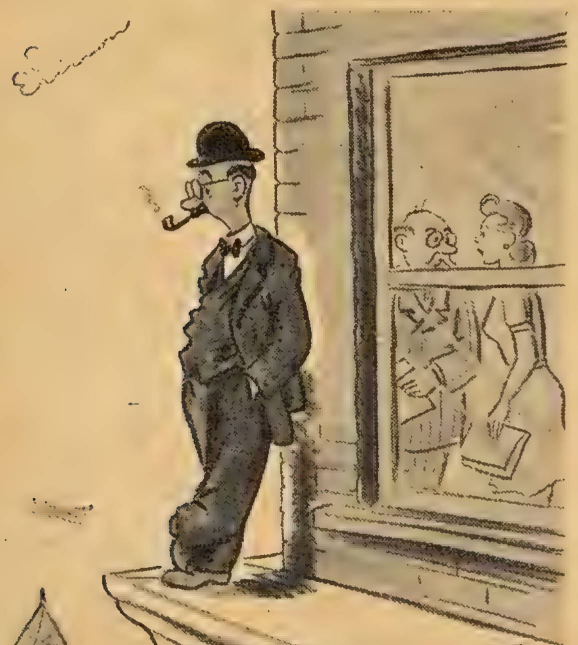
Welcome Wagon today has approximately 10,000 sponsors, in more than 100 different lines of business, ranging in size and importance from corner drugstores and garages to nationally known names. The average price per call approximates $1.25, but obviously a local florist or a cat-and-dog hospital pays substantially less than a laundry or dairy, which can secure weekly or daily patronage.

More than 25 per cent of Welcome Wagon calls result in new customers, but, as Briggs himself emphasizes, "We sell calls—not customers. After we go to the door for our sponsors, it is their responsibility to follow up."

Welcome Wagon responds to the human, homely neighborly touches—totally outside the bounds of good business. A few years ago, for instance, an entire government agency with 200 families was uprooted and transported to a North Carolina town just a few days before Christmas. The hostess went to the mayor, the Chamber of Commerce, and all the merchants, and persuaded them to give a community Christmas party for the youngsters and a New Year's party for the elders. Through her initiative, she transformed what might have been a cold and cheerless holiday into an occasion to be remembered.

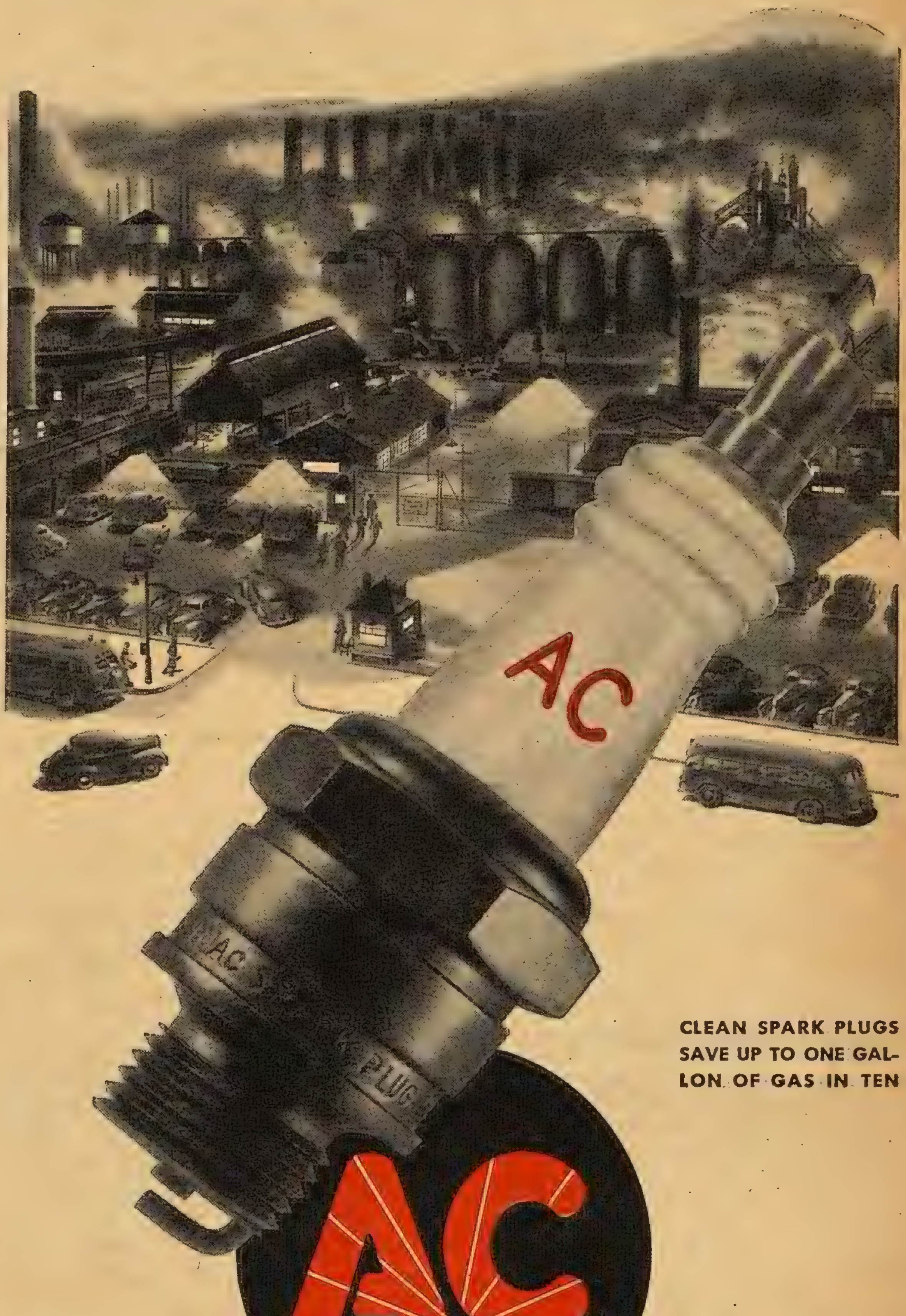
Incidents such as these make Welcome Wagon another American success story. Although cynics may scoff at service and the Golden Rule, Briggs has made them pay dividends.

THE END



"Your friend is waiting for you outside."

Night shift or day shift, the steelworker's car must be always ready. Thousands of those "front line" workers insure *utmost reliability* in spark plug performance by having their plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000 miles, and by replacing worn plugs with new AC's. That's a good rule for everybody, because *it saves gas, oil, and vital materials* for an earlier Victory.



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VERMOUTH by DUBONNET (sweet or dry) — Like Martinis or Manhattans? "Vermouth by Dubonnet" makes cocktails that are really something special.

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WATCH OUT FOR GERMAN WHITEWASH

Continued from Page 17

The top man in the game of international deceit, Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, was from Schleswig-Holstein, so close to the Danish border that once he flirted with the idea of claiming Danish nationality. Yet to many who know him Schacht seems the essence of Prussianism, whereby men ride roughshod over their opponents.

The men who put over the cartel deals and built up Germany's war machine acted like ruthless Prussians, but the majority of them were Rhinelanders, Westphalians, Saarlanders, Bavarians, and Saxons. Only a comparatively small number were Prussians.

By tradition the German Army was controlled by Prussians and Junkers, but under Hitler's rule the influence of the Prussians was gradually curtailed. Many a Prussian officer was assassinated or died conveniently. For years Hitler's own personal General Staff was headed by the Austrian-Bavarian General Alfred Jodl, whom the Prussians in his High Command disliked intensely. Now, in the twilight of the German Army, Austrian officers and aristocrats are the ones in key positions in Hitler's army, together with the officers of Heinrich Himmler's Schutzstaffel.

Why do Germans try to make Americans believe that merely the "de-Prussianizing" of Germany would help ensure peace at a time when the Prussians are pretty much eclipsed? Could it be that some of them figure that their warnings—coupled with the memory of Prussia's role in the past —will make us concentrate on supervising the Prussians and induce us to leave other centers of aggression free to carry on their Pan-German activities?

The truth is that the Prussian disease of the nineteenth century has spread to many parts of Germany and the centers of infection of German aggressiveness are scattered all over the map of the Reich.

The fear of Prussia's leadership has inspired the idea that a partitioned Germany in which Prussia has nothing to say will be weak and unable to start a war.

Theoretically, the plan seems sound, but it underestimates the German craving for unity. Actually, dismemberment of Germany would make it much easier for the Germans to create trouble among the United Nations than it was for them to increase friction between the Allies of 1918—and that was an easy job.

They know that almost every American, every Englishman has at least one pet German. Encourage the creation of three or four different German states, for the sake of a theoretically weaker Germany, and each one of these states would try to become the pet state of one of the United Nations. We would be helping the Germans camouflage their fundamental unity.

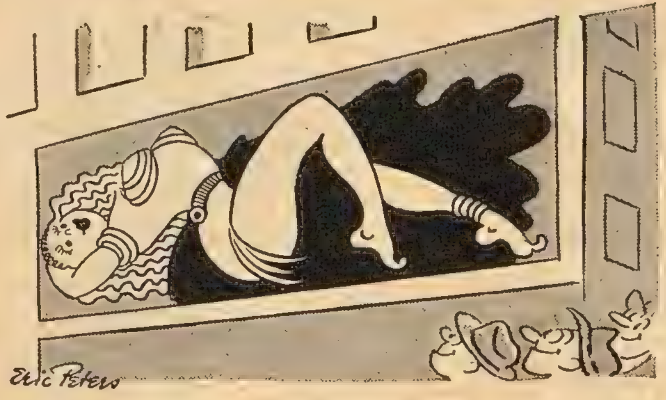
They would adopt sundry masks—liberal, authoritarian to lure us, royalist to please England, Communistic to court Moscow, religious to attract the Pope. Instead of having to watch one Germany, the world would be faced by three or four Germanys all playing the Pied Piper to someone else among the United Nations.

"BUT," say the friends of the Germans in our midst, "it is insane to assume Germans would plan a new war after the casualties and bombings they suffered this time." This thought is expressed over and over again in German-language newspapers in our country. Many German authors and newspapermen disseminate it among us, and kindly Americans echo it because it sounds logical.

But logic is utterly unimportant to the German in politics. He prefers myths to reality. To those of us who heard them in the crucial days of the revolution of 1918, the soldiers and women sounded convincing when they cried *"Nie wieder Krieg!"* (No more war) as they stamped through the streets and squares of Germany—dutifully keeping off the grass in the parks.

The anti-republicans in Germany quickly evolved the myth that their Army had not been licked in 1918; they said it had been stabbed in the back by the forces of democracy in Germany. The story was a lie, but it helped convince the Germans that just one more effort, one more war, would secure world mastery for Germany.

This time, "stab-in-the-back" myths are already at hand for the Germans to explain away their defeat. Those who like the Army better than the Nazis can take the Army's version that Hitler's intuition and the inefficiency of the Schutzstaffel generals he picked made Germany lose World War II. Those who prefer the Nazi school of thought can choose the Hitler claim that "a plot of German generals and Junkers despoiled the country of victory."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SIGN-OSURE: Pretty girl in outdoor advertising.

DEALICIOUS: A royal flush.

FLOPTIMIST: A guy who had a system to beat the geegees.

HOO-RAW: A nudist cheer.

SIEG FREED: No longer a German line.

THWRONG: Crowd of bad boys.

INSTRUCKTION: Learning to drive a Mack.

CHURGE: Kindly occupy your pew Sunday.

DEB8: Argument with four on a side.

HAYSTE: Hurry and get it in while the sun shines.

Sigrid Schultz

DURING the bitter years of the last war, Sigrid Schultz, author of Watch Out for German Whitewash, was cooped up in Germany as an enemy alien, dodging bullets and mobs and finally welcoming the Yankee doughboys. After the war ended, she became Berlin representative for the Chicago Tribune Syndicate, a job she held for twenty-two years. From 1938 to 1941 she was Berlin correspondent for the Mutual Broadcasting System. With our entry into the war, she returned home to the United States and wrote the highly successful book, Germany Will Try It Again. At present she is on a lecture tour but plans to go back to Germany soon.

In 1944 German soldiery will accept the idea of defeat even less readily than it did in 1918. As long as they had a shred of hope left, the German war prisoners in our country and on the beachheads of Normandy spoke glibly about the war of the future. Optimists among us like to think they were boasting, but the truth is they were expressing the deep conviction of the most virile of young Germans, who will return to their country in fine fettle, thanks to us.

We are taking superlative care of their physical well-being, and we are protecting their Nazi creed by our hands-off policy in internment camps. When the German war prisoners go home, the Nazi spirit they kept alive among themselves will not be dead, although for a while they may find it more convenient to dissemble.

The truculence of the German prisoners should open the eyes of sentimentalists who tell us "We must not confuse the German people with the Nazis."

The soldiers were recruited among Germans of all walks of life, whether they were Nazis or not, and they fought doggedly because to them the Nazi cause was identical with the German cause.

Sentimentalists among us pick out diverse social strata of Germany, claiming that this or that one was anti-Nazi. German representatives of these professional groups who are in our country now quite naturally try to exploit the eagerness of the average American to believe that his professional counterpart in Germany was truly a much finer person than the rest of the Germans and did not co-operate more than necessary with the Nazis.

WE see evidence of what you might call international class-consciousness in the statements of some American and British labor leaders who have not learned that their sentimentality in the days after the first World War helped make it possible for the Germans to rearm.

Homesick German leaders in our midst try to convince us that German labor was never pro-Nazi. Then why, if the millions in labor ranks were against the Nazis, did these leaders fail to prevent the establishment of Nazism? They had a Republican Guard, trained for battle. Why didn't it fight? Why did the leaders find it necessary to flee if labor was really with them and against Nazis and war?

The answer lies in the fact that German labor accepted Göring's slogan of "Guns instead of butter" at a time when the Gestapo was not as firmly entrenched as it was later. German labor worked hard and made great sacrifices to help build Germany's war machine. It acclaimed Robert Ley, the Nazi labor chief, when he promised that the Germans would be the "gentlemen" for whom the rest of Europe slaved. It acclaimed Hitler after he said he would not allow war profiteers—and the applause was sincere.

It is true that among labor leaders in Germany there is a nucleus of men who retained their integrity. There are men and women of outstanding courage among German Socialists in Germany. Nevertheless, only a few labor groups deserve the blind trust which the exponents of the "dear German comrade" theory recommend.

There are well-meaning sentimentalists who say there can be no lasting peace where hatreds exist. Such pronouncements are being exploited and distorted by the friends of the Nazis. They make kindly Christians believe that we should, for the sake of Christianity, close our eyes to the past, forgive and forget the crimes of Germany's war criminals and the details of her carefully planned aggression.

To try to ignore the crimes of the Nazis is a betrayal of Christianity and justice. For the sake of future peace we cannot allow justice to be mocked again. We must insist on the punishment of the looters and the criminals of World War II, just as we insist on the punishment of criminals in our own society.

And don't fall for the German red herring which asserts "There is no international code of laws that could be enforced to punish German war criminals." We have detailed international agreements for the punishment of persons charged with or convicted of crimes of murder and theft. These laws apply to war criminals. The evidence is ample.

It may prove impossible to apprehend all the criminals, but the correct trial of those who can be found will do more to restore Europe's and Germany's faith in justice and decency than the most florid collection of platitudes on forgiveness, generosity, and brotherly love ever could.

The greatest number of professional whitewashers of Germany and the greatest number of disseminators of red-herring slogans can be found among pseudo-intellectuals. Most of them imbibed German teachings at some time or other in their lives, but never acquired enough sense to recognize the German pattern or influence in their so-called thinking, or to distinguish facts from German theories.

THE intellectual approach, made in Germany, is a weird and alarming phenomenon in our civilization. It is probably left over from the days in the nineteenth century when the Germans had outstanding men of science and remarkable universities which we sought to emulate. Since then German universities have deteriorated. Much of the Pan-German and Nazi insanity was spread by them. If the German intellectual approach had been sound, the Nazi nightmare could not have developed.

These believers in German Kultur hasten to tell us that the Germans cannot really be blamed for Nazism because it is the "natural result of deep world trends." Some call those trends political, others call them economic or sociological. Most of the theorists keep them anonymous, because haziness always seems more profound.

Hitler used to call such theorists "intellectual dishrags," and gloated over the fact that they could be fed all kinds of balderdash suitable for German propaganda. To judge by the efforts of quite a number of pseudo-intellectuals in our midst, Hitler was right.

Those of us who were on duty in Ger-

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many in interwar years and at the beginning of World War II know the men and women who organized Germany for total war. They had hands and feet and very efficient heads. They used their brains to exploit and ready all of Germany's resources for the war they precipitated.

They were not moved by trends. They organized trends. We are a nation of 130,000,000. We have numerous allies. We can create trends as well as Germans. But we want constructive trends—not the German variety—for the creation of a peaceful world.

To achieve an effective peace we must seek out the real forces of aggression in Germany. We shall find their representatives among Germans of all classes. They are the ones who are firmly convinced that aggression pays and that even crimes are laudable if they prove useful to Greater Germany. I believe that the name Pan-German fits most of those who accepted war and crimes for the sake of German expansion, be it geographical, political, economic, or cultural.

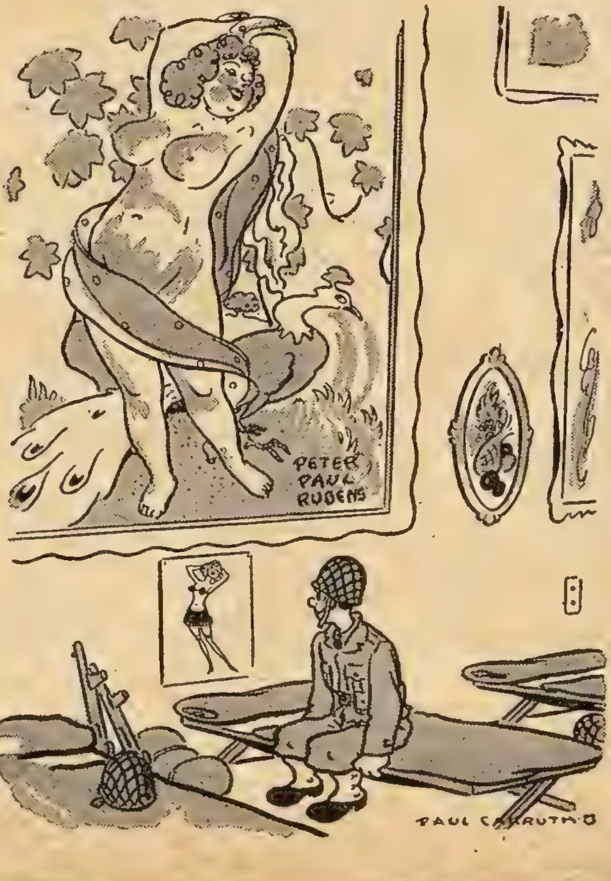
THOSE of us who were in Germany in the days when the Germans were scoring blitz victories know that the overwhelming majority of Germans gloried in the conquests of their armies, in the loot brought back to Germany, and in the dream of world power. We saw them shrug their shoulders with callous indifference when they heard of crimes committed in the name of Germany. We saw Germans who had pretended to be anti-Nazi drop their masks in the flush of victory.

Under the impact of Allied bombs and defeat, the small fraction of Germans who remained upright and kept their hands clean will find millions suddenly flocking to their side. Only by side-stepping the traps set for us by aggressive Germans and their friends or dupes can we enable the decent element to come to the fore.

For the sake of the future peace we have no right to ignore the efforts of the decent elements in Germany any more than we have the right to forget the arrogant, the murderous Germany of blitz victory days. We must learn to distinguish the Pan-German and his accomplices. We cannot indulge in generalizations.

We cannot allow slogans that suited the past to mislead us in the present. The time to eliminate German red herrings is *now*.

THE END



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THEY WERE READY WHEN WE LANDED

Continued from Page 25

Paris, surrendered unconditionally in the dusty baggage master's office of the Gare Montparnasse.

The French Forces of the Interior were organized under General Joseph Pierre Koenig, commander in chief and directly responsible to General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The F. F. I. took definite form in 1942, when the Germans moved into unoccupied France and the skeleton French Army was disbanded.

The job was not easy. While volunteers were not lacking, the secret army lost hundreds of French officers through German arrests. "Each time," said Colonel Drumont, in charge of the F. F. I. in Brittany and parts of Normandy, "we were obliged to start over again from the bottom. But there was never any weakness or discouragement."

The secret army, of course, could not drill and maneuver, but the system of compulsory military training instituted after the first World War now stood France in good stead. For years every Frenchman had been a potential soldier.

Still, it was an army without uniforms and without arms. At first the British sent over crude tommy guns manufactured for less than five shillings apiece; then better and heavier equipment. Bren guns were sky-dropped in huge quantities and were particularly popular. They were light, automatic, easy to carry and repair—and easy to use.

Plane routes to southern France were established as early as 1943 by General Henri H. Giraud's French staff. Westland Lysander two-passenger planes, with a special device for landing on short runways, smuggled in American officers to teach the use of modern American arms and to train men in guerrilla operations.

On dark nights arms were slipped in along coastal points by submarines, fishing boats, and other small craft. By July, 1944, the secret army was receiving a steady flow of supplies, including guns and light artillery.

The capture of Brittany by the Allies was due in large part to the efforts of the F. F. I. Just before D-Day nearly 1,000 French paratroopers were dropped in groups all over Brittany. They were to instruct members of the French underground and act with them. Together they constituted roving bands, jabbing now here, now there.

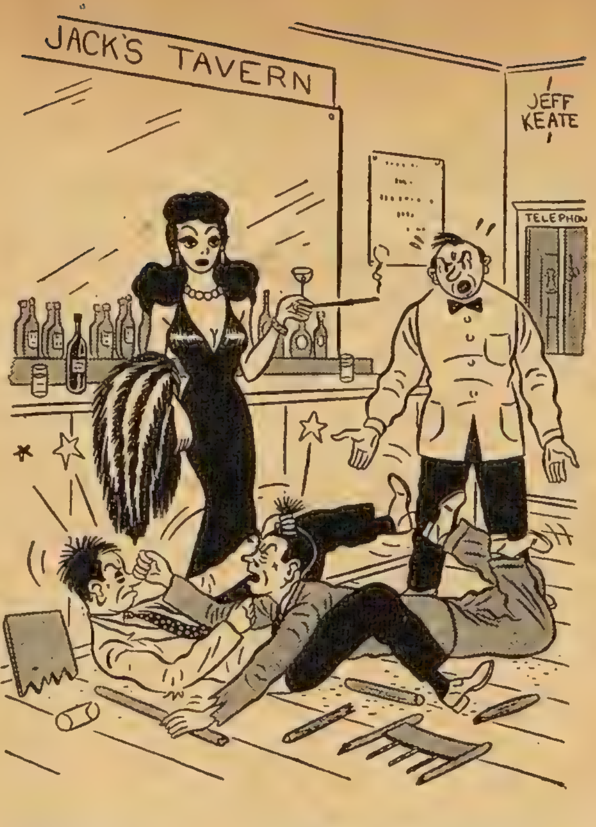
Disruption of the Brest-Paris communications line was their first aim. Next, since they were not strong enough to meet German armored divisions, they circled certain Breton cities and cut off German help. By concentrating all their forces at one point at a time, they were able to capture St. Brieuc, St. Pol de Léon, Huelgoat, Ploërmel, Vannes (the German garrison there was 7,000 strong), Châteaulin, Quimper and Douarnenez. These operations opened the road to Brest.

TWO divisions of F. F. I., totaling 30,000 men, awaited the Allies in Brittany, and the supply drops reached enormous proportions. When the Germans tried to withdraw from Brittany, their lines were cut, and, by the same token, as the Americans descended southward these Germans, isolated in Brittany, were unable to attack the exposed right flank.

French pursuit squadrons filled the skies of Normandy from the first day of the Allied landings. In June and July alone, the number of pursuit missions mounted to more than 5,900, and during that time twelve enemy planes were destroyed, seven ships were sunk, and innumerable factories and trains demolished. French fliers also participated in attacks against German robot bombs and bomb sites.

Such, in part, is the amazing story of a nation which refused to accept defeat, which overcame seemingly insurmountable obstacles to vindicate its honor and make itself once again a powerful member of the world's family of nations.

THE END



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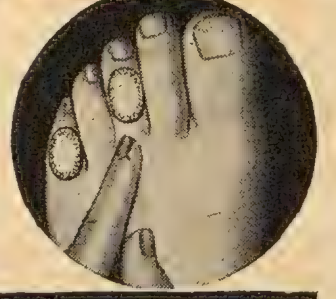
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FAN-TAN DAN COMES HOME

Continued from Page 19

When American skymen were forced down or shot down in combat, Chinese guides brought them secretly to the Ho-Tai mission, where they waited until arrangements could be made for slipping them through the Japanese lines. And, since sky fighters were more precious than *feit'sui* jade, these arrangements were made by Colonel Mong himself, whose Chekiang underground had guided General Doolittle's Tokyo raiders.

But Dan's attention was soon taken up by another mystery, nearer at hand. One night, as he was leaving the Lazy Dragon Teahouse, a silent-footed figure detached itself from the shadows and stood before him, bowing politely.

"*Tajen,* my name Cham Sook. I like work for you as Number One boy."

Dan regarded Cham Sook vaguely. He saw a smooth-faced, dark-eyed young Oriental, clad in a cheap blue *shaam.*

"Why do you want to work for me?"

"You white man," Cham replied. "China boy gain much face when he work for *fan-kwei.* I work hard for you—also cheap."

Fan-tan Dan was flattered. Also he was temporarily in cash.

"*Wah!*" he grunted finally, and the deal was closed.

CHAM SOOK was a model servant and an excellent cook. But one day it dawned upon Dan that after a small first payment, Cham Sook had never again mentioned wages. Excellent food appeared upon Dan's table without any requests for market money, and his *yen-shee* bottle seemed to refill itself overnight.

Pondering over these miracles, Dan stumbled upon another odd fact. He had never seen Cham Sook smile. But the hour was close at hand when these mysteries were to be cleared up—the fateful hour when he was to see Cham Sook smile—

It happened suddenly one night, as Dan was pouring himself a cup of *yen-shee.* Silently Cham Sook stood before him, and snatched the bottle from Dan's hand.

"Stop! No more drink!" he ordered in a sharp hissing voice.

Dan leaned back, his mouth open in surprise, his half-glazed eyes staring at a black-barreled pistol in Cham Sook's hand. "What—what means this?" he gasped.

"Hearken, *fan-tee!*" Cham Sook snapped. "Long time I take orders from you—now you take orders from me, or I make dead!"

Then for the first time, he smiled—a wide toothy grin that utterly destroyed his previous claims to Korean ancestry.

"You—you are Japanese!" Dan stammered.

The grin widened. "And my name not Cham Sook—my name Chamasuka. *Captain* Chamasuka of the Emperor's *Kempei!*"

Dan's hands began to tremble at the dread word *Kempei,* for the name of the Japanese Secret Police is a word of fear and horror throughout all occupied China.

Chamasuka prodded Dan sharply. "Arise and pack your belongings."

"Where—where are you taking me?"

"Ask no questions!" Chamasuka snarled. "Obey—and quickly!"

Hastily Dan packed his few possessions into a bundle cloth, and they stepped out into the dark silent *hutung,* where a two-wheeled cart waited in the shadows.

The unseen driver started the cart as soon as they had climbed into the covered back. Dan sat huddled in the jolting cart, still staring unbelievingly at Chamasuka, grim and beady-eyed above his never-shifting pistol.

Finally they arrived at a high-walled compound whose huge wooden gate creaked open at their approach.

"Descend!" Chamasuka ordered, as the cart came to a halt before a group of low rambling buildings. From the broken walls and sagging roofs Dan knew that this must be the bombed American mission.

Chamasuka waved Dan across a rubble-strewn courtyard to what had once been the missionary's living quarters. A moment later he was thrust into a small windowless room.

"Sleep, *fan-tee!* Tomorrow we talk!" Chamasuka snapped as he dropped a wooden bolt on the outside of the door.

Dan listened to Chamasuka's retreating footsteps, still half-dazed by the rapidity of these strange events. Staring into the darkness, he tried to puzzle out their meaning. It was evident that Chamasuka's *Kempei* men had seized control of the mission. The Rev. Markley must be a prisoner here—or dead.

"But what does Chamasuka want with me?" Dan muttered. "He knows I have nothing to do with the China underground."

Long sleepless hours followed. Then dawn came, but the sun was high before a slit-eyed brown man unbarred the door. "Captain Chamasuka speak you now," the Japanese said.

Weary and haggard-eyed, Dan followed him. As they walked along, Dan saw nearly a dozen of Chamasuka's *Kempei* men, all disguised in common Chinese garments.

Captain Chamasuka was waiting for him in a room which had been part of the mission hospital. A pile of neatly folded clothing lay upon a table—a suit of black broadcloth, black leather shoes, a pair of horn-rim glasses, and a stiff white clerical collar.

A grayish pallor came into Dan's face as he stared at the telltale collection. "The Rev. Markley!" he muttered thickly. "You have killed him!"

"I have returned a dead man to his grave!" Chamasuka said evenly. "And you will share his fate, *fan-tee,* unless you obey my orders. You will dress yourself in these clothes and take the missionary's place! Otherwise you do not leave this room alive! . . . Choose!"

Dan stared at the pile of clothing—and at the pistol in Chamasuka's hand. "I—I have no choice!" he gasped hoarsely.

AND so began a nightmare day for Dan. Stripped of his soiled *fan-tee* garb, he was scrubbed to pristine cleanness. His drooping Chinese mustaches were snipped off, he was shaved, and his ragged hair trimmed neatly. Then the Rev. Markley's clothing was handed to him.

When they had finished, the *Kempei* men held up a polished metal gong as a mirror, and Fan-tan Dan stared incredulously at the clean well-groomed stranger in black broadcloth and stiff white clerical collar who stared back at him.

Then they took him back to Chamasuka.

"Wah! Wah!" Chamasuka nodded in delighted satisfaction and poured out a drink of *yen-shee* for Dan. "Now I tell you my plan. We have received word five American fliers from a bomber which crashed in the mountains are on their way here to Ho-Tai. When they arrive, you will tell them you are the Rev. Markley, and I am your faithful Chinese servant, Cham Sook. The Americans will suspect nothing—my *Kempei* men are well trained; they will keep hidden."

"But what—what do you expect me to do when these Americans arrive?" Dan asked.

"You need do nothing but say you are the Rev. Markley," Chamasuka said. "You look now like the holy man—make sure that you do not betray yourself by careless words. And do not try to warn the Americans, or it will bring instant death—for you and for them!"

Dan swallowed nervously. "What's your game? What is it you're trying to do?"

"When the Americans arrive," Chamasuka answered, "I send a secret signal from the mission. Word will be carried to Colonel Mong of the China underground, and within a few days Colonel Mong himself will come here to guide the Americans past the Japanese lines. *Banzai!* Colonel Mong is the Number One prize I seek, and the American fliers are bait for my trap."

"And what happens then?" Dan asked.

"What happens afterward need not concern you," Chamasuka snapped. "If you play your part well, *fan-tee,* you will be free to depart. If not—!"

It was on the fifth night after this that Lieutenant Chimayu, Chamasuka's second in command, hastened from the mission gate with the news that the American airmen had arrived at last. Chamasuka issued orders that sent the *Kempei* men scurrying to their assigned hiding places in the ruins, then, resuming his role as Cham Sook the servant, he went down to open the gates.

A covered peasant cart had drawn up outside and four men in leather jackets tumbled out—tired men, unkempt and unshaven, as revealed by the light of Cham Sook's lantern. Two of them lifted out the fifth flier in an improvised stretcher made from a torn parachute.

A smiling blue-eyed giant came toward Dan, hand outstretched. "I guess you know who we are, padre," he said.

"Yes, we've been expecting you," Dan said. "Welcome—welcome to Ho-Tai."

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"Thanks, padre. I'm Lieutenant Barnhart." He gestured around the little circle. "This is Lieutenant Bill Russell, my copilot . . . Sergeant Jack Cramer . . . Sergeant Jerry Miller." Then he indicated the man in the stretcher. "And this is Sergeant Tommy Clegg. Tommy was hit when we had a brush with the Nips a couple days back."

Sergeant Clegg forced a smile as Dan bent over to shake hands with him. The boy's hand was moist and hot to the touch, his eyes had the dry shine of fever.

"Come this way, boys," Dan said, leading them toward the missionary's quarters. Cham Sook grinned as he bolted the gate and hung his lantern beside it. Hastening to the mission kitchen, he soon produced a meal of hot noodles, hashed meat, rice cakes, and pots of steaming tea.

The weary men ate ravenously. But Sergeant Tommy Clegg, installed on the bed in the missionary's old sleeping room, lay back with closed eyes, too weak to partake of food.

"I'm afraid we can't do much here for Sergeant Clegg," Dan said to Lieutenant Barnhart. "Our doctor was killed when the mission was bombed—"

"I'm afraid Tommy's beyond anybody's help now," Barnhart replied.

As the men were finishing their meal, Cham Sook began passing cigarettes around. "Maybe you'd like to hear about our ship, padre," Barnhart suggested. "She was a Liberator—ten-man crew. A damn sweet ship, and she lived up to her name till we flew this last mission over Sinling way. We got engine trouble on the way home, then we ran into a skyful of Zeros, and all hell broke loose—"

Barnhart drew a long breath like a sigh. "We lost three of our boys in the crash landing. The rest of us hid out in the hills, working our way south by night. We had a brush with the Nips, and that cut us down to five. Later on we barged into another Jap patrol, and young Tommy stopped a slug."

Barnhart paused, drawing deeply on his cigarette. "We've been six weeks on the march, padre, with damn little food and even less sleep. The Chinese were helpful and friendly, but it's sure great to meet an American again."

"Well, you fellows must be dead tired," Dan said quickly. "Why not turn in now and get some sleep? We can talk over our plans tomorrow, when you're rested."

CHAM SOOK brought extra bedding and the fliers settled down for the night. "I think I'd better sit up with Tommy, padre," Barnhart said.

"No, I will," Dan offered suddenly. "Get some sleep, lieutenant. You look as if you need it."

"I do," Barnhart answered briefly. "And for once we *can* sleep. You'll wake me, won't you, if there's any change in Tommy? And thanks, padre. It's good to be here."

Fan-tan Dan sat down in a bamboo chair beside the bed, listening to the harsh uneven breathing of the wounded boy. A little later Cham Sook appeared in the doorway, and Dan beckoned to him.

"Yen-shee!" Dan whispered. "I've got to have a drink!"

Cham Sook looked sharply at him, then nodded and brought some *yen-shee* in a cup. Dan swallowed it eagerly. Cham Sook squatted against the opposite wall, and Dan could not tell whether he slept or was silently watching him. Presently his own eyelids drooped in fatigue.

Then it was morning, and Cham Sook was making preparations for breakfast. Dan needed only one glance at Tommy Clegg to see that the boy was weaker.

After breakfast, the fliers' curiosity was

(*Continued on page 76*)

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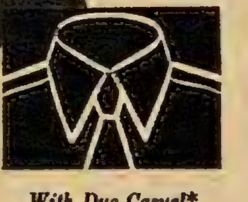

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(*Continued from page 74*)

aroused as Cham Sook appeared with a large paper kite, shaped like a fish and painted with bold yellow and black stripes. He sent it aloft from the courtyard, paying out the string until the kite rode high in the air, then tied down the end of the cord.

"That is our signal to the agents of the China underground," Dan explained, but he did not add that the Rev. Markley's loyal China boy had yielded this information only after a *Kempei* ordeal that was past human endurance.

As the men sat around, questioning Dan about the bombing of the Ho-Tai mission, about Colonel Mong and the underground—they talked freely about their own work, their own experiences. Dan saw Cham Sook hovering in the background, listening with eager ears, and he began to burn inside with a slow, deep anger.

Dan understood now why Cham Sook had not instantly closed the trap upon the fliers. The Jap wanted this information which was being given so casually to Dan because the fliers trusted him. And because they trusted him, they accepted Cham Sook's presence without suspicion.

It was not yet high sun when Barnhart came quickly to Dan. "Padre, I think Tommy's worse. He wants to see you."

Dan followed Barnhart into Tommy's room, and sat down beside the bed, not knowing what to do or say. The boy was looking up at him with a peculiar intensity.

"I think he wants you to read something from the Bible, padre," Barnhart said. "He can't talk, but he can still hear."

Dan pulled the missionary's worn leather Bible from the pocket of his coat. "What—what would he want me to read?" he stammered.

Barnhart hesitated. "How about the Twenty-third Psalm, padre?"

Dan fumbled through the thin, crackling pages until he found the Twenty-third Psalm. He began to read aloud—words long forgotten but familiar to his boyhood memory.

He read slowly, quietly, trying to conquer the trembling of his own voice! "'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—'"

As Dan's voice fell silent, Tommy's hand moved across the covers. Dan reached out his own hand, and Tommy's fingers held, confidently, to his. Dan sat still until the boy's fingers slowly relaxed.

"Happy landing, kid!" Barnhart murmured gently, and then Dan knew that Tommy had gone. The open Bible slid from Dan's knees as he stood up shakily.

They buried young Tommy Clegg late that afternoon in a quiet sunny corner of the mission compound. Dan had made a frantic search through the missionary's books and papers until he found the burial service. He read it now in a slow gentle voice, while the wind whispered through the hillside pines.

Seeing the four fliers standing there bareheaded under the bright China sun, Dan realized suddenly how very young they were. Mere boys, all of them, with the whole of life before them. And those lives would be forfeit so that he, the renegade, the despised *fan-tee,* might live out the barren burned-out husk of years still remaining to him.

WHEN darkness came, Fan-tan Dan wandered out alone into the silent courtyard. Inside, Barnhart was writing to Tommy's mother—a letter Dan knew would never be delivered. They were all hopeless prisoners here—caught in a trap. Behind the barricaded ruins, the invisible *Kempei* men waited, ready to pounce whenever Chamasuka gave the signal.

Kill Cham Sook? The thought came suddenly to Dan's mind. Yes, that alone would not be too difficult. But Dan knew that Cham Sook, mindful of his own safety, had some secret method of signaling his men at frequent intervals. The Jap would not be dead an hour before the *Kempei* men made the discovery.

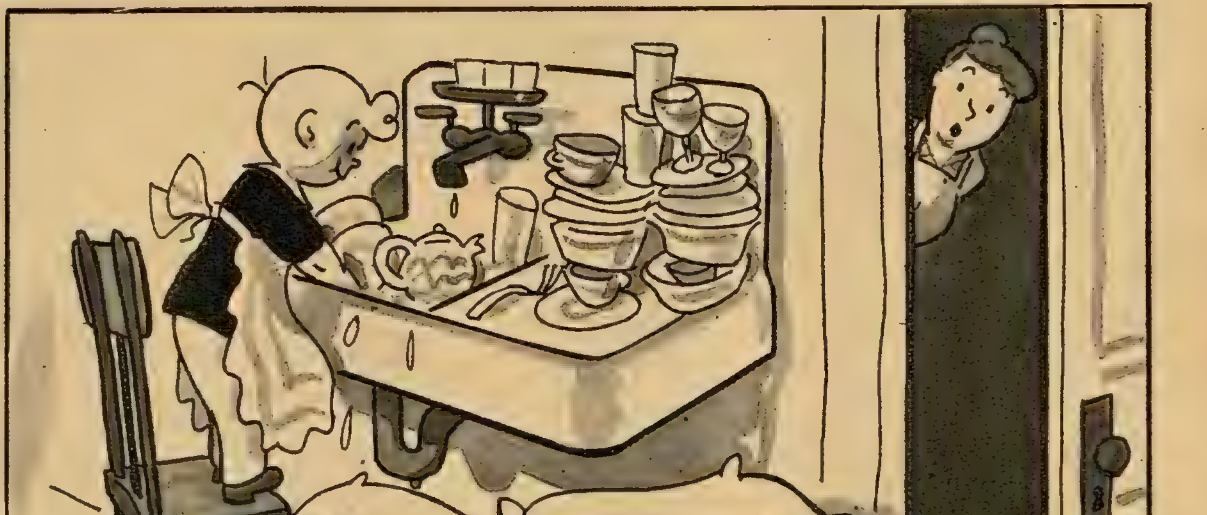
And even with Cham Sook dead, they could not put up a fight. The fliers had used up all their ammunition fighting off the last Jap patrol. If they rushed the mission gates they would be cut down by a murderous cross fire from automatic rifles; if they entrenched themselves in the ruins they would be blasted out with hand grenades. There was only the entrance gate, under constant watch, and the compound walls, twenty feet high.

Dan thought about that twenty-foot wall. He thought of all the ancient Chinese walls he had seen, and a tiny seed of memory blossomed into a faint hope. He slipped out across the compound, unobserved, and his hand slowly felt its way along the mission's outer wall, stone by stone.

After a long search he found what he sought—a small opening in the north wall,

(*Continued on page 78*)

HARDTACK



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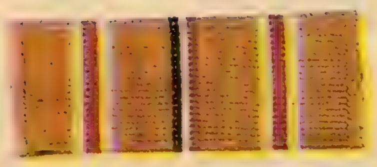

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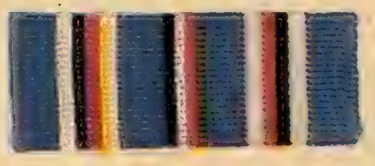
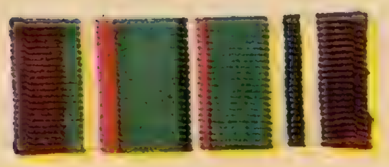


AMERICAN THEATER



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(*Continued from page 76*)

half hidden by a climbing vine. It was the traditional opening the Chinese call the Gate of Compassion. It is not a gate, but a small aperture where food and money are handed through to beggars. With help from inside, a man might be able to squeeze his way through—

Dan's feverish mind tried to cope with the frightening dimensions of his sudden plan. Its success was uncertain, its penalties swift and inexorable. Realization of its stark danger turned him weak and trembling as he returned stealthily to the mission buildings.

The fliers were gathered around Barnhart, talking quietly. Dan looked in at them for a moment, then turned away silently and went in search of Cham Sook.

"Give me a drink of *yen-shee!*" he whispered to the Jap in fierce command. "I want a big drink, and I want it *now!*"

Cham Sook's eyes flickered at him. For a moment he hesitated, then led the way to the kitchen, where he drew the *yen-shee* bottle from its hiding place.

Dan picked up the bottle, balancing its weight in his hand. Had he the strength to drop Cham Sook with one swift clean blow? What if there was an outcry? What if the hidden *Kempei* men saw them crossing the compound? What if the opening in the wall should prove too small?

With a flash of his old-time gambler's confidence, Dan weighed the odds and came to his decision. His arm swung out in a swift arc, and as the *yen-shee* bottle shattered against Cham Sook's head the Japanese buckled at the knees and pitched forward—

Dan stood motionless, his heart pounding in the silence. He listened, counting the seconds, then reached out and extinguished the kitchen lamp.

Moving swiftly now, Dan descended upon the fliers. "Quick! Follow me!" he ordered. "Ask no questions and make no noise—our lives depend upon it!"

Dan made for the dark compound, moving where the shadows were thickest. The men followed him, in single file, until he stopped beside the wall.

"The Japs have discovered us!" he whispered, drawing them into a circle. "They have laid an ambush outside the mission gate! Cham Sook—my servant—made the discovery just now. You must escape from the mission at once, but you cannot use the gate."

"But how?" Barnhart whispered. "We can't climb a twenty-foot wall."

"There is one small opening here in the wall," Dan replied. "You've got to get through it. It's your only chance."

Barnhart felt the dimensions of the opening. "Here, Jerry," he said to Sergeant Miller, "you've got the widest shoulders—you try first. We'll give you a push—"

Sergeant Miller thrust his head and shoulders into the opening. The others seized his legs and pushed. It was a tight squeeze for a desperate minute or two, but he finally managed to squirm through. Lieutenant Russell went next—then Sergeant Cramer. It was Barnhart's turn now—

"Just a minute, padre!" Barnhart exclaimed. "How in hell does the *last* man get through this hole? If I go next, who'll help you? I'm not leaving you here for the Japs!"

"You forget—I have Cham Sook to help me," Dan said hastily. "Hurry, lieutenant! I will follow you later. Can you find your way back to your last station of the underground?"

"Yes," Barnhart replied. "But—"

"Don't waste time arguing!" Dan pleaded. "Get back there as quickly as you can and wait. The underground will make other arrangements—"

"But what about Colonel Mong?" Barnhart asked. "He's on his way here. He'll walk straight into this trap."

"He will come here," Dan replied, "but he will know that something has gone wrong at the mission if he does not see our signal kite flying. And it will not be flying—I shall destroy it."

"But are you sure you can get away?"

"I shall be gone within an hour," Dan answered quietly.

"Well, if you're sure—" Barnhart reached out and grasped Dan's hand. "Good luck, padre!"

"Good luck!" Fan-tan Dan replied, and helped him crawl through the opening. He heard the faint crackling of leaves as Barnhart dropped down outside—then silence descended.

Dan turned back across the shadowy compound, his heart thudding against his lean ribs. Inside the mission, his first act was to hunt out the signal kite, smash it into crumpled ruin, then thrust it into the fire. Moving on into the lighted room beyond, Fan-tan Dan looked around him. The polished Chinese gong still hung on the wall, and he went toward it, lifting an oil lamp so that he might better see his reflection on its burnished surface.

Long and steadily he gazed at the thin gaunt-faced man in broadcloth and clerical collar who stared back at him. Cham Sook would never know the fatal error he had made in forcing him back into white man's garb. For the transformation had not stopped on the surface; the masquerade, turning into reality, had resurrected in his soul the forgotten ghosts of pride—pride of race and color and creed. This was a white man staring out at him—a man returned home after long wanderings on alien and forbidden paths—

"Chamasuka?" a hissing voice spat anxiously. Then a flashlight winked in the blackness of the outer room, and a whistle shrilled its warning to the hidden *Kempei* men. Fan-tan Dan turned from the gong, set down the lamp, and faced the doorway. It was Lieutenant Shimayu.

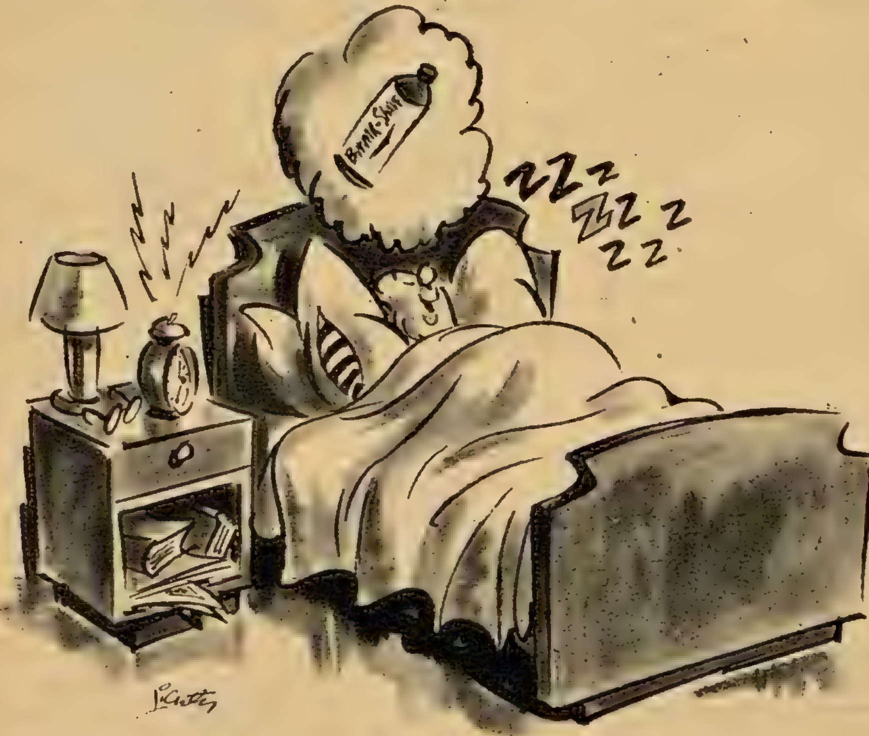
"Captain Chamasuka dead!" Shimayu screamed. "You kill him?"

"Yes!" Dan replied simply. He watched the vengeful pistol in Shimayu's hand swing upward, realizing suddenly that it was the Japanese who was trembling, whose hand was shaking. Then the room exploded into a crashing echo that rocked from wall to wall.

IT was Colonel Mong of the China underground who delved into the truth of the strange happenings at the American mission at Ho-Tai, and then added the fifth and final Chinese word to the Oriental biography of Daniel Geary Demarest, American. *"Fang-si!"* was Colonel Mong's pronouncement.

Fang-si—a Chinese word which means "unstinting valor." It is a word that the Sons of Han do not use lightly. A proud word—to be worn like a medal.

THE END



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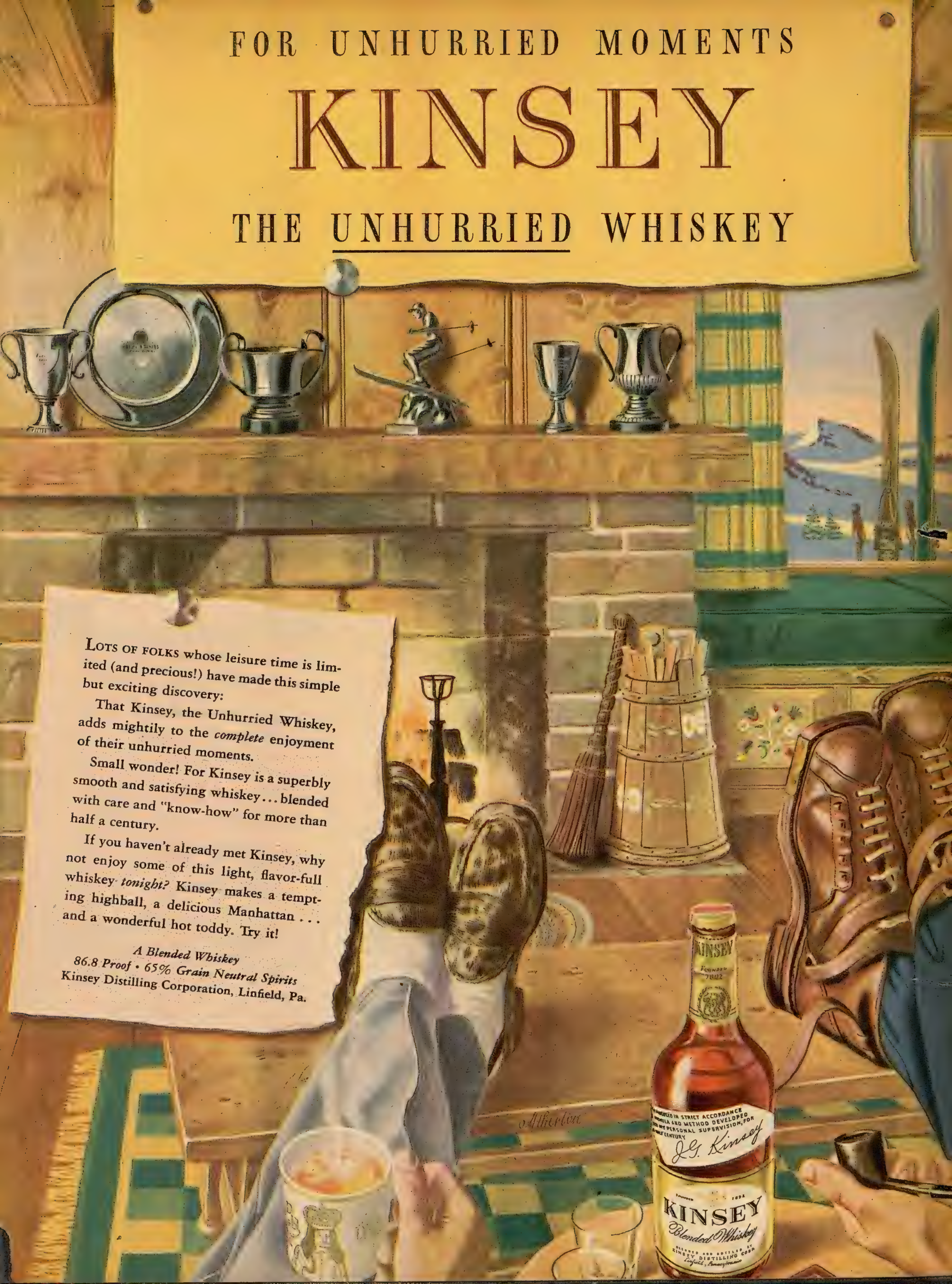
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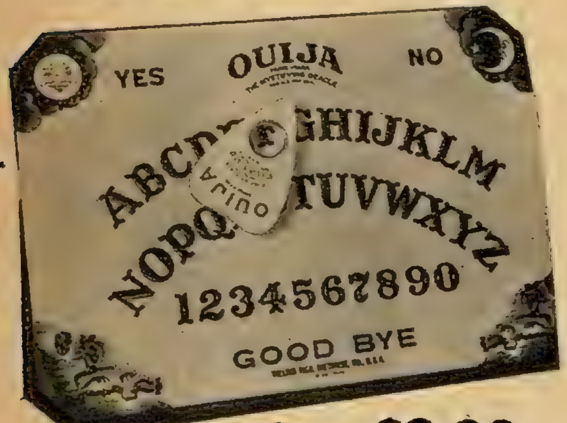

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BLUEPRINT FOR PROSPERITY

Continued from Page 21

levels far above the prewar figure. With these surveys made, the Postwar Planning Committee went to work. It was made up of experts in every line. Its main job was to turn out concrete proposals for plant reconversion; for the development of new products and for new economies in both production and distribution. Just as important was its job of seeing that all postwar planning should be carried through by the organization as a whole and not merely languish on paper.

Thus it can be seen that the Postwar Planning Committee is a sort of executive and steering group. Under this committee is the Postwar Planning Division, a staff department under the direction of MacGowan.

Since he heads both the Committee and the Division, all planning is perfectly coordinated.

All findings and recommendations of the Postwar Planning Committee are handed to the Firestone Executive Committee, headed by Harvey S. Firestone, Jr., president of the company. These recommendations are then considered by Mr. Firestone and executive heads of the various departments, and passed on to Thomas for a final O. K. and, what is more important, definite action. By means of this set-up the whole job of postwar planning is geared to management, which has before it the whole picture.

Since great stress is laid upon marketing, Firestone has tried to leave nothing to chance. Into its over-all program are worked plans for 700 company-owned outlets and the 18,000 to 20,000 dealers. Realizing the need for efficient distribution, the company called in a firm of industrial designers to work on plans for the modernization of its stores and its dealers' stores.

A TIME FOR THANKS GIVING

ON this week's cover we introduce a group of people who'll be with us now and then for some time to come. It's the Webster family, typical Americans whose counterparts can be found in every square block of America. In the opening scene they're gathered around for the big Thanksgiving dinner. And this time they've got something to be really thankful for. Their oldest son, Bill, is home from the wars, honorably discharged after wounds suffered in action.

His teen-age sister and the two younger kids can't take their eyes off the hero. Pop's prouder than he's ever been in his life, and Mom would tell you, if you knew her, that this is the finest dinner she ever cooked. As for Bill, he's interested in eating!

Watch for further adventures of Bill and the rest of the Webster family on Liberty's covers.

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Many people *needlessly* suffer the itching, soreness and distress of simple piles or hemorrhoids. *Unguentine Rectal Cones,* made by the makers of famous UNGUENTINE, help to bring quick relief . . . help guard against infection and promote healing.

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QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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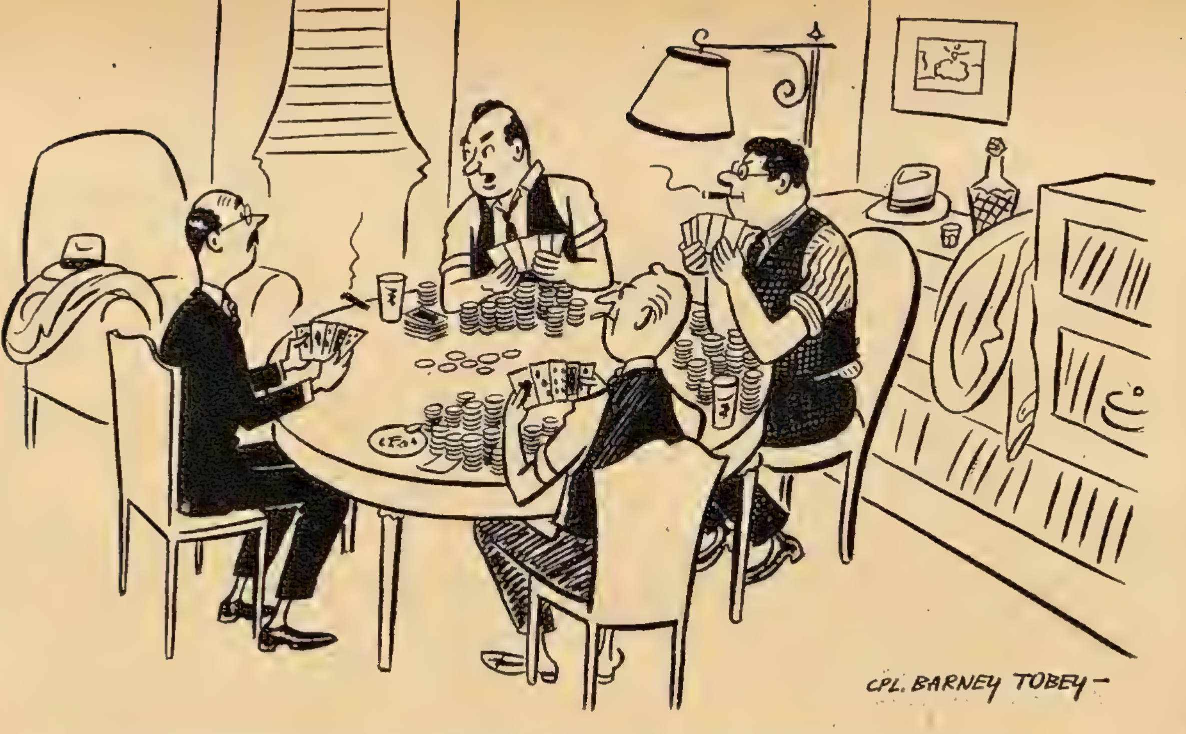
CPL. BARNEY TOBEY—

"By the way, Rudley, of course you understand we're playing for keeps."

With the plan for production and marketing goes the plan for financing the whole program. As each plant or outlet is earmarked for a job, the financing of the project is planned. Noblesville, Indiana, represents one such plant and its accompanying community problem.

Before the war, in 1940, the town had a population of 5,575. Firestone at that time employed 837 persons. Today it employs 1,471 workers. Many of these workers were drawn from farms in the country.

A full-time man on postwar planning was sent to Noblesville to make a survey down to the last worker and the last foot of floor space. The survey showed that in the postwar period about 1,200 will want jobs with Firestone.

With this as a basis, the whole team of postwar planners set about allocating to Noblesville the jobs that best could be done there. Before the war the Noblesville plant made a line of molded rubber products. In the postwar period this work will be resumed and will employ some 859 workers.

To provide for the balance of the workers, Firestone is allocating to this plant a full line of blown sponge rubber items and a full line of garden hose, molded hose for heaters, as well as a new line of mechanical rubber products.

So the plan is being developed in plant after plant, with guesswork eliminated as far as it is humanly possible to do so. In other plants, for instance, there will be manufactured a full line of the new Velon, Firestone's new synthetic fabric. Velon will be made in a complete line of fabrics from upholstery for buses, cars, and furniture to a line of fine fabrics for home draperies and dresses. A conservative estimate made by Marketing Research is that there will be a sales volume of at least $10,000,000 a year in this line. Hence plant space and employees are being allocated to this job.

On the problem of personnel there has been just as thorough postwar planning. Take, for instance, the problem of returned veterans. Here again Thomas began to plan in the earliest stages.

At the time of Pearl Harbor he laid down the rule that no man from Firestone in the armed services was an ex-employee. He was, Thomas emphasized, merely on leave of absence while he served his country.

Thomas saw to it that every member of the organization, including men and women in the armed services, was made aware of this rule. He periodically writes letters to employees in uniform, assuring them of the company's interest and attitude. In August he wrote to them, in part:

"Undoubtedly you have been thinking seriously about your work following your discharge from the service. I want you to know that we have been making plans for the employment of our returning Firestone veterans. In order to help you get back into stride with the least possible delay, we have set up a separate 'Firestone Veterans Reemployment Division' with branches at our principal plants.

"I suggest that upon your return, you immediately contact our Firestone Veterans Reemployment Division at the plant where you were formerly employed."

The completeness of the veterans' plan is shown by the re-employment set-up. No returning man will have to go through the regular employment channels. Each man will be handled by a special office, staffed by veterans. Each case will be considered on the basis of the fitness of the man for a specific job, so that no veteran will be pushed into a job of which he is incapable, or which he has outgrown during his period of service.

After two years of study and practical preparation, Firestone feels that it has done nearly all that can be done to meet the enormous problems that will face all industry at the end of the war.

This attitude is not, however, colored by the rosy hue of mere optimism. No one is more aware of the challenge to industry that lies ahead. Its executives are keenly conscious of the fact that American industry faces the most critical period in its history.

Thomas and all his associates believe that the *one* way to meet it will be for all industry, through economies and improvements, to provide a high level of employment with high wages. Only so can the income of the nation be raised. For a higher standard of living can be realized and maintained only by making newer and better things more cheaply than ever before, thus opening wide markets to people who not only want more and better things but have the jobs to enable them to buy.

The men of Firestone expect no miracle. But they do intend to do everything possible to avoid the pitfalls into which industry fell at the close of the first World War and again in 1929.

THE END

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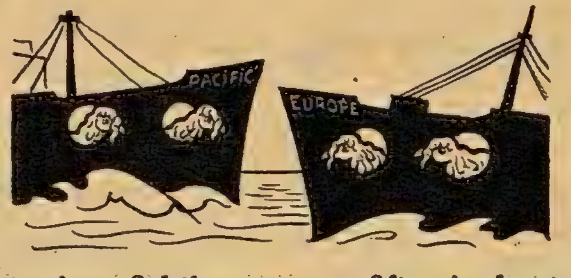
Woman-Talk

BY

MARGARET FISHBACK

TALKING TURKEY: If you can't run down a turkey for your family's Thanksgiving dinner, perhaps you'll be able to comfort the wolves by reminding them where many of the turkeys have flown. No less than 35,000,000 pounds of our fine feathered friends were set aside for Army dinners to be devoured on Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. And in case you've been wondering why points are high on applesauce, the answer lies in 14,400,000 cans likewise set aside for the boys. According to Paul S. Willis, American fighting men on fifty-six fronts will also revel in 1,000,000 pounds of mincemeat and 18,000,000 pounds of cranberries. He believes there will be no turkey shortage for civilians, despite the large migration, as the turkey crop this year is expected to reach 480,000,000 pounds, an increase of 12,000,000 over last year.



FASHION TAKES A RIBBING: Actor Roland Young, interviewed over the radio by Lois Long, stated in no uncertain terms, "I hate naked heels!" I wish he would use his influence to get shoe manufacturers to offer reasonably conservative women a few more models with toes as well as heels. In the boudoir-slipper field there is plenty of room, too, for additional styles that would have sex appeal plus toes and heels. The manufacturers remember Grandma with plenty of good old-fashioned comfort jobs, but they romp straight from her to indulge their passion for fragile latticework mules practical only for the lady who spends her time on a chaise longue.

ARTISTS IN THE MAKING: If your youngster likes to scrawl with bright crayons all over your pet magazines, you may well be able to harness his creative energy by exposing him to a new combination story and drawing book called The House that Tib and Tock Built, by Ethel Rice and Mary Stevens. The story is told in rhyme, illustrated with step-by-step line drawings that even the very young child can make a stab at copying. The authors show how the incipient artist can draw a house by starting with an upside-down V and adding just a few lines in each operation. The book is on sale for a buck at book, gift, toy, art, and department stores. Should you be unable to get it locally, write the publisher, the House of Little Books, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New York. If the book doesn't keep your little vandal out of your hair for a few minutes at least, ship both the child and the book to the publisher and ask for your money back.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS?—A young woman who might question the validity of the old safety-in-numbers maxim, is nineteen-year-old Elizabeth MacLeod from Ireland, who was charged with illegally entering this country. She told police of Youngstown, Ohio, that while in Ireland she became engaged to eight soldiers and four sailors—"but not all at once," she added apologetically. She never got as far as the altar with any of them because they were always transferred to some remote spot before expiration of the six-month waiting period required before American servicemen overseas may marry. Several months ago, she reminisced, she persuaded two Army officers to smuggle her to Scotland hidden in a coffin which they transported by bomber. There her fantastic tale adds a merchant marine from Youngstown to the implausible cast of characters. After he conveniently fell in love with her, he inveigled a sailor pal to help him smuggle her aboard their Victory ship in a sailor's uniform. She says she made the twenty-eight-day trip across the Atlantic hidden in a locker. Though she has been staying with the "merchant marine's family" she has changed her mind about marrying him, and declares with startling candor, "I've found a soldier I like better."

THAT'S GRATITUDE!—Moscow school children are so grateful for gifts of clothes from the United States that they have evolved the touching fad of removing from sweaters and coats the labels which say they are gifts from the American people, then sewing them on the outside for all to see. Gifts of new clothing may be sent to local Russian War Relief headquarters, where they will be transported free of charge on Soviet ships.

FAST SERVICE: More than a quarter of a million Expeditionary Force messages were exchanged with Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard personnel in a period of six months. Of that number, men overseas sent *ten* times as many messages to the United States as civilians at home sent overseas. These "fixed text" messages cost sixty cents plus federal tax and may be sent from any telegraph office in the United States to all overseas *land-based* personnel, including *certain mobile land-based* units. They *cannot* be sent to men aboard ship. There are 237 "fixed texts" such as, "Letter received. Many thanks," and "Are you all right?" and "Son born."

GIFT FROM AMERICA
GIFT FROM AMERICA
GIFT FROM AMERICA
Ross

SMART HEADWORK MAKES SMART FOOTWORK

Continued from Page 33

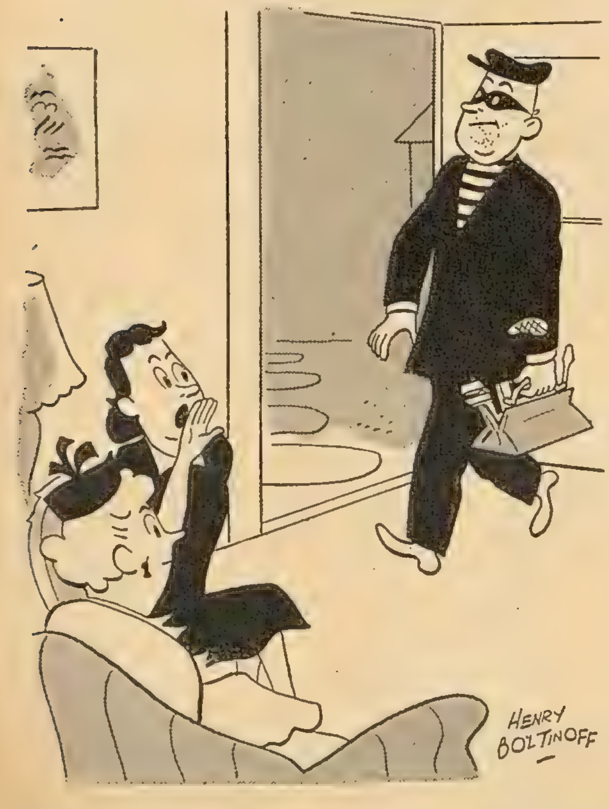
The University of Pennsylvania had a strange paradox in Frank Reagan not long ago. Reagan was considered for All-America honors during his collegiate career; yet he couldn't run the gantlet! That gantlet was a favorite device used by Penn backfield coaches to simulate the pitfalls of an open field. One player was stationed on each ten-yard stripe the length of the field. Ball carriers started at the goal and ran upfield on their own as far as they could progress. Reagan rarely went very far. But when in a game, he could waltz through almost any broken field for long gains because he had the skill and poise to utilize his blockers to the utmost.

Starting out on a run, Reagan knew he had lead men to help him and paced himself to use them. And because he was so adept at using his interference, he was able to perfect an in-and-out play for yardage. Beginning a sweep, he would suddenly cut, as though to plunge off tackle, dip into the line, thereby sucking in the defense, and then out again before continuing around the flank. Only a carrier who can make his blockers is able to run off that play with any degree of success.

One of the first highly publicized blockers was Marty Brill at Notre Dame. Strangely enough, Brill had been a brilliant ball carrier at Philadelphia's Penn Charter during his prep-school days. He probably was a great blocker in college because he did it through the eyes of a ball carrier.

One of the high lights of Brill's career was the occasion when he again, for a day, became a ball carrier. That was in 1930 when, with Frank Carideo, Joe Savoldi, and Marchy Schwartz as his backfield pals on a typical Rockne South Bend powerhouse combine, he returned to Franklin Field in Philadelphia. Marty Brill, you see, had been a student at Penn for about a year and a half, but he didn't play too much football. He wasn't a standout and he felt he wasn't being given the opportunity he deserved while wearing a red-

(Continued on page 89)



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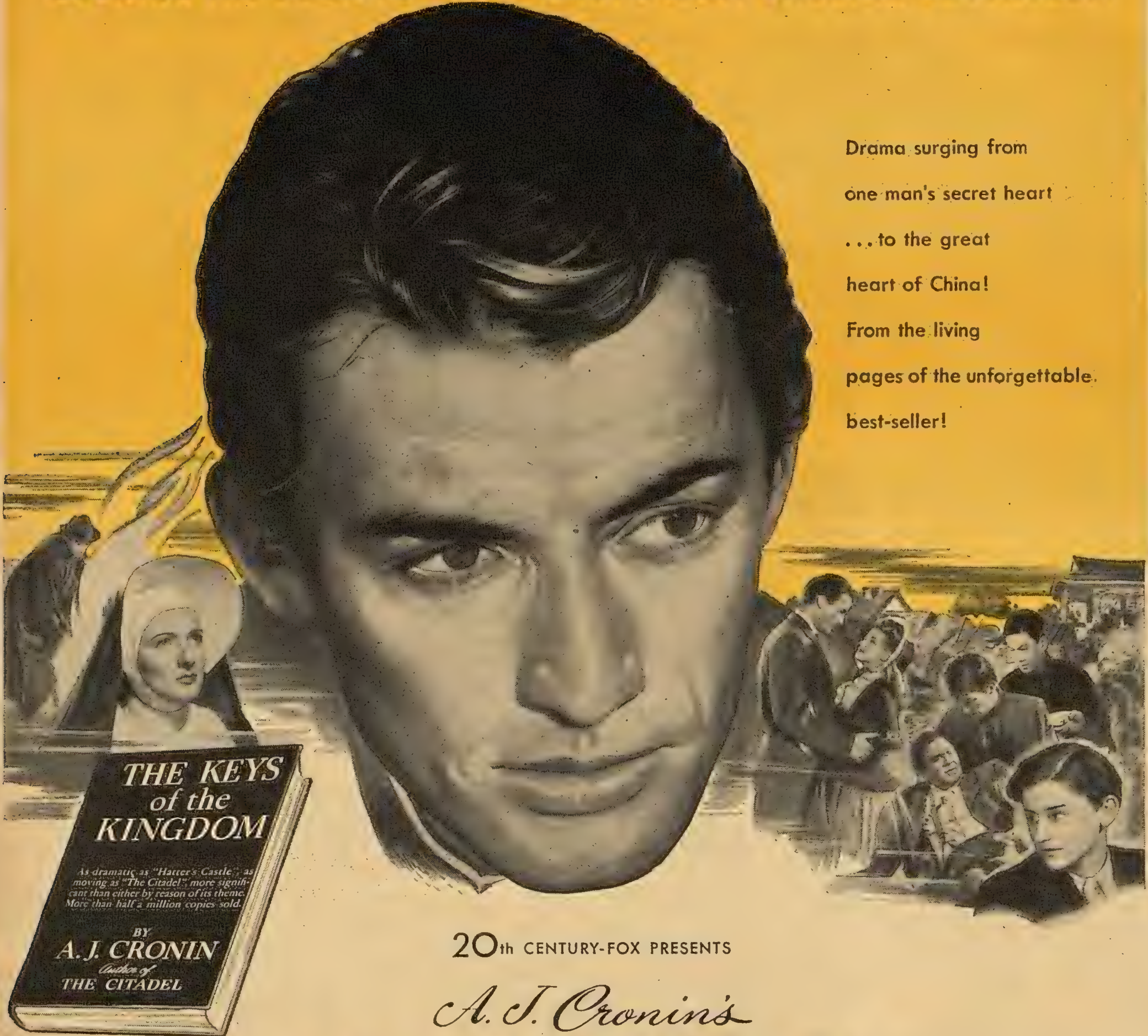
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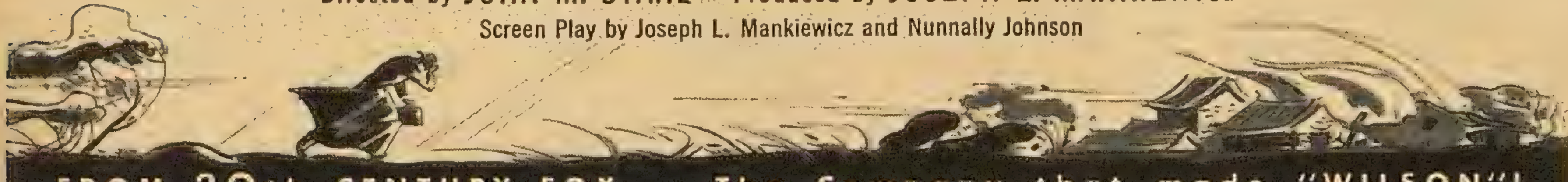
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

Screen Play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Nunnally Johnson



FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX . . . The Company that made "WILSON"!

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

The rummy, the mystery gal, and the tough skipper make a bizarre threesome.

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT

(Warner Brothers)
Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, Lauren Bacall

THIS has the same title as the Hemingway novel, and it's about a man named Harry Morgan who hires out his boat for game fishing. But after this brief nod in the direction of the book, the picture takes a new setting in 1940 Martinique and becomes pure Humphrey Bogart—and mighty good Bogart, too—fast, tough, and exciting, with an undercurrent of dry humor.

Skipper Morgan's smart enough to keep out of the intricacies of Free French activity in that sultry little dot in the West Indies—till the dame (Lauren Bacall) comes along. She's an eyeful, see, with a shape straight off a magazine cover, and a slow, husky-voiced, insinuating way about her, like dynamite sewed up in velvet. When she asks Morgan for a match, it's first-degree arson. From there on it doesn't take more than a brush with some oily Vichyites (who slap the gal around and appropriate Morgan's cash) to persuade him to take a chance on an undercover transportation job for the Free French. The stakes are pretty high—but so's the pay. There's a shoot-and-run encounter with a Vichy patrol boat by night, and a final desperate showdown with shore officials before Morgan learns whether he's really won or lost.

All this is good old cinema stock stuff, but it takes on distinction through its directness, punch, and noteworthy cast. The chief attraction is Lauren Bacall, an eye-riveting newcomer whose sophisticated mannequin exterior is unexpectedly coupled with wise-cracking Yankee humor. This combination makes a top-notch foil for Bogart's characteristic toughness. Walter Brennan is outstanding as a fidgety old toper, and a big surprise is the irresistible, wistful appeal of piano-playing Hoagy Carmichael. Plenty of good Cuba Libra atmosphere adds interest and flavor.

In a Martinique café, the gal and the piano-player dream up a sultry ditty.

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THE WOMAN IN THE WINDOW

(International Pictures-RKO)
Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett

THE homicide epidemic which seems to have been breaking out in Hollywood lately has now got Edward G. Robinson (as a mild-mannered psychology professor) into a pretty kettle of fish. When Professor Wanley and his friends (Raymond Massey and Edmund Breon) begin to joke at the club about the hazards of adventure for settled professional gentlemen over forty, they all agree they've passed the stage where they can afford it. Wanley proceeds to fall asleep over this stodgy conclusion; but when he leaves the club he runs smack into Romance in the shape of a mysterious lady (Joan Bennett) whose portrait he has been admiring in a gallery window.

Before he knows it, Wanley has accompanied her home, and finds himself suddenly in the midst of a ghastly set of circumstances, with a scissors murder on his conscience and a strange body to dispose of in the lonesome night woods. The follow-up, complicated by a sinister blackmailer (Dan Duryea), a poison plot, and a suicide, is shot through with astonishing little touches of satiric humor. These may seem a bit perplexing till you reach the climax, when an outrageous Nunnally Johnson twist yanks the plot into a surprise ending. You'll find this smart, gripping, luxuriously-appointed entertainment straight through.

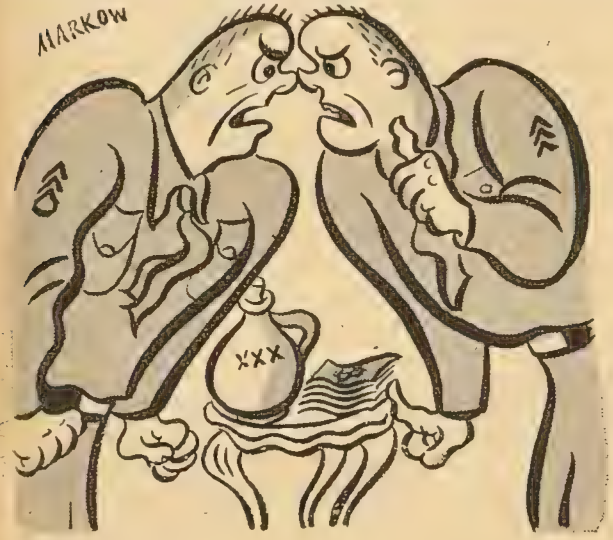
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

"WE hear so many stories these days about lads coming back from overseas and being shocked at the way they find things at home," writes Betty Lou Craven of Chicago. "Some get the impression that no one gives a darn, and that everyone is relying on the next guy to do the worrying and the work.

"Won't you tell those fellows, Sarge, that maybe we *are* smiling, laughing, and joking at times while they are out there fighting, but that we aren't forgetting for one single second there is a war?

"While they are away, they dream of home, of 'Mom,' the best girl, hamburgers, favorite soft drinks, and millions of the little things that make America the swell place it is to live in.



There's a bet

"There are many wives, mothers, dads, too, who smile with their lips, see a movie once in a while, and go along as usual outwardly—but who cry forever in their hearts.

"The boys must realize this. They wouldn't want to come home to dark streets and homes, tear-stained faces, and a nation in mourning, would they? I guess not. They want things the way they left them, and that's what we here at home are doing; preserving the American way while they are out fighting for it."

You've stated your case very well, Betty Lou. And here's a friendly note from Miss K. W. of Christchurch, New Zealand, who has just made the acquaintance of Liberty and takes time out to write Old Sarge:

"I was very interested in your page and I just had to write and tell you so. In the past year we New Zealanders have grown very close to our American cousins. Many American servicemen have passed through this country, and during their stay they made friends and learned a lot of our ways, and we also learned a lot of their ways.

"I met some very fine lads, and four of these boys have since given their lives. I'd like their loved ones back home, Sarge, to know that New Zealand, also, is proud of America's sons. Americans and New Zealanders are fighting side by side as I write this, and doing a great job. In closing, let me say, 'America, I thank you.'"

Glad to hear from you, Miss K. W. We're obliged for the hospitality New Zealanders have shown so many of our G. I.s and gobs.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, I'm just home after thirty-one months in India and already I'm in an argument. There's a bet of $25, plus a gallon of good U. S. whisky (and I mean it is good after India) on your ruling on this: What was the permanent rank of temporary Lieutenant General George (Old Blood and Guts) Patton as of August 22, 1944? And what is his age? Settle this, and I'll tip one glass for you.

S/Sgt. L. R. S., Vancouver, Wash.

That glass in Vancouver is a long way from the lips of Old Sarge in New York, but thanks just the same. General Patton's permanent rank on August 22 was still that of lieutenant colonel, though the Senate Military Affairs Committee on August 15 had ended months of timorous indecision (to my way of thinking) by voting to confirm his nomination to the permanent rank of major general. That was just after Patton had hurled his tanks through lower Normandy and Brittany. At this writing, final ratification of his promotion still had not come through, though virtually assured by the committee's action. General Patton was born November 11, 1885. I hope the other fellow buys the gallon.

* * *

I received the Combat Infantryman badge a few months ago while overseas with an infantry division. Since returning to the United States I have been assigned to an armored school and am informed that, due to the fact I am no longer in the infantry, I am not entitled to the $10 extra pay monthly.

Am I right in thinking the payment should be made as long as I am still serving in the Army?

Veteran Pfc., Fort Knox, Ky.

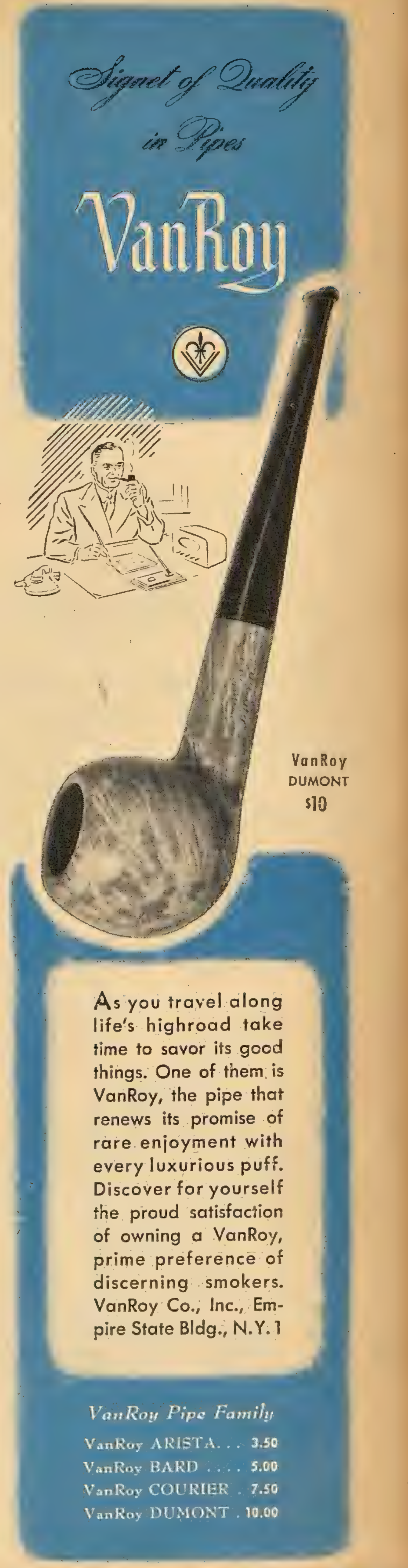
I've had a lot of questions on this and similar points from returning veterans, and I've taken them up with a War Department spokesman. I'll try now to shed some light on what seems a knotty problem in many camps.

W. D. Circular 271, dated last July 3, specifies that enlisted men awarded either the Combat or Expert Infantryman badge are entitled to additional pay while assigned to a unit of the combat ground forces. These are defined as infantry, cavalry, field artillery, coast artillery, armored and tank-destroyer units, and combat engineer groups of the Corps of Engineers. The extra pay ceases if the soldier is transferred to a unit not in combat ground forces, except when such transfer is for a period of hospitalization in line of duty.

Continuance of additional compensation in your particular case is contingent on whether you are assigned to an armored unit at your particular station.

No additional pay accrues either in a case of sickness not in line of duty, or in a case of absence without leave in excess of twenty-four hours.

Others have asked about back pay and retroactivity. The circular makes clear that provisions of the law setting up the extra pay are effective only as of January 1, 1944. The unit order announcing the award determines



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VanRoy Pipe Family

VanRoy ARISTA	3.50
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INNERCLEAN HERBAL LAXATIVE

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LAXATIVE

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TRY DR. MILES NERVINE
OFTEN the harder you try to get to sleep, the longer you stay awake. Dr. Miles Nervine (Liquid or Effervescent Tablets) helps to relieve nervous tension, to permit refreshing sleep. Why don't you try it when you are **Nervous, Cranky, Restless?** Get it at your drug store. Liquid, **25c and $1.00;** Effervescent Tablets, **35c and 75c.** Read directions and use only as directed. Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

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SYNTHETIC
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ROOM & BATH $2.50 UP • ST. PAUL, MINN.
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WEAREVER
Refill Leads
5¢ at all stationery counters
"WEAREVER" LEADS
DAVID KAHN Inc., North Bergen, N.J.
IMPROVE MECHANICAL PENCILS

whether or not the award is retroactive. (See W. D. Circular 186, dated May 11, 1944, paragraph 8a.)

* * *

From two sources I've heard that servicemen are charged $35 for a blood-plasma transfusion overseas. I contradicted this, but I'd like a word from you as proof to back me up.

Mrs. C. A. S., Dayton, O.

You are entirely correct in giving the lie to such poisonous rumors. They would be dangerous if they weren't so stupid. You can bet your last dollar our servicemen are getting the best treatment medical science can muster, free, gratis, and for nothing. No mother in the United States need worry for one second about the kind of attention her son will receive if he is wounded or becomes ill; it will be the best the world's richest nation can provide.

* * *

Over six months ago I lent some money to a fellow G. I., and since that time he has made no effort to pay me. He always claims he's broke. I'm getting tired of his evasive actions and countless lies. Is there any way I can get my money without using violence? The latter would be a pleasure.

Cpl. J. K., Ardmore, Okla.

You can take up the matter with the fellow's C. O. Against the satisfaction a resort to violence might give you, you'd better weigh the possible cost—which might be the guardhouse, a fine, and maybe a black eye or two, if the guy proves tougher than you think.

* * *

Though I'm only sixteen, I served eighteen months in the Marine Corps—part of that time overseas—before they found I was under age and discharged me. I would like to complete my high-school education. Am I eligible for educational benefits under the G. I. Bill of Rights?

Ex-Cpl. J. A. M., Gladewater, Tex.

Depends on the kind of discharge they gave you. If you were discharged under conditions other than dishonorable—as I would assume is the case—you are entitled to full benefits under the bill. Apply at the nearest Veterans Administration facility or write the Veterans Administration, Washington, D. C.

* * *

Have the Navy and Coast Guard been authorized to wear the new overseas stripes, same as the Army?

BM 2/c H. J. H., Alaska.

The new gold sleeve stripes—one for each six months of service outside the continental United States—at this writing still were authorized only for the Army.

* * *

Is there any way a serviceman can take a Civil Service examination while still in the service? I mean, of course, for a job to be filled after the war.

Sgt. E. J. B., Fort Benning, Ga.

If you are near enough on the date set for the examination, you may, with the permission of your C. O., take the test. If you pass, you will be placed on the eligible list until after your release from service. You should then notify the Civil Service Commission that you are available for an appointment.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

So Many Druggists Claim!

First applications of wonderful soothing, highly medicated *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula — promptly relieve the intense itching and burning of Eczema, Psoriasis, Athlete's Foot blemishes and similar skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless, invisible Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces! 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases. All drugstores. → ZEMO

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Collaborate with the nationally famous hit composer of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "When the Bloom Is on the Sage," and over 300 others. Send your poems today for free examination and liberal offer.

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PAIN

Headaches, Muscular Pains, Simple Neuralgia and Functional Monthly Pains slow you down, interfere with your work, spoil your fun.

DR. MILES
ANTI-PAIN PILLS

can relieve these common pains quickly. Read directions and use only as directed. **Regular package 25c, Economy package $1.00.** Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana.

Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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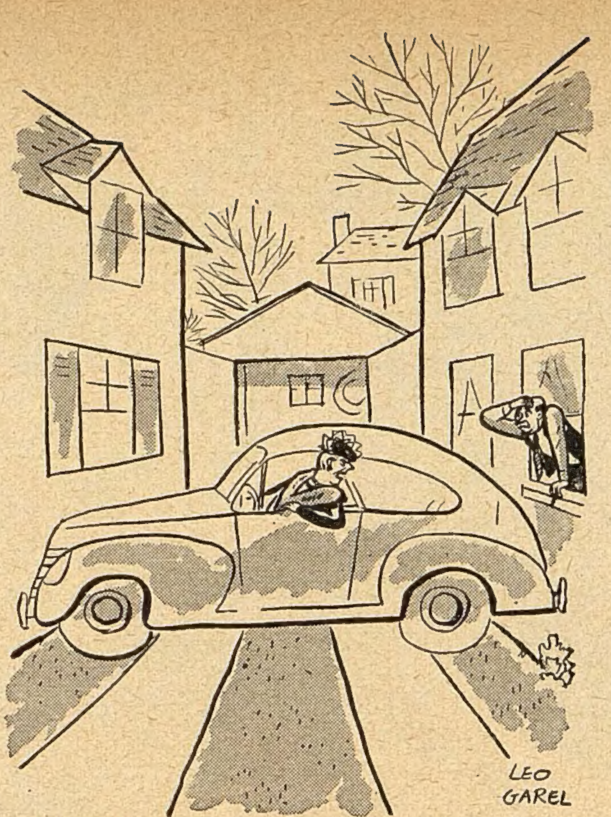
Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture helps hold nearly every rupture securely and gently — day and night — at work and at play. Thousands made happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.

Brooks Company, 210-C State St., Marshall, Mich.



"I can't understand why they don't make these driveways big enough!"

(*Continued from page 83*)

and-blue jersey. So Marty Brill went away to make good.

Enrolling at Notre Dame in 1928, he was called "Peck's Bad Boy" by Rockne and became the mower in front of high-speed, crushing backs. He traveled north, south, east, and west with the Irish and then "came home" to Philadelphia. They turned him into a ball carrier again that afternoon and he made three runs for touchdown to spark a 60-20 Notre Dame victory over a very good Penn eleven.

What a spot for a Hrushka!

And there was the play at Franklin Field in November, 1939, in which Tommy Harmon broke the spirit of the University of Pennsylvania and led his Wolverines of Michigan to a 19-17 victory. It was early in the third period when Bob Westfall handed the pigskin to Harmon on a reverse play that started on the Michigan thirty-eight. The agile Tommy, however, was trapped and apparently doomed to go down along the side-line stripe. Eager Penn hands ripped the jersey from his back as he fought almost alone, one man against eleven, to salvage some yardage.

AND right there Tommy Harmon proved himself the antithesis of Hrushka. Instead of lowering his head for a final butt forward, he pulled himself free and started back toward his own goal. Past the thirty- and the twenty-five-yard lines he ran, back to his own twenty-one. Penn fans screamed in sheer delight as their favorites chased after him. But by then Tommy Harmon's wide sweeping run backward (his No. 4 choice) was at an end, and he began to move forward again, this time leaving the Penn players off balance for the chase. He slipped away from three Quakers and crisscrossed his way over to the north side of the field, where he came back to the line of scrimmage and, behind excellent blocking, raced the sixty-two yards from there to a touchdown.

How had that come to pass? Well, in the first place, Tommy Harmon had the physical abilities of a great back. Secondly, he knew how to make his blockers work for him. And because of that, he had been able, on his run backward, to size up the situation and turn the odds of eleven to one against him into the direct opposite set-up wherein he had ten men ahead of him. That's a great example of a ball carrier making blockers—ten of 'em.

THE END

Grand Relief From Coughs
Huskiness... Due to Colds

Vicks Cough Drops are medicated... *really* medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of famous Vicks VapoRub plus other cough-easing medications. That's why they do so much good.

GIVES YOU SOOTHING MEDICATED "THROAT BATH"

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Cold-stuffed nose feels clearer in seconds
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BEST FOR COCKTAILS SINCE 1872

FOR DRY SCALP
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TO EASE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES
Try the "Old Reliable"

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NOV. 25, 1944

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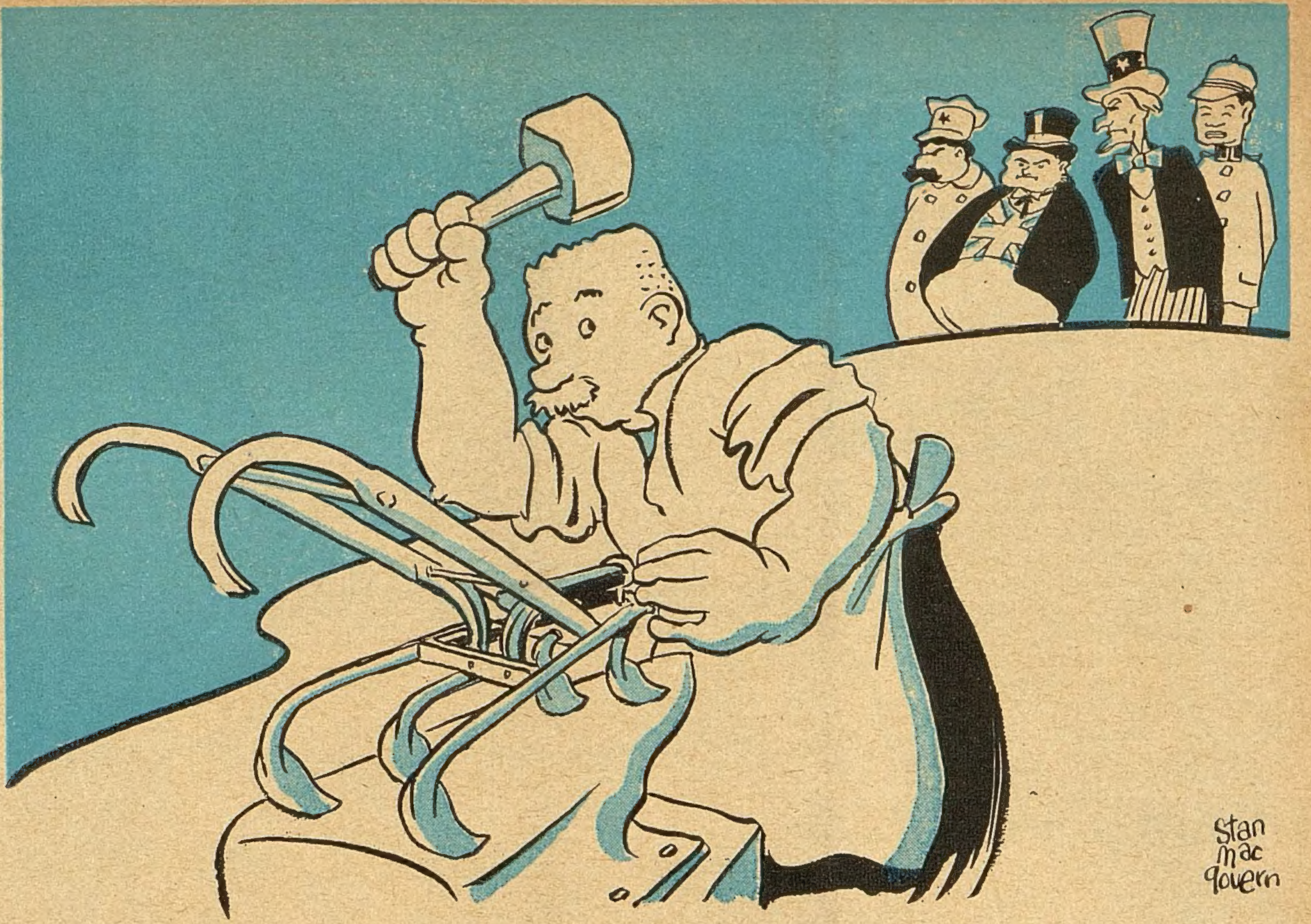

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT GERMANY?

A MATTER agitating everybody, high and low, these days is what to do with Germany after the war. Suggested solutions range all the way from utter destruction of the nation to various intricate methods of controlling its economic and cultural life. Ostensibly, all these schemes are directed to the same end—making it impossible for Germany to try again to conquer the world.

Now, before we can decide what to do about Germany, it is necessary to make up our minds what we want to do about her. If it's revenge we're after, that's one thing. If it's future security, that's something else again. There are many people in the world whose wrongs at the hands of Germany give them ample reasons for wishing to destroy the country utterly and make of the Germans wanderers on the face of the earth. This perhaps would be poetic justice. If we are going to destroy Germany, however, let's do it by deliberate action and not by making it impossible for the nation to live.

On the other hand, if we decide Germany should not be destroyed but made to repair as far as possible the wrong she has done, we cannot destroy the Germans' capacity to make a living for themselves. Germany is an industrial nation and cannot live without her industries. She cannot repay what she has stolen, or repair what she has damaged, without her industrial resources.

But if we leave Germany her industries, how, then, do we checkmate her military potential? If we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that Germany cannot become a menace to world peace solely because she has the industrial capacity to do so. Mutual suspicion and distrust among the Allies after the last war allowed Germany to become a menace. German rearmament was winked at in the belief it would serve to offset the power of Soviet Russia. Every nation in Europe knew rearmament in Germany was going on. It could have been crushed at any time during the early stages, but it finally grew into a Frankenstein's monster.

Germany cannot rearm in the future unless the same thing happens. If distrust and suspicion divide the United Nations, sooner or later one of them will begin to look with a kindly eye on Germany and encourage a revival of German military strength. This is what the Germans hope for and plan for.

Therefore Germany must be destroyed completely, or the United Nations must resolve to grow ever more united. Otherwise the always great military potential of Germany will be harnessed by some future Führer in a third try at world dominion.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

Bowling

Exercise and fun for sixteen million bowlers

1870 **INDOOR BOWLING** had become a widespread pastime 30 years after descendants of early Dutch settlers took up "bowling at ninepins." This was 12 years after Corby's was introduced in Canada.

1892 **BOWLING** was rapidly becoming an organized sport. First national tournament held in Chicago, 1901, with uniform rules and 10 pins. Entries totaling 464 competed for $1,592 prize money in Corby's 43rd year.

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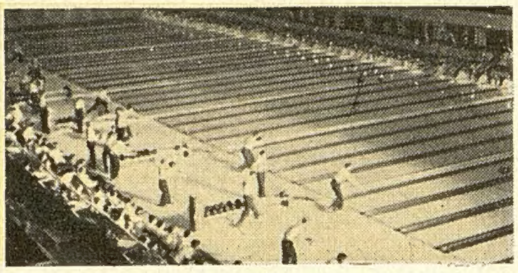

1942 **NEARLY 80,000 ENTRIES** compete for $250,000 in prize money in the last national tournament. Bowling increases in popularity everywhere in America, as Corby's becomes a famous whiskey name with 86 years of great tradition.

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

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